

again, for I have almost forgotten how she looked."

Winter was gone, and Charlie, no longer able to sit up, lay each day in his bed, talking of heaven and Ella, whom he now scarcely hoped to see again. One afternoon Orianna lingered longer than usual, in low, earnest conversation with the sufferer. Charlie listened eagerly to what she was saying, while his eye sparkled and his fading cheek glowed as with the infusion of new life. As she was about leaving she whispered, softly, "Never fear, though the time be long, I will surely bring her."

Yes, Orianna had resolved to go alone through the wilderness to Virginia, and bring to the dying boy the little Ella. Filled with this idea she hastened home; but list,—whose voice is it that on the threshold of her father's door makes her quake with fear? Ah, Orianna knows full well that 'tis Wahлага! He has returned to claim his bride, and instantly visions of the pale, dying Charlie, the far off Ella, and of one, too, whose name she scarcely dared breathe, rose before her, as in mute agony she leaned against the door.

But her thoughts soon resolved themselves into one fixed determination—"I will never marry him;" and then with a firm step she entered the cabin. Wahлага must have guessed her feelings, for he greeted her moodily, and immediately left her with her parents. To her father, she instantly confided her plan of going for Ella, and as she had expected, he sternly forbade it, saying she should stay and marry Wahлага.

Owanno was surprised at the decided manner with which Orianna replied, "Never, father, never. I will die in the deep river first."

At this juncture Wahлага entered, and the discussion grew warmer and more earnest. Words more angry the chieftain spoke to his daughter than ever before he had done. Suddenly his manner softened, and concerning her going for Ella, he said, "If you marry Wahлага, you can go; otherwise you cannot, unless you run away."

"And if she does that," fiercely continued Wahлага, "I swear by the Great Spirit, I'll never rest until I've shed the blood of every pale-face in that nest—sick whining boy and

Like one benumbed by some great and sudden calamity, Orianna stood speechless, until her father asked, "Will you go?" Then, rousing herself, she said, "I cannot answer now; wait till to-morrow." Then forth from the cabin she went, and onward through the fast deepening twilight she fled, until through an opening in the trees she

espied the light which gleamed from Charlie's sick-room. Softly approaching the window, she looked in and saw a sight which stopped her, for a moment the tumultuous beatings of her heart, and wrung from her a shriek of anguish. Supported by pillows lay Charlie, panting for breath, while from his white lips issued drops of blood, which Marian gently wiped away, while the rest of the family were doing what they could to restore him. When Orianna's loud cry of agony echoed through the room, Charlie slowly unclosed his eyes, and in an instant the Indian girl was beside him, exclaiming wildly, "Charlie, Charlie, do not die. I'll marry him, I'll go for her, I'll do anything."

The astonished family at length succeeded in pacifying her, by telling her that Charlie had, in a fit of coughing, ruptured a blood-vessel, but there was no immediate danger if she would keep quiet. Quickly the great agony of her heart was hushed, and silently she stood by the bedside; nor did they who looked on her calm face once dream of the tornado within, or how like daggers were the words of Charlie, who, in his disturbed sleep, occasionally murmured, "Ella,—oh, Ella,—has Orianna gone?—she said she would."

Suddenly turning to Marian, Orianna, with a pressure of the hand almost crushing, said, "Tell me what to do;" and from the little cot, Charlie all unconsciously answered, "Go for Ella."

"I will," said Orianna, and ere Marian had recovered from her astonishment, she was gone. When alone in the forest, she at first resolved to start directly for Virginia, but the remembrance of Wahлага's threat prevented her, and then again in the stilly night the heroic girl knelt and asked of Charlie's God what she would do.

Owanno was surprised when, at a late hour that night, Orianna returned, and expressed her willingness to marry Wahлага on condition that she should first go for Ella, and that he should not follow her.

"What proof have we that you will return?" asked Wahлага, who was present.

Orianna's lip curled haughtily as she answered, "Orianna has never yet broke her word."

"The tomahawk and death to those you love, if you fail id coming," continued the savage, and "Be it so," was the reply.

Old Narretta with streaming eyes would fain have interposed a word for her beloved child, but taught from her would have been unavailing. So on the poor girl's head, which drooped heavily upon her lap, she laid her hard, withered hands, and her tear-sfel soothingly on the troubled heart of one who stood in so much need of sympathy.

With the coming of daylight Orianna de-