


“WADDIE,”

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

T was near the close of an autumn day on the prairies. Along the lonely trail leading southward four Indians made their way, their figures silhouetted sharply against the glory of the sunset. The leader, a tall, dignified looking brave, rode a thin, wiry pony, which seemed far too small to carry his weight ; after him came the family pack-horse which carried the belongings, Indian fashion, on two long poles which trailed on the ground behind it, being fastened one on either side of the animal by throngs made of deer-hide. On these poles a heterogeneous collection of articles were fastened, among them blankets, tepee poles, skins, cooking