

THREE - KIS - HO ; OR, THE WHITE SWALLOW.

[Continued.]

V.—LOST AND FOUND.

The White Swallow waited to see no more. The dawn was now breaking, and with light there would come increased danger. She shuddered at the thought of a recapture—well knowing that no tortures would be deemed too heavy for her. Yet the alternative was nearly as hopeless. With but a dog and a knife, she had to make her way over the Rocky Mountains, and that by a different way from that by which she had come—for fear of an ambush in the pass. Yet she despaired not. She was an Indian girl, love and hope buoyed her up, and her prairie nature had been of the most finished character.

As she turned away she came upon an old Esquimaux woman, fishing. By signs, she managed to induce her to exchange the hooks and lines for some of her trinkets—Matonazi's presents. And now she bent her steps to the hills; first seeking to conceal her trail, and to baffle pursuit, by wading some way in a shallow stream. She caught as much small game as sufficed her for food. On the third day of her release she found herself ascending; following by true instinct up the course of a stream which ran thence. Her hope, love and courage were severely tested. Her moccasins were worn and torn, and her feet bled upon the rocks.

Winding, turning, twisting, retreating, it took her more than three days to reach the summit of the hills, and her poor pittance of food was now nearly gone. She sat down on the arid crest of a hill, and gazed upon the plains below—upon those plains which contained her country and her home. She saw for fifty miles the great prairie wilderness lying like a map before her, with its rivers and lakes, its eminences and its levels; and her heart sank within her as she felt the chill blast of autumn in that lofty region. Starting to her feet, she descended, and after a day's fatigue, sometimes walking, sometimes sliding, sometimes actually rolling down a slope of shingle, she reached the bottom, and camped in a little clump of pines.

A pool rather than a lake was at hand; at one end of it she fixed her line and her nets, and at the other she and Esquimaux (as she called the dog) bathed with delight after their rude and continued fatigues. The dog was as pleased as herself to find himself out of the hills, and testified his pleasure by rolling like a mad thing on the bank, after he had for some time splashed in the water. Suddenly Thee-kis-ho seemed to listen attentively: a crackling noise was heard in the bushes. She crouched almost under water, amid some tall reeds agitated by the evening breeze, dragging the dog