

face heart, He strikes it with grief, for it is in our sorrows, June, that we look with the truest eyes into ourselves, and with the furthest sighted eyes too, as respects right. The Great Spirit wishes you well, and He has taken away the chief, lest you should be led astray by his wily tongue, and get to be a Mingo in your disposition, as you were already in your company."

"Arrowhead was a great chief!" returned the woman, proudly.

"He had his merits, he had; and he had his demerits, too. But, June, you're not desarted, nor will you be soon. Let your grief out—let it out, according to natur', and when the proper time comes, I shall have more to say to you."

Pathfinder now went to his own canoe, and he left the island. In the course of the day, June heard the crack of his rifle once or twice; and as the sun was setting, he reappeared, bringing her birds ready cooked, and of a delicacy and flavor that might have tempted the appetite of an epicure. This species of intercourse lasted a month, June obstinately refusing to abandon the grave of her husband all that time, though she still accepted the friendly offerings of her protector. Occasionally they met and conversed, Pathfinder sounding the state of the woman's feelings; but the interviews were short and far from frequent. June slept in one of the huts, and she laid down her head in security, for she was conscious of the protection of a friend, though Pathfinder invariably retired at night to an adjacent island, where he had built himself a hut.

At the end of the month, however, the season was getting to be too far advanced to render her situation pleasant to June. The trees had lost their leaves, and the nights were becoming cold and wintry. It was time to depart.

At this moment, Chingachgook reappeared. He had a long and confidential interview on the island, with his friend. June witnessed their movements, and she saw that her guardian was distressed. Stealing to his side, she endeavored to southe his sorrow, with a woman's gentleness, and with a woman's instinct.