

Conjuror's House

groaning in voices of ice and flood. Her Indian nurse told her of them all—of Ma-unabosho, the good; of Nenaubosho the evil—in her lisping Ojibway dialect that sounded like the softer voices of the forest.

At last the sudden subsidence of the waters; the splendid eager blossoming of the land into new leaves, lush grasses, an abandon of sweetbrier and hepatica. The air blew soft, a thousand singing birds sprang from the soil, the wild goose cried in triumph. Overhead shone the hot sun of the Northern summer.

From the wilderness came the *brigades* bearing their pelts, the hardy traders of the winter posts, striking hot the imagination through the mysterious and lonely allure-ment of their callings. For a brief season, transient as the flash of a loon's wing on the shadow of a lake, the post was bright