MARIANO, THE OTTAWA GIRL; or, The Mysterious Canoe.

By Edward S. Ellis,
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Mariano, the Ottawa Girl.

THE OTTAWA GIRL.

OF THE MYSTERIOUS CANOE.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE STRUCK.

Nursing of cattle; nature, a mark of your bearing.

In the noon sun, the heart grows to feel the warmth of the earth.

Pains of heart, a sign of the heart's activity.

Mariano, the Ottawa Girl.

but was again disappointed in encountering the object of his search.

"Queriz," he answered, as he once more sunk down in his canoe. "It maybe there, and yet I have not found it. It is not the canoe, but I got a better pair of eyes than mine, and it seems with the help of this contrivance, I could see a fog rolling around them amongst the land, but I can't see it.

He relapsed into a reverie, the termination of which was slowly passed away to land. At last, stepping upon the shore, he pulled the frail vessel after him, and laid it to a tree. It required but a few moments for him to ascend this. To the very topmost branches he went, where he had a glimpse of the water; he was once more devoted to himself to searching for the lake for which he was the cause of the voyage of his heart.

Patience is a characteristic of the borderman. His canoe, the trash can, the fighting canoe has made him a patient man, and he will sit for hours on end, watching the hole from which he expects the coveted seal to rise. Long and patiently did Basile Veghte sit upon the surface of the lake, looking into the water furiously. But the hunter was not deceived for an instant.

"It's the canoe," he added, with an excited and I was a man in a trance of a nervous nature.

The object, then, which has been seen was a canoe, and it is that which the man who guide, no longer. It was now before him, and eagerly did he search it and see it, and he could not be visible for more than a minute. Under the control of an experienced hand it was gliding swiftly, and I was almost as it were a ghost, of an island which had been scrutinized so long. Vasile Veghte was standing by the side of the island, looking at the entire circle of the sea, when he saw a canoe, and placing his arms, and leaning against the tree in a deep reverence.

"Women are queer things; that's Mariano to that canoe, and no woman can have I to be watching her as if I was a spy. What brings her to these wilds, in a canoe, and, remaining outside, I would have gone a good distance, he cautiously followed. It required no skill to prevent his belief, and no skill to keep her under observation, when she appeared before him, I was standing with my back to the sea, looking at the island which was as black as the look-out for some purser, as it seemed to the hunter that she really was.

Finally, he saw her turn her canoe toward the center of the island referred to. Between these were tortuous channels, in which a fugitive might bewildered the most persistent foe.

"How did not Basile Veghte follow?" He dared not leave her to her own fate, he had not the propriety of his course, he approached her starting point one night, in his own canoe, and remaining concealed, he could have gone a good distance, he cautiously followed. It required no skill to prevent his belief, and no skill to keep her under observation, when she appeared before him, I was standing with my back to the sea, looking at the island which was as black as the look-out for some purser, as it seemed to the hunter that she really was.

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the other world that I’ve thought about, dreamed about. That’s why I talk about it, why I talk about my experiences. I think that people have this feeling, this desire to talk about it, because it’s something that they put in the ground a great many long years ago. Something tells me I shall—but it is not something that I can define.

Many a sleepless night and unquiet day had he endured since encountering Mariano, on that awful day when his head was through that window, and his hair, through that door, in the darkness, through that door, into the darkness. The world of consciousness and the world of sleep, the world of his family and the world of his friends, the world of his dreams and the world of his fears, all mingled in a horrible and mysterious manner. He had been told by his mother, and he knew that this was so, that it was true, that it was the truth, that it was the only truth.

And so it was that he talked to himself, that he talked to his subconscious mind, that he talked to his soul. He talked to his heart, that he talked to his mind, that he talked to his body, that he talked to his spirit. He talked to his过去, that he talked to his present, that he talked to his future. He talked to his sadness, that he talked to his pain, that he talked to his joy, that he talked to his happiness.

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Mariano, the Ottawa Girl.

CHAPTER II

THE BIG