

The Girl Beyond the Trail

"I will go to Marge," he spoke quickly. "I will wake her. And you—bring her mother. Understand, dear father? Bring her up there, where Marge is sleeping——"

The voice came again :

"*Napao! Napao!*"

"I am coming—I am coming, dear——" cried the missionary.

He turned to David.

"Yes, I will bring her up there to your camp."

And as David hurried swiftly away he heard the sweet voice saying :

"You must not leave me alone, *Napao*—never, never, never, so long as we live——"

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On his knees beside the girl David waited many minutes while he gained his breath. With his two hands he crumpled her hair; and then, after a little he kissed her on the mouth, and then her eyes, and she moved, and he caught the sleepy whisper of her name.

"Wake," he cried softly, "wake, little comrade!"

Her arms rose up out of her dream of him and encircled his neck.

"Sakewawin," she murmured. "Is it morning——?"

He gathered her in his arms.

"Yes, a glorious day, little comrade. Wake!"