

ashore and turning, stands fascinated by the grandeur and the horror of the danger so narrowly escaped.

But the voice! Whence came that cry?

Its tones have vibrated upon her eager, listening ear many times in other days; its inflection cannot be mistaken—it is the voice of Wawano. Straining her eyes in the direction her instinct suggests she listens, with heaving bosom and bated breath.

Not long is the suspense. Again the cry rings out—this time blending into despairing cadence a note of entreaty and fear. From rock to rock her wandering gaze moves till it rests on one huge boulder, but a few yards from shore, and there upon the bare surface of the rock is a clinging figure—Wawano.

With oneswift comprehensive glance she recognizes his awful peril.

How came he there? No time to solve that mystery now. His position of complete isolation; his precarious footing on the bare rock—a foaming torrent roaring around him, as tho' striving, with fierce strength and deafening noise, to tear his flinty shelter from its base, is sufficient to convince her that if Wawano is to be saved, it is she who must do it, for he is helpless.

Trained by the savage life she has always lived, to meet sudden and unexpected contingencies, the plucky girl casts about her for means to help her lover. Although the span from shore to rock is but short, the rushing torrent leaves no hope of his reaching land by swimming—to attempt it means to be instantly dashed to death against the relentless granite, standing like a sentinel guarding the first mad plunge of the sault.

One moment only she pauses and

thinks, eye and brain eagerly seeking a way of rescue. Her face loses its look of terror.

With a cry of encouragement to the despairing and exhausted brave, who only at this moment recognizes Minnedosa, she runs a short distance up the beach, and pushing adrift the half submerged trunk of a tree from a mass of driftwood lodged in a tiny bay, guides it as far as she dare, hoping it will reach the chasm at right angles with the current, and lodging but for a moment or two, give Wawano a temporary bridge over which his sinewy feet will carry him to shore and safety. Slowly the tree moves till the force of the current catches it; then more quickly, till with headlong speed it rushes at the chasm and the ends reaching the rock on either side, form a bridge. But only for an instant—the shock and force of the current snap the half-rotten trunk, and with a mutual cry of disappointment the lovers see it disappear into the swirling flood. But realizing somewhat the possibility of eventual success, the heroic girl tries again and again, till at last a great pine, which costs her almost superhuman strength to move, is floated.

Scarce breathing, and quivering with excitement she awaits, yet dreads, the shock of wood and rock. Half-fainting from her efforts, her straining eyes note through a mist the contact, and a cry of exultation goes up as the staunch trunk, stronger than the others, bears the strain—it surges, grinds, rolls, like a huge creature in agony, striving to escape from its torturer, but the bridge is there.

Now, Wawano, brave and fleet of foot; life, liberty and love are