(Continued from 2nd Page.

THE DOOM OF MAMELONS.

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY, BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

[From the Quebec Chronicle]

CHAP. I.—THE TRAIL.

they flamed, and in the light thus made studied the strong face, bronzed with the tan of the woods—the face of one who never failed friend nor fought foe in vain—and who had come so far and swiftly in answer to her call. This was of that old race who lived in the morning of the world, when giants walked the earth and the sons of God married the daughters of men and the old blood's love of strength was in her. She noted the power and symmetry of his mighty frame which lay relaxed from tension in the graceful attitude of sleep; the massive chest, broad as two common men's, which rose and fell to his deep breathing; the great strongly corded neck, rooted to the vast trunk as some huge oak grown on a rounded hill. She noted too the large and shapely head; the thick black hair, close cropped, and the sleeper's face—where might woman find another like it!—lean of flesh, large featured, plain, but stamped with the fair seal of honesty, chiselled clean of surplus by noble abstinence and bearing on its front the look of pride, of power and courage to face foe or fate. Thus the girl sat and watched him as he slept, stirring the brands softly, that she might not lose sight of a face which was, to her, the face of a god—such god as the proudest woman of her race, in the old time, might, with art or goodness have won and wedded.

Dawn came at last. The blue above turned grey. The stars shortened their pointed fires and faded. The East kindled and flamed. Heat flowed westward like an essential oil hidden in the poles and channels of the air; while light, brightly clean and clear, ran around the horizons, revealing its own and the love'liness of the world.

Then woke the birds. Morning found a voice sweet as her face. A hermit thrush sent her long, soft, pure call from the damp depths of the dripping woods. A woodpecker signalled breakfast with his hammer, so sturdily, that all the elfin echoes of the hills merrily mimicked him. An eagle, hunting through the sky, at the height of a mile, dropped like a plummet into the lake, and struggling upward from his perilous plunge, heavily weighted, lined his slow flight straight toward his distant crag. The girl rose to her feet and leaning on her paddle for a moment gazed long and tenderly at the sleeper's face, then softly breathed: "John Norton."

The call, low as it was, broke through the leaden gates of slumber with the suddenness and effect of a great surprise. Quick as a flash he came to his feet, and for a moment stood, dazed, bewildered, his bodily powers breaking out of sleep quicker than his senses and he saw the girl as visitant in vision. He stepped to the water's edge and bathed his face and turning freshened and fully awake, saw with glad and apprehensive eyes who stood before him, and tenderly said:

"Is the daughter of the old race well?"

"Well, well I am, John Norton," answered the girl, and her voice was low and softly musical as water falling into water. "I am well, friend of my mother, and my friend, and the Chief still lives and will live till you come for so he charged me to tell you," and she reached her small head out to him.

He took it in his own and held it as one holds the hand of a child, and answered: "I am glad. Thou comest like a bird in the night, silently. Why did you not awake me when you came?"

"Why should I wake thee, John Norton?" returned the girl. "I am a day ahead of that the Chief set for your coming. For she runner,—the swiftest in the woods from Mistassinni to Labrador,—said, twelve suns must rise and set before my words could reach thee; and the Chief declared, no living man, not even you, could fetch the trail short of ten days. He timed me to this rock himself and told me, when I would come nor wait another hour, that I would wait, by the white rock, two full days before I saw your face. But I would come, for a voice within me,—a voice which runs vocal in the old blood and has so run through all my race since the beginning of the world,—this voice within, kept saying: 'Go, for thou shalt find him there.' And so I, hurrying, came. But tell me, how many days were you upon the trail?"

"I fetched the trail in seven days from sun to sun," answered the Trapper modestly.

"Seven days!" exclaimed the girl, while the light of a great surprise and admiration shone in her eyes. Seven days! Thou hast the deer's foot and the cougar's strength, John Norton. No wonder that war chiefs love you," and then, after a moment's pause, "But why didst thou push the trail so fiercely?"

"I read your summons and I came," replied the Trapper sententiously,

The girl started at the hearing of the words which told her so simply of her power over the life of the man in front of her. Her nostrils dilated and through the glorious swarth of her cheek there came a flush of deeper red. The gleam of her eyes moistened like glass to the breath. Her ripe lips parted as to the passing of a gasp; and the full form lifed itself as if the spirit of divine passion would fling the beautiful body it animated upon the strong man's bosom. Thus a moment the sweet whirlwind seized and shook her, then passed. Her eyes drooped modestly and with a sweet humbleness, as one who has received from Heaven beyond her hope or merit, she simply said:—

"I have brought you food, John Norton, come and eat."

