

As for Annette, when the battle of Saw-Knife Creek ended, she was waiting for Julie to join her. Her hand was upon her horse's neck, and she was leaning against the animal thinking of her lover.

"Ah, at last!" The terrible words and the voice were but too plain. Turning she saw the rebel chief, triumph, passion, and revenge in his eyes. By his side were several Metis with muskets presented, ready to fire at the girl if she uttered a cry, or made resistance. Then they bound her arms, and set her upon her horse, which one of the chief's followers led by the bridle. They rode as fast as the ponies could travel across the prairie; and Annette's heart sank, and all hope seemed to die out of her life, as she realized that the miscreants were hurrying towards the valley of Dismal Swamp where abode Jubal, the hideous hag.

As the party hurried along the skirt of the ridge flanking the swamp and the inky stream, lo! there came to her ears the notes of a bird's song. 'It was the guardian swan; and joy and hope crept into the maiden's bosom.

"Hear you yonder singing, my pretty bird?" the hideous chief asked, with a foul sneer. "Its song is always intended to console and reconcile maidens to their lovers.

But she turned her head away with loathing, and answered him not. Then came a sudden trampling; swords gleamed; eyes flashed in the dusk; and before the helpless girl could gather her routed senses, the beastly chief was sent sprawling from his horse with a sabre-blow; his followers were routed; and she was free.

"My own beloved," were the words whispered in her ear, and warm lips were pressed upon her mouth. "We no more part, my darling—never, never more." \* \* \* \*

They rode along through the night, he telling of his love, and fashioning the future; she listening with bright eyes, and a happiness too great for words.

"You have asked me, darling, why I love *you* so?