

the "Tumble Dam." Clouds, to which the setting sun had given a sombre magnificence, now looked angry and menacing along the horizon, and gradually seemed to be encroaching farther and farther on the blue heaven. The heat was intense, and not a breeze was stirring to cool the burning air. It seemed evident that the electric storm which had been for two or three days threatening would soon burst; but Max heeded not the boding tempest; he scarcely even thought of Fauna; his mind was occupied with matters nearer to his heart. He sometimes asked himself if the last words of Fauna could apply to Helen, but he could not believe they had any other origin than the excited fancies of her own brain. On reaching the spot, the dim light of the fading day revealed Fauna resting against a young pine, and gazing intently down the path in which she knew Max would appear. As soon as she caught sight of him she sprang towards him. Her manner was excited and determined, and Max started as she placed in his hand a pistol and a long Indian knife.

"Take them!" she said, as he gazed at her in silent surprise, "You may need them ere we return. But there is not much danger," she added, more as if by way of satisfying her own fears for his safety, than of assuring him. "I know him to be a coward, and I will be there to help you; I am armed also," and, unclosing her mantle, she shewed a knife and pistols in the embroidered girdle she wore.

"What are these weapons for, Fauna?" asked Max, again examining her face; but there was nothing in her steady though beaming eye, and her firm determined mouth which could make him believe her imagination more disordered than usual.

"Follow me," replied the Indian girl, "and I will tell you as we go."

She led the way into a species of blind path, formed by deer-hunters, and ere they had proceeded many yards she spoke again.

"I am taking you," she said, "where the man who robbed the father of Helen Blachford is now concealed. I know from what I have heard him say that he possesses papers which, though useless to him, would be worth thousands in the hands of Mr. Blachford, but he keeps them for the sake of revenge. Demand these bonds from him, and if he refuse to yield them up, threaten to use force. You are brave I know," said the Indian girl, looking proudly at the tall, manly form of her young heart's idol. "You are stronger than he, you are good and he is a villain; I have courage and strength for your sake, and he has no one to

aid him, but one poor trembling creature, whom he treats like a dog—we shall conquer, and you shall give these papers to her whom you love."

"Can this indeed be true, and have you known it long?" asked Max.

"No, not long. I did not know of the existence of these bonds or of their value till a day or two ago."

"And what is he doing here, or how are you connected with such a villain?"

"My father, who knew him in the States, has given him shelter here, and he has come to meet some one from England whom he expects—I don't know who."

"But why, Fauna, didn't you tell me or Mr. Blachford at once, and have the scoundrel brought to justice?" asked Max.

"Justice!" cried the Indian girl, impatiently, "what do I or any one know of *justice*? There is none just but one, to *Him* only appertains judgment. But for your sake he might have lived there for ever ere I told it to any."

"For my sake, Fauna? What is it you mean?"

"Will you not to-night redeem her you have so long loved in vain from poverty and exile, and thus obtain a title to her love?"

Max made no answer; and quickening her steps, Fauna plunged deeper into the forest. At last they reached one of those tumuli which are to be found in almost every part of the New World. It was enclosed by a screen of brushwood and young trees, and no one who was not previously aware of its existence would have been likely to discover it; but Fauna speedily struck into a very narrow and tangled path, and, followed by Max, soon reached the mound, which was thinly scattered with trees. Desiring Max to remain quiet for a moment, she pursued the path which led round the tumulus, and, Max in some anxiety, but without the slightest doubt, awaited her return. Minutes, however, passed, and she did not appear, and Max, tired of uncertainty, cautiously advanced in the direction she had taken. He soon discovered a hollow in the side of the tumulus, and in the recess was an Indian wigwam formed of stakes covered with skins, and of a conical shape, from which loud and angry voices seemed proceeding. Kneeling against the hut, and gazing through a crevice was Fauna, and Max stood by her side before she was aware of his approach, so much absorbed did she seem with whatever she beheld inside. On perceiving him she motioned to him to kneel down beside her, and look through the aperture; he silently obeyed, and the sight he beheld filled him with unbounded surprise. Standing in one corner of the wigwam,