

towards the river, until at last he came within a few paces of the thicket where Osborne lay concealed. Looking out, Osborne saw him, with his nose thrown into the air, so that his large palmated horns were placed nearly horizontal with his back—with the long hair of his neck erect with rage or fear with his breath steaming from his large nostrils—with a little rivulet of blood streaming down his tawny side. As he drew closer to the river his speed slackened and his legs began to totter under him; but, as he caught a glimpse of Osborne, his antlers again went up into the air and he made several tremendous efforts to continue his flight. It was the last effort of the poor brute for life; his strength was entirely exhausted; the next instant he fell helpless on the green sward, close to the margin of the river.

The Indians would soon be on his track—Osborne must push on. But hardly had the fugitive proceeded a hundred paces further, than fate, as if determined to baffle him, brought him to a place where a still more embarrassing scene was presented. He came suddenly to a bend of the river, on to an evergreen glade which sloped prettily to the water's side. Here he was paralyzed for an instant by the sight of four canoes, two of them filled with venison. A fire was burning on the beach; and piles of bark of the black birch, which was growing there in great luxuriance, lay in different places. By a strange fatality he had stumbled on the resting-place of the very Indians he was trying to avoid. He could see that the object of the women in accompanying the hunting party was to procure a supply of bark, wild potatoes, and other roots, which grew in great luxuriance in that part of the country. But where were all the women? They were most probably in the surrounding woods, and he could safely venture to pass the canoes. As he moved cautiously on his hands and feet through the brush, he heard a step close beside him, and, as he looked up, he saw the Indian girl standing with amazement clearly expressed in her soft eyes.

Osborne felt that he was in an embarrassing situation, unless, indeed, he had mistaken the kindly character of the girl. He

was reflecting whether he should try and make himself understood when she herself addressed him in French, and, as she spoke, the fugitive congratulated himself that he was so familiar with that language.

"The English chief must make haste, for Chegouenne will return ere the sun has gone to rest behind the hills. He may be seen by the women who are in the woods. Winona will be dumb and blind. She has not seen the Englishman."

Saying this the girl turned away; but Osborne paused and said to her:—

"The English chief knew that Winona had a kind heart. He will always remember her when he reaches his own people."

As Osborne spoke he heard the laughter of the women as they were returning to the canoes, and then Winona hurriedly said:—

"Let the English chief follow Winona, and she will show him where he may stay till the Indians go away."

With these words the Indian girl moved quickly into the woods, and motioned to Osborne to follow her; and, as he did so, he could hear the voices of the approaching women quite distinctly. Knowing that she had no time to lose, Winona pushed her way about a hundred yards up the river and then turned into the forest. In ten minutes or so they came to a place where the ground became so exceedingly uneven and rocky that it was only with the greatest difficulty they could clamber through the thick growth of hardwood; but, finally, the girl stopped at a spot where the rocks assumed many grotesque forms. Here she pushed aside the boughs of some small trees, growing amid the rocks, and seemed to disappear into the earth; but, following her example, he noticed a small opening in the rocks, sufficient to allow a single person to pass through.

As he stepped between the rocks he saw Winona standing in a cave, which, from the hasty glance he was then able to take of it, seemed to be of large size; but, Winona, as soon as he entered, said to him hastily:—

"The English chief is safe here, for no one knows this cave but Winona. The Indians go away to their village to-morrow when the sun has got above the trees. Let the Englishman push through the forest,