made e once as laid nented marks 1 with lfather oured s and There ies of id the that ill live s now hands the young

and

brothers who shared that home with me are old people like myself, and looking forward to the passing over Jordan and entering on the promised land; but when we meet together and talk of old times and places, there still returns to us, fresh and sweet as the breath of forest flowers, some memory of the Indian's daughter.



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