

her thoughts. In general nothing is more pleasant to the gentle female heart than the memory of beings well beloved and far away; and no employment is more conducive to this dreamy occupation than sedentary ones. The women one day started to fetch the produce of their successful draught of a large net at some distance, taking with them the two old men. The whole camp was abandoned to the guardianship of the White Swallow and a couple of shaggy, ill-looking dogs, which were none the less faithful because ill-favoured. The young girl had volunteered for this service; and to her charge was committed eight infants of various ages, that rolled about on a green spot with the dogs, unable to crawl because of their uncouth swathing. As they had been well fed before the departure of the mothers, the duty of Thee-kis-ho, the Indian name of our heroine, chiefly consisted in keeping away any wandering wolves from invading the camp; a service which the dogs probably could render even more effectively.

However this may be, the young girl seated herself on a log at no great distance from the wigwams, and thence looked around. At her feet was the lake, divided from her only by some fifty feet of corn fields; Matonaza having placed his fields near the water. To her right was a large and novel building for an Indian village, erected under the guidance of Mark, and which served as the granary of the tribe. Close to this was the wigwam of the venerable dame who was her adopted mother—not one of her relatives remaining alive. At some distance was the chief's hut, and on this her eyes were fixed; and the sight naturally enough filled her mind with sunny thoughts; for she could look forward now to its being hers too at no distant period; and cold, indeed, must be the female heart which is not warmed at the thoughts of the home which is soon to receive her as a wife.

Thus occupied, and watching over the children, and in preparations for the evening meal, the hours flew swiftly by, and the White Swallow at last heard the voices of the returning party just as night was about to close upon the scene. At this instant her ear was attracted by footsteps approaching from behind. She turned, and one wild shriek betrayed the intensity of her alarm.

"The Athapascows!" she cried, springing up, and about to dart away to meet her companions.

"Stay," said a young warrior, leaping to her side; "there is room in my wigwam for another squaw."

Seven painted and horrid Indians were around the young girl ere she could move. They were all in their war-paint, and well armed; they stood gazing at the village for an instant, as if irresolute.

"Warriors of the Dog-ribbed race!" cried the resolute girl in a loud and ringing voice, "on to save your wigwams! The lying foxes of the Athapascows are among us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]