The food was of the woods; bread coarse and brown but sweet with the full cereal sweetness; corn parched in the fire, which eaten, lingered long as a rich favor in the mouth; venison, roasted for a hunter's hunger within whose crisp surface the life of the deer still showed redly; water from the lake drank from a cup, shaped from the inner bark of the golden birch, whose hollow curvatures still burned with warm chrome colors. So on the cool lake shore, in the red light of early morn, they broke their fast.

The Trapper ate as a strong man eats after great toil and scant feeding, not grossly, but with a relish and a heartiness good to see.

The girl ate little and that, absently, as if the atoms in her mouth were foreign to her senses and no taste followed eating.

"You do not eat," said the Trapper. The sun will darken on the lower hills before we come to food again. Are you not hungry?"

"Last night I was a hungered," answered the girl musingly, "but now I hunger no more," and her face was as the face of a Madonna holding her child, full of a plentiful and sweet content.

"I do not understand ye," returned the Trapper after a moment's silence, your words be plain but their sense is hidden. Why are you not hungry?"

"You read me once out of your Sacred Books, John Norton, that man does not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth." responded the girl. "I knew not then the meaning of the words, for I was a girl and had no understanding, and the words were old, older than your Books, and therefore deeply wise and I, being young, did not know. But I know now, and here she paused a moment, hesitated, as a young bird to leave the sure bough for the first time, then rallying courage for the deed, gazed lovingly with her large, languid eyes into his and timidly exclaimed: "I am not hungry, John Norton, for God has fed me.

To the tanned cheek of the Trapper there rushed a glow like a flush to the face of a girl. The light of a happy astonishment leaped from his eyes and his breath came strongly. Then light and color faded and as one vexed and heartily ashamed of his vanity, while the lines of his face tightened, he made harsh answer.

"Talk no more in riddles, lest I be a fool and read the riddle awry. Nor jest again on matters grave as life, lest I, who am but a mortal man and slow witted withal forget wisdom and take thy girlish playfulness for earnest talk. Nay, nay," he added earnestly as she rose to her feet with an exclamation of passionate pain, "say not another word, you have done no ill. You be young and fanciful and I—I be a fool! Come let us go. The trail is long and we will need the full day's light to reach the Island ere night falls," and placing his rifle in the boat he signalled to his hound and seated himself at the oars. The girl obeyed his word, stepped to her place and pushed the light boat from the sands on which so much had been received and so much missed. Perhaps her woman's heart foretold her that love like hers would get, even as it gave, all—at last.

* * * * * * *

The house was large and lofty, builded of logs squared smoothly and mortared neatly between the edges. In the thick walls were deep embrasures, that light through the great windows might be abundant. The builder loved the sun and made wide pathways for its entrance everywhere. The casements were fashioned to receive storm-shutters proof against winter's wind and lead alike. In the steep roof were Dormer projections, glassed with small panes tightly soldered to the sash. At either end of the great house a huge chimney rose, whose solid masonry of stone stood boldly out from the hewn logs, framed closely against its mortared sides. A wide veranda, ran the entire length of the southern expeure. A balustrade of cedar logs, each hewn till it showde its red and fragrant heart, ran completely around it. Above, posts of the same sweetly odored wood—whose fragrance with its substance lasts forever—held lattice work of poles, stripped of their bircken bark and snowy white, on which a huge vine ran its brown tracery, enriched with bunches, heavily pendant, of blue black grapes — that pungent growth of northern woods, whose odors make the winding rivers smell sweet as heaven. In front, a natural lawn sloped to the yellow sands on which the waves fell with soft sounds.

Eastward a widely acred field showed careful husbandry. Garnet and yellow colored pods hung gracefully pendant from the brown poles. The ripened corn shone golden through the parted husks and beds of red and yellow beets patched the dark soil with their high colors. The solar flower turned its broad disk toward the wheeling sun while dahlias, marigolds and hardy annuals with their bright colors warmed like a floral camp fire, the stretch of pale stubble and grey barren beyond. It was a lovely and a lonely spot graced by a lordly home, such as the wealthy worthies builded here and there in the great wilderness for comfort and safety in the old savage days when Feudal Lords made good their claim to forest seigneuries with sword and musket and every house was home and castle.

