

THE BLUE-EYED SQUAW.* * * * * 17

the little one not to go from sight of the house nor beyond call, then tied on a small pink sun bonnet, kissed the sweet face, and gave her a tin cup for the berries she was to pick for father's tea. She knew she could trust the child, who had always been obedient, so she returned to her work without thought of harm until her husband came home for supper without the little daughter. After the father had learned the circumstances of the child's absence, neither parent could look into the other's face, for the great fear that fell upon them.

There was only one solution to the mystery of the child's failure to meet her father—a party of Indians had been lurking in the neighborhood. The neighbors were notified, and every man joined in the search for the child as if she had been his own. No trace was found excepting a little shoe that had stuck in a mossy swamp far from the house, and, caught on a bush, a pink string, torn from the little bonnet so carefully tied by the mother to protect the fair face and tender skin of her darling.

No words could express the suffering of those parents thus bereft, no death could be so hard as that agony of suspense, that fear of the cruelty and wrong which might be the fate of their lost one. How much the human heart can suffer and still live on! The fate of little Mary, like that of Virginia Dare—the first white child born in America—was never known.

Years afterward, there came to the front settlement a party of Indian women, among whom was one with blue eyes. A blue-eyed squaw was something to ex-