

dubious of the meaning of her cold, formal words,—“And which of the young warriors has thought it safe to make merry at the expense of Ferdinand De Soulis?”

“All—all,—it is sad for Nita and his friends that he ever left his post below, to visit the war-chief, as before he came among them his name was never mentioned but with praise and admiration,” she replied to his interrogatory in the same freezing tone.

“All the work of Monsieur Mascawa, I perceive,” he half whispered to himself, “and if I do not—”

“Not alone Mascawa, but others,” she was saying, when their interview was interrupted by the entrance of the war-chief, and Ominee retired, without giving De Soulis another opportunity of seeing her during the day. He remained gloomy and restless within his own lodge, at one time determined on leaving the island without making any further attempt to see Ominee—at another, on the point of going over to his friend the war-chief, who had not yet altered his demeanor in any particular towards him in consequence of what had happened, and demanding the hand of his daughter; but he had some forebodings that his suit might not now be entertained by his friend, even if it were not distasteful to Ominee, until he had achieved something that might blot out the stain which now attached to his name. He therefore gave up the idea of risking a refusal from the chief, and yet his heart sunk within him when he contemplated his return without once more seeking an explanation from her. Perplexed by these contending thoughts, it was evening before he again shewed himself abroad, nor would he then have done so had it not been necessary for him to add some fresh gun to his canoe, preparatory to his start on the morrow.

When De Soulis had made all his arrangements for an early start in the morning, he again sought the cabin of the war-chief, to take his leave of that worthy and his daughter. He found them together, and from the confusion of Ominee, he had reason to believe that their conversation had some relation to himself.

“The friend of the war-chief departs before the sun-rising to-morrow, and he has come to take his leave of him for the last time,” said De Soulis, in a tone indicating that his temper had been somewhat chafed. The war-chief looked at him with astonishment, and Ominee turned away her face, on which the blush, kindled at his entrance, instantaneously gave place to a deadly paleness.

“For what reason does my brother-in law leave us never more to return?” enquired the chief in a serious tone.

“Because I have found the tribe of the war-chief so unjust to me,” replied De Soulis.