

been captured by the Sioux tribe, who hated Mahtoree, but he had followed the trail and rescued them and that by this time they would have been safe in their own wigwam. "At dawn," she continued, "we start again. Mahtoree come soon—come soon!" Then she darted off and soon returned with a piece of meat. "Take—eat, poor woman!" she said, offering it to Colette, in such a kind and pitiful voice, "and then go to sleep! To-night Nightstar cannot sleep, she must watch."

With a prayer on her lips, Colette soon closed her eyes in sleep and slept soundly with Angela in her arms until daybreak, when she was suddenly awakened by Nightstar.

"Woman! Your eyes only—hold your tongue! The Sioux are near. Mahtoree will lead us into the village. The Blackrobe will be there and he will tell woman how to reach home. Hurry! The Sioux are near. Hurry, woman! Hurry!"

Colette was silent and listened eagerly to the squaw's broken English, and having partaken of the offered breakfast, she followed Nightstar to the shore of the lake, where a stately old Indian was awaiting them with his canoe. Rising and extending a friendly hand to the unknown woman and placing his finger on his lips lest they might speak too loudly, Mahtoree showed the two women their seat and before long they were speeding rapidly through the sun-kissed waters of Lake Ontario.

They had now disembarked on the opposite side of the lake and in a short time were lost in the woods that encircled it for miles around. Long days they were that followed. The long marches fatigued Colette, but the Indians were used to them. They had often made many such long and tireless marches in their childhood days. Colette was happy, however, and rejoiced in the hope that soon again she would be in the arms of her Eduard, soon again she would feel the cool breath of her

own native, green hills.

Five months they had been on their way, when one afternoon they beheld the little Pawnee village rise dimly on the clear horizon toward the west. Mahtoree was the first to see it and with a feeling of pride he pointed to the home of his ancestors. Walking on, they passed long green stretches of thick, grassy land upon which herds of horses were grazing and as they approached the village, they were greeted by an old Indian chief, and welcomed heartily on their return. He spoke in his native tongue and tears of joy filled his eyes. Mahtoree also spoke in the same language and asked him to bring a horse for Colette, so that she could ride the rest of the way as she was tired and footsore. Angela was wide awake by this time and chuckled lustily as the trusty old chief, with a feeling of triumph, placed them on the prancing horse.

The village was soon reached and a number of Indians—men, women and children—came running to greet them, laughing wildly and joining hands they formed a circle around the newcomers and chanting a strange, weird, muttering strain, they danced round and round again.

Then the dancing stopped and the crowd separated. Nightstar, the interest of Colette at heart, stepped to the side of an old squaw, who was just then passing by, and inquired whether the Blackrobe was in the village. To her great disappointment, she learned that he had left only yesterday, whither nobody knew.

This communication came as a thunderbolt to poor Colette. Nightstar tried to console her in her own simple way. "You look tired, stay with us and rest awhile. The Blackrobe will come again," added she, hopefully.

Colette placed her entire trust and hope in God. "Thou hast protected me so far," she pleaded, "surely Thou can'st not bear to leave me now," and with this prayer ringing