

which attests the energy and industry of his white brother is an additional omen of his extinction. Every day he sees the girdle of fields and meadows narrowing the circle of his hopes. Driven back, mile by mile, whither shall he at last retire? He is a stranger and an alien in his own land,—an outcast, robbed of his birthright by a stronger race. He and his tribe are but a feeble few, and their efforts avail nothing against the ceaseless advance to the pale faced race who come welded together into a resistless phalanx by the iron hand of civilization.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XVII.

AS the three friends sat pondering in silence the enigma shadowed out to them, the clear note of a lark was borne in on the morning breeze.

Calvert started violently. Again the note was repeated: and he rushed to the balconied window.

Bending eagerly forward, the youth seemed to respond to a given signal, by pursing up his lips and emitting a sound like the querulous chatter of a squirrel.

A flash of light three times swept across his face; and all at once his countenance became radiant with joy.

His companions curiously drew near.

"Look!" cried he.

A blinding gleam drew their eyes to the spot where the ha-ha fence separated between the house-lawn and the deer-pasture beyond.

There they saw a hand waving a glittering mirror-like object. Calvert displayed his white handkerchief in reply, and then turning inwards, he rushed to the door and disappeared, to the wonderment of his friends.

Leaving the house, with a hurried step he slipped round by the stables to a coppice behind, and thence by a close-clipped hedge