



AMONG THE RED-SKINS.

CHAPTER I.

MISSING.

An Unexpected Return—Hugh is Absent—No Knowledge of his Whereabouts—Uncle Donald's Apprehensions—A Hurried Supper, and Preparations for a Search.



“**H**UGH, my lad! Hugh, run and tell Madge we have come back,” cried Uncle Donald, as he and I entered the house on our return, one summer's evening, from a hunting excursion in search of deer or any other game we could come across, accompanied by three of our dogs, Whiskey, Pilot, and Muskymote.

As he spoke, he unstrapped from his shoulders a heavy load of cariboo meat. I, having a similar load, did the same—mine was lighter than his—and, Hugh not appearing, I went to the door and again called. No answer came.

“Rose, my bonnie Rose! Madge, I say! Madge! Where are you all?” shouted Uncle Donald, while he