

with the most stoical indifference visible in his look and attitude, was a tall Indian in his blanket coat, deer-skin trowsers and leggins; the same who had guided Mr. Warrender and Harald to Hemlock Knoll. In another, and standing near a log of wood which served for a seat, and from which she had arisen in terror, was a very young girl, in whose worn and haggard features traces might still be seen of the once beautiful Joanna Rolleston. Her dress was mean and soiled, and her hair, of which she had once been so proud, was pushed negligently off her brow. Her whole appearance was that of one who had ceased to feel hope, joy or self-respect, and as she clasped her hands wildly together, she appeared as if her spirit was too much broken, and her whole being too strongly enthralled by that grim Giant, Despair, to permit her to give a voice to the anguish and alarm she so deeply felt. At a little distance from her stood Basil D'Arcy, dressed like the Indian guide; and, during the short time which had elapsed since he was last presented to the reader, his countenance had assumed far deeper and darker traces of the evil passions which had always reigned in his heart. There was yet another person in the wigwam, and he it was who at first absorbed Max's every faculty. This was Ernest Tennyson who confronted D'Arcy with looks of powerful and noble indignation.

"If you are wise," exclaimed D'Arcy, in a voice expressing the last extreme of hatred and bitterness, "you will leave this place while yet you may. Fate has thrown you into my power when I looked for another; tempt me no further, but be gone."

"Never, till you give up what remains of the property you so basely stole from your benefactor," said Ernest.

"Will you not?" retorted D'Arcy, scornfully; "then beware, you have injured me more deeply than any man on earth, *beware* lest this moment I take full satisfaction for all my wrongs!"

"Wrongs!" repeated Ernest, indignantly.

"Aye! wrongs!" cried D'Arcy, fiercely; "did you not win from me the love of one who would have taught me to reach Heaven instead of being a fit denizen of hell? Did you not wrench from me the gold for which I bound myself to yonder miserable idiot? Do you not call *these* wrongs, and shall I not take revenge when it is offered to my hand? You are defenceless, I am armed—have a care!"

He had worked himself into a state of demonic fury, but Ernest was unmoved.

"I am unarmed, it is true," he answered, "but I fear you not, and I do not stir from this till you

do the small justice which may yet be in your power to Mr. Blachford. If you will assist me," he added, turning to the Indian, "you shall not go unrewarded."

"The white men are brothers," said Ungigo, coldly, "let them do as they think good. Ungigo will side with neither."

"Then alone I defy you, D'Arcy!" exclaimed Ernest, catching up an axe which lay near.

"Take it then!" burst from the lips of D'Arcy, and pulling a pistol from his breast he aimed it at Ernest.

By this time Max had torn aside the covering of the wigwam, and was rushing to Ernest's assistance, but, quicker than thought, Joanna had darted to his side and seized his arm.

"Not murder! Oh! God! not murder!" she shrieked.

He strove to shake her off, but she still clung to his arm; in the struggle, the pistol went off and its contents lodged in his own brain. He fell without word or motion a dead man; and forgetting all her wrongs, the wretched victim of his deceit and cruelty threw herself on his body in the wildest paroxysm of grief and despair. In vain Ernest called her tenderly by her name and strove to soothe her; she heeded not his efforts but wildly tore her long hair with all the ungoverned violence of feeling which proved her Syrian blood, accusing herself as the murderer of him she had so deeply loved! The greetings between Ernest and Max, meeting after so long an absence in so wild and terrible a scene, were short and hurried, though full of affection, and were first interrupted by Fauna, who, leading Max outside the hut, placed a small box in his hand.

"In this," she said, "are all the papers belonging to Mr. Blachford which D'Arcy possessed; give them to Helen, she can then no longer reject the claim which you will have to her hand."

"Fauna!" exclaimed Max, "would you have me so mean as to accept from her gratitude what her love cannot give?"

"But she *does* love you!" cried Fauna, earnestly, "I know that she loves you. Ah! did I not know it the first moment that I saw you together? Did I not know long before that she on whose picture you so often gazed was destined to be your bride? and I have read in the heavens that through me that destiny shall be accomplished."

"It cannot be, Fauna; you suffer your imagination to blind your better feelings, when you wish me to act so selfish and dishonorable a part."

"Then you will suffer her to marry that Englishman who has come out with her brother?"

"Fauna!" exclaimed Max, passionately, "you