

"Will you help me to take it from him?" said the Colonel to Max, "may be he'll give it to you. Cuss him, how savagerous he growls, and grins like a grizzly bear."

Roused from his stupor more by the meaning caresses of the dog than the words of Orrin, Max looked at Jason, though still like one gradually awaking from a horrible dream; but the glance satisfied the faithful animal, and thrusting his nose into the young man's hand, he dropped the reticule at his feet. It was instantly seized by the ready Orrin.

"As sure as there's dollars in New York," he cried, "she's safe on some cake of ice, and has sent the dog to look for help."

These words, and the sight of the reticule operated like an electric shock on Max, and exclaiming:—"Get men and boats—summon every one—for God's sake, haste!" he darted from the spot.

"And you—where are you going?" cried the colonel.

"To tell her that help is coming—to save her or die with her," and he was soon beyond the sight or hearing of the amazed Orrin.

"May I never see New York again," cried the colonel, when he found words, "if I didn't think the life on him was leapin' out through his eyes, they look so everlastin' bright! And the dog's gone too. Well, I guess I'll go and skear up all I can, for it would be an almighty pity if anythin' was to happen to that gal."

He turned away and met the deep sad eyes of Fauna, who from the style of her dress might have been mistaken for a boy, but who was easily recognized by Orrin.

"Where is he gone?" she asked in an agitated voice.

"Well I guess he's gone arter one of the gals from the steading yonder. He reckons she air in some considerable danger on the ice if she ant gone down already, and it seems he air willin' to share her fate whatever it be."

"And do *you* stand here and know this!" cried Fauna, indignantly.

"Well, I air just goin' to raise help."

"Come with me, and I will shew you how to help them. While you're looking for assistance they may be lost."

"Why what can *you* do?" enquired Orrin.

"I will tell you as we go along," said Fauna impatiently. "There's no time to waste in words."

There was an air of decision and confidence in the Indian girl's manner which strongly impressed Mr. Fisk.

"I expect I know what you're arter," he

replied, "and I guess you're right. Go ahead, gal, and I'll follow."

"First throw your rifle there; it can be of no use and must impede your progress."

"Throw my bran new rifle that I paid eighty dollars for last fall in the snow, to be made his own of by the first rogue that passes! I guess you cant see straight, gal!"

"You value your rifle more than the lives of your fellow creatures, and one of them a woman!" cried Fauna. "Shame on you, do you call yourself a man."

"Well, dang it, here goes!" cried the Colonel, and he manfully threw down his rifle as he spoke; "but I'm blessed if you ant a clipper!" and he followed Fauna, who had already disappeared round one of the windings of the shore with a rapidity which rendered it a task of some difficulty for Orrin, despite his long legs, to overtake her.

In the mean time Helen Blachford walked up and down the narrow limits of the icy peninsula, while Brian stationed himself at the very extremity leaning upon his pole, and only interrupting his steady gaze towards the point from whence he looked for succour to address a few words of encouragement to Helen, and the anxious though heroic girl received from his cheerful buoyancy of look and tone a hope which she would not have acknowledged to herself. Fortunately the wind had ceased, the air though damp was mild, and the sky clear, all which circumstances contributed to render their situation less painful than it might have been. Nearly an hour had elapsed since the departure of the dog, when Helen who for the last few moments had stood straining her eyes over the cheerless waste, suddenly exclaimed:

"I see a figure moving on the ice—it is surely coming towards us. Can't you see it Brian?"

"I see it plain enough, Miss Helen. I seen it this good bit, but I didn't like to spake afear'd of raisin' your hopes whin it might maybe be nothin' after all. It's a man, sure enough, comin' like wildfire, and there's the dog. Glory be to God, there's help comin' at last."

Helen spoke not, but kept her eyes fastened on the approaching figure, which drew rapidly nearer. Soon she could more plainly discern his person and face, which his winter coat and fur-cap almost concealed; they were such as could not easily be mistaken, and before ever Brian's keen eye had detected Max Von Werfenstein, Helen knew that it was her lover.

"They're bringin' us help," cried Brian in ecstasy, and Mr. Max is comin' to keep up our spirits, and let us know it's comin'. I always knew if he could only get the win' of the word he'd find us