

A Tale of The Indian Days.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER I.

The Parting.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

—Moore.

GOODBYE, Colette! Goodbye!" Sad words indeed they were, falling from the lips of a young, sturdy Canadian settler, who with tearful eyes, in parting held close to his manly bosom, his wife and only child.

It was only a moment—the door opened wide and he waved his hand and with one long, last, anxious look Eduard Harrison disappeared and was lost in the inky blackness of night.

Colette was a handsome woman, not very tall, with such a girlish face, wreathed in its folds of deep brown hair, and with dark eyes that flashed and danced continually. Her cheeks still had the blush of youth upon them and she could not have been more than twenty or twenty-one. She was still standing at the door of the old log cabin clasping fondly to her throbbing breast her six months old Angela, and gazing with red and tearful eyes into the darkness beyond. She listened until the last sounds of her husband's footsteps had died away. More than once she had whispered almost unconsciously to the soft, cool breeze that swept through the willows, "Goodbye, Eduard! God bless thee! God guide and protect thee!"

Notwithstanding all that Eduard had said to her with a fond hope that he would soon return again—in probably a month or so—notwithstanding his many hearty pleadings and kind words of encouragement and of love, she was

afraid and her heart was nigh bursting with its weight of pent-up sorrow. A presentiment of evil seemed to pierce her very soul. There was a mysterious something raging within her, which her feelings could not suppress.

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Colette closed the door behind her and returned to the room, where one of the servants was busy at work. Walking up to her side, she placed the sleeping babe in her arms and then, passing into a room near by, she threw herself upon a sofa and wept loudly, and the bitter, salt tears, that rolled silently down her red cheeks, shone like dew-drops on the rose of summer.

Slowly the first three weeks wore away. Colette began to breathe more freely and each minute brought its atom of cheerfulness to her eyes, red and sunken, that were so often filled to overflowing. As a wanderer, oppressed and careworn, speeding through a dark and gloomy forest, rejoices when for the first time he sees, far in the distance, a few streaks of silver light smiling playfully through the leafy branches, so, too, did Colette greet the first happy day of the fourth and last week of her solitary separation.

No one seemed to understand her feelings better than her infant child—the blue-eyed, little Angela—for whenever she whispered softly, "Papa will soon be coming," the little, chubby cheeks of baby lit up with a merry smile and she seemed