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W. W. CORY,
inister of the Interior.
tion of this advertise-

her people and the home she had been
stolen from, until one day.

Thoughts of the wigwam at home by
the glistening river repeated themselves
day after day. She wondered where
they were searching, for she never doubt-
ed that her father and Pierre, with the
bravest of the tribe were still looking
for her, and then, with a deep sigh, if
none were by, she wondered when Pierre
would come to her. But Winona had a
friend, though she was unconscious of
it—one whose friendship would cause
her much anguish.

Carrokese was the son of a Mohawk
chief, and had for a long time been a
prisoner of the Abenaki Indians, but was
released when a temporary peace brought
about an exchange of prisoners.

During his captivity, Carrokese and
Kondiaronk had, in a measure, buried
the old animosity. The Mohawk had
received many kindnesses from the hand
of the native chief, and it's an old say-
ing that an Indian never forgets a kind-
ness. This was when Winona was very
small, and once the prisoner had brought
her a white rabbit. After that, to the
little girl, he was always the "White
Rabbit." This was the only name by
which she knew him. Carrokese was a
member of the tribe with whom she was
now a prisoner, and was sometimes in-
vited to the councils, and occasionally
visited the chief's wigwam. In this way
he saw the girl and learned her story,
but it was a long time before he found
an opportunity to speak to her. At
last it came. The guard was sleeping
off a debauch and the women were pre-
paring for a banquet—all but Winona,
she sat at the door of the tent weav-
ing a basket of sweet grass.

"Why is the chief's daughter sad?" he
asked.

Amazed at being addressed in her own
tongue, by one who was to all outward
appearance, a Mohawk, and unable at
once to find words to reply, her dark
eyes only answered.

"Is Cheega not kind?" he continued,
encouragingly.

"Cheega is good," she replied, but low
as the voices were, they disturbed the
sleeper, and Carrokese was compelled to
await another opportunity to ask, "Does
Winona remember the White Rabbit?"
Then, like one just awakening, she
remembered who this stalwart warrior
was, and knew why floods of childish
memories always attended his coming.
She knew he was her old friend, the
White Rabbit.

The days wore on slowly and drearily
enough, and the guard becoming weary
of the monotony of his charge, hied him
off to other scenes, leaving the prisoner
with the women of the camp, who were
almost as indifferent as the Senecas
themselves seemed to have become. Then
she had comparative freedom, especially
when the warriors were absent, and
many were the walks she took and tor-
tuous the paths she followed. Some-
times the White Rabbit walked ahead.
Sometimes he only crossed her path, but
whether he walked with her and talked
of Nanrautsouak, or only crossed the
trail, the sun shone brighter for it, and
brought the girl the nearest approach
to happiness she had known since leav-
ing her home on the banks of the Ken-
nebec.

June came with its glorious sunshine,
and July with its ripening fruits and
wealth of blossom. Though the son of
a chief and the hero of several small
expeditions, Carrokese had no special
claim to distinction above his fellows,
but now he was going to meet the crisis
of his life. He was going off on a glory
campaign in company with other young
men of his tribe, but Carrokese was the
leader—to him would belong the honor
or the shame of the expedition.

On the morrow a great tribal council
would be in session. All the warriors
of the tribe would be there, and Decane-
sora, the greatest orator of the Con-
federation of Five Nations was to ad-
dress them. In the evening, the Festi-
val of Dog's Flesh would be held in honor
of the glory campaign. Carrokese and
his loyal friends would be the principal
entertainers. Seated in two rows, fac-
ing each other, the participants of the
feast would listen while the leader told
of his plans and hopes; then of the
heroic deeds he had already accom-
plished and the torture and suffering he
had endured with fortitude, making the

recital graphic with gestures and con-
tortions of the body, keeping time with the
monotonous sounds of musical instru-
ments of crude Indian construction.
Then the others would follow, and in
turn each recount his feats of glory and
prowess, till of heroes and martyrs there
were only superlatives.

This was all to happen on the morrow,
but it was still today when Winona fol-
lowed in the steps of the White Rabbit
while he told her of his going away and
of the enemies he would conquer—never
for a moment did he dream of defeat.
That had no place on his programme.
Victory, however savage, was his goal.
But Carrokese had other visions that he
told not to his friends. He dreamed of
a wigwam all his own, and to preside
over it and cook his venison, a tall,
beautiful Abenaki maiden. He would
buy her from the Senecas, whose pris-
oner she was, and he could bring about
peace with her father. But he counted
without the star of his hopes—and with-
out Pierre. Today, on the eve of his
departure, he ventured to hint to the
girl that she might share, if she would,
the great distinction that should be his,
and asked:

"Would the Sunlight like to return to
the chief's wigwam, where clouds have
been so long?"

"Is there peace?" she asked.

"Not yet," he replied, "but when the
White Rabbit returns he will have wam-
pum belts a plenty, and one for Kon-
diaronk if Winona wishes it. Would
Winona like to carry the sunshine back
to Kondiaronk and Miamosa?"

"And Pierre?" she asked, with more
animation than is usually displayed by
these people; but she had learned it from
her betrothed, who was all vivacity.

"And Pierre," the Indian hissed.
"Never!" Turning swiftly, his dreams
dispeled like mists before the wind, he
strode homewards, the girl following
with bowed head, hardly knowing what
she had done, and never a word spoke
these two for many a long month.

On the day following the feast of
dogs' flesh, those who were to join the
glory campaign bedecked themselves in
their most savage finery—warpaint and
wampum, feathers and furs—and in a
silence strongly contrasting with their
hilarious boasting of the night before,
marched to the point of embarkation,
while the women in their most savage
rags followed to convey back to camp
the grandeur of their lords and masters.
And poor Winona, conscious now that
she had two lovers and that Pierre had
a bitter enemy, followed meekly and
sorrowfully behind Cheega.

Tradition tells us that they peeled
the bark off a huge tree and committed
to its trunk pictures depicting the deeds
of valor they went out to perform, and
emblems of the tribes they went out
against, and many a tribal emblem was
emblazoned, but that of the Abenaki was
not among them.

Startled at the revelation of the
White Rabbit's feelings towards her,
and greatly troubled on Pierre's account,
she prayed the Great Spirit that her two
lovers might never meet. Oh! if she
but had the courage of some of her an-
cestors, what a good use she would make
of her freedom, and Pierre, dear Pierre,
should be saved. Was she a weakling
and a craven she wondered that she
could not find her way to him. But try
as she would, she could not carry out the
plans of escape that came to her as she
lay awake in Cheega's tent at night.
The wind swaying the boughs above her
seemed to whisper them to her.

Carrokese had been gone almost a
moon, as the Indians measure time, when
by a sort of telepathy hope began to
stir her being. She began to tell herself
that something must happen soon. She
must escape before the White Rabbit's
return. Then she would fall to musing;
if it were not for Pierre she might be
happy with the White Rabbit. He was
brave, but then Pierre was handsome.
He was kind, but Pierre told her stories
of the great white father across the sea,
who would one day reward with gifts
and favors those who had been loyal to
him in the forests of his new kingdom.
The Mohawk would be a great chief some
day, but he was the enemy of her people,
while Pierre and the French were their
friends. Yes, she would be true to
Pierre.

Pondering over her troubles, she ac-

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