

the dead. Quambo followed closely, and, taking me in his arms, gave me a hug, in his joy, which almost squeezed the breath out of my body. Mike came in for the same sort of greeting.

"Och, sure! do you take me for a baby?" exclaimed Mike—"though you would have squeezed the life out of me if I had been one. But I am moighty plased to see you; and, bedad, we'll be footing it away to the sound of me fiddle, I am hoping, before many hours are over. You have got it all safe?"

"Yes. I keep de fiddle all right, and let no one play on it—not even myself," observed Quambo.

"True for you, Quambo," said Mike, laughing; "for the best of raisons—there's no one else but meself could make the music come out of it."

Our Indian escort having set off to return to the camp, according to orders, we crossed the river to the opposite bank, where our relatives had collected to receive us.

Lily looked somewhat pale. Though she had not abandoned all hope, she had been fearfully anxious about me; and she made me promise not to go wandering again over the wilds, if I could help it. Mr. and Mrs. Claxton and Dora had been equally anxious about Reuben, and were proportionably thankful to get him back safe.

Old Samson stood gazing at Lily while I was talking to her. He then hastened up to Aunt Hannah.

"You have been a mother to that sweet child, and I will bless you for it as long as there is breath in my old body," he said. "But I want to take her from you.