

ordinary Indians on a journey. Our portage men insisted that the remains were those of Indians, to the intense relief of Mr. Clay. The poor man was plainly in a great state of worry about the remains, and kept questioning Father as to whether there would be any likelihood of Mr. Ferrars trying to work his way down to the railroad in midwinter."

"I should think those Indians must have been the men who were bringing the mail, and probably they were caught in a snowstorm and died in their sleep," said Katherine.

"In that case what had become of the mail bags and the food sacks?" asked Mary.

"Stolen, doubtless, by other Indians," replied Katherine, who then told Mary of the discovery she had made of the fragment of a letter in the hands of a child at the Ochre Lake encampment.

"So you never had that mail? Oh, you poor things, what a long time you have been without any news of the outside world!" cried Mary.

"But we have survived it, you see," Katherine answered with a laugh. Then she asked Mary if she would not like to be rowed to the store first, before going to inspect the new house.

"Yes, please; I want to see your father and Mrs. Burton, to say nothing of the twins and Miles," Mary answered eagerly. Then she said, with a wistful note in her voice: "You will let me be bridesmaid to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" repeated Katherine in surprise. Then, blushing vividly, she answered: "But I am not sure that it will be to-morrow."

"I am," replied Mary calmly, "for the simple reason that the bishop starts the day after for Marble