

THE BLUE-EYED SQUAW. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ 13

cite curiosity, and one of the farmer's wives questioned an old squaw who could best speak "white tongue." The woman was very indignant that her "white sister" should think such wrong as that the oddity was "white squaw."

"She got Injun sanop. Injun sanop no want white squaw! She all one same Injun."

Notwithstanding the vehement protestations and the doubtful compliment to "white squaws," the farmer's wife, who remembered little Mary Price, felt convinced that the long lost child was now the blue-eyed squaw. Butternut dye and barbaric skill might darken the fair skin, but no human device could change the eyes of heaven's own hue.

A RIVER TRAGEDY. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

There is not an old homestead on the river banks but has its story. Those old grey houses, with hingeless doors, and windows gaping wide, were once the fair homes of happy childhood, and have seen much sorrow and much joy.

The drooping willows, the stately elms, that grow to such perfection on the rich intervale, and the tall poplars that stand like sentinels before the deserted homes, could tell us many things could we but understand their solemn whisperings—could tell of lover's walks beneath the summer moon, of plighted troth, and of happy, hopeful plans made beside the hawthorne blooms, "that scent the evening gale."