The canoe ran lightly shoreward. The beach received its pressure, as a mother's bosom receives the child running from far to its reception,—yieldingly—and on the welcome sands the light bark softly rested.

The Trapper stepped ashore and reached his hand back to the girl. Her velvet palm touched his, rough and strong, as thistle down, wind blown, the oak trees bark, then nestled and stayed. Thus the two stood hand in hand, gazing up the sloping lawn at the great house, the broad bright field and the circling forest, glowing with autumnal colors which made the glorious background. The green lawn, the great grey house, and the vast woods belting it around, brightly beautiful, made such a landscape picture as Titian would have revelled in. It stood this mansion of the woods, this wilderness castle, in glorious loneliness, a part and centre of a splendid solitude, beyond the coming and going of men, beyond their wars and peace, the creation and embodiment of a mystery, deep as the interminable forest around it; a strange astounding spectacle to one who did not know the history of the woods.

"It is a noble place" said the Trapper as he gazed up the wide lawn at the great house and swept, with admiring glance the glorious circle of the woods which curved their belt of splendor round it. "It is a noble place and if mortal man might find content on earth he might find it here.

"Could you be content living here, John Norton?" queried the girl, and she lifted the splendor of her eyes tenderly to his strong, honest face.

"Content," returned the Trapper innocently, "why, what more could mortal crave than is here to his hand. A field to give him bread, a noble house to live in, the waters full of fish, the woods of game, the sugar of the maple for his sweetening, honey for his feasts and not a trap within two hundred mile. What more could mortal man of good judgment crave?"

"Is there nothing else, John Norton?" asked the girl.

"Aye, aye," returned the Trapper, one thing I did forget, the dog. A hunter should have his hound."

A shade of pain, perhaps vexation, came to her face as she heard the Trapper's answer; she withdrew her hand from his and said:

"Food, fur, and a house are not enough, John Norton, a dog is good for camp and trail. Solitude is sweet and the absence of wicked men a boon, but these do not make home nor heaven, both of which we crave and both of which are possible on earth for the conditions are possible. The Chief has found this spot a dreary place since mother died."

"Your mother was an angel," answered the Trapper, "and your words are those of wisdom. I have thought at times of the things ye hint at and as a boy I had vain dreams, for nature is nature. But I have my ideas of women and I love perfect things, and I, I am but a hunter, an unlearned man, without education, or house, or lands, or gold, and I am not fit for any woman that is fit for me."

The change that came to the girl's face at the Trapper's words—for he had spoken gravely and through the honesty of his speech she looked and saw the greatness and humility of his nature—was one, to be to him who saw it, a memory forever. The shadow left it and the dusk splendor of her face was lighted with the glow of a blessed assurance. This man would love her! This man with the eagle's eye, the deer's foot, the cougar's strength, the honest heart would love her! This man, her mother reverenced, her uncle loved, who twice had saved her life at risk of his, whose skill and courage were the talk of a thousand camps, whose simple word in pledge held faster than others' oaths—this man into whose very bosom her soul had looked as into a clean place, this man, would love her! If heaven be what good men say and all its bliss been pledged to her when she lay dying, her body would not have thrilled with a warmer glow than rushed its sweet heat through her veins in that instant of blessed conviction. Wait? She would wait for years, but she would win him: win him to herself; win him from his blindness, which did him honor, to that dazzling light in whose glory man stands but once but standing so sees, sees with a blissful bewilderment, that the woman he dares not love because she is so infinitely better than he, loves him! Yes she would win him, win him with such art, such patient approaches, such seductiveness of innocent passion slowly and deliciously disclosed that he should never know of his temerity until, thus drawn to her, she held him in her arms irrevocably, in bonds that only cold and hateful death could part. Through all her leaping blood this blessed hope, this sure, sweet knowledge flowed like spiced wine. This man, this man she worshipped, he would love her! It was enough. Her cup ran full to the brim and overflowed. She simply took the Trapper's hand and said:

"We will go to the chamber of the Chief. His eyes will brighten when he sees thy face."

(To be continued.)

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