

eyes fixed upon the red, angry flames before her. Could it have been that she had again walked in to the arms of the Indians or was it possible that a few white hunters, roaming the woods, were camping there for the night?

Hope rose again within her breast and slowly she whispered to herself, "If God is with me, who can be against me? I fear neither red nor white man, for I know that the arms of God have clasped me in His sweet protection."

Just then she saw something glide through the bushes in front of her, and being unable to control her fear, she gave one wild cry for help.

"What does the white woman want?" came in a sweet, gentle voice.

The strange shape raised itself and stood tall and erect in the light that shone from the glowing fire behind, and then Colette beheld the form and face of an Indian squaw, with eyes that shone into the darkness like fiery stars.

Colette sprang to her side almost immediately and taking the dark brown hand in hers kissed it and pressed it heartily, as if they had been friends for years, and then exclaimed:

"My child dies of hunger and cold. O, take us to your warm fire, that I can warm its little fingers, and O, good woman, give it just a little food—I fear it is dying!"

"Come!" answered the stranger. "Follow Nightstar! Nightstar's child also died," added the squaw sorrowfully.

A few steps and they reached the wigwam. The fire was burning briskly and in the light one could see the kind face of the old squaw. Colette at once brought her dying child to the fire and Nightstar immediately carried a tub of warm water to her side and together they bathed Angela, until she showed signs of life.

The squaw then busied herself with making a bed out of dried

moss and maple leaves, and, having covered it with a warm blanket Angela was placed therein and soon fell asleep with a smile kissing her red, soft cheeks. Colette was happy and for the first time in her long wanderings a thrill of joy pierced that motherly heart, which had known so much sorrow.

And now the two women who had never known each other, sat down together, the squaw thus opening the conversation:

"Your little one good now—but mine, ah!—dead—dead!"

"Poor woman," answered Colette. "Tell me, Nightstar, how was it that thy child died too?"

"My child sick—very sick. Nightstar had no remedy. It grew worse and worse; this morning it was dead, and Nightstar laid it away in its grave."

At these words the tears fell quickly down the poor squaw's cheeks and the fine, sparkling eyes shone brighter still, filled to overflowing. There was a short pause and then she began again:

"But what is the white woman doing from her home? The night is cold and wolves are prowling around looking for food."

Colette told her tale of sorrow and begged Nightstar to aid her in her misery.

"Mahtoree—my man," replied the squaw, "Pawnee chief—good man—very kind; if he near and come, he help woman. Nightstar must put out fire now. Sioux must not know Pawnee is here."

Colette remained sitting and gazed fondly on her little sleeping darling; then she felt for her crucifix and kissing it tenderly, offered her thanks to God. He had sheltered her and protected her when her misery was greatest and she was grateful.

The fire was now burning low, the embers fading rapidly. Nightstar had returned to Colette's side and began to tell her story—having been the wife of the Pawnee chief, she and her child had