

broke up with a wild, weird, thrilling death song, which fell upon the ears of Harry like leaden bullets.

"Morning dawned, and with it no hope for the condemned man! Harry knew enough of Indian character to realize that his doom was sealed, so he begged as a last boon that he might be permitted to stroll along the shores of the lake and commune with nature before death ended his career. Oh, if he could see that sister once more before he died; if he could but know that she still lived, it would enable him to endure the terrible end which he knew must come. Some distance below the lodge where he had been imprisoned, and upon the borders of the lake, partially hidden by beautiful trees and creeping vines, was another tepee; and as the prisoner walked along the shore natural curiosity induced the Indian women to gaze upon him. Harry looked up, caught the glance of a girl of fifteen years, with Indian complexion, Indian dress, Indian timidity, but *with golden, curly hair and blue eyes!* Could it be possible! Was that his sister? His head grew dizzy; he tottered, fainted and fell. When he came to himself, two Indians and several squaws were bending over him, and among them the young maiden whose image had frozen his heart. He spoke to her in English, she heeded him not; he spoke to her in Indian, telling her she must be his sister,—he alluded to her hair, her eyes, so different from the Indian, but her memory was blank; he could make no impression. He asked permission to lift the scarf that encircled her neck; beneath it was pure white. He *knew* it was his sister, but how could he make her realize it? During this interview the Indians gazed with astonishment and awe upon the scene! They began to get uneasy. The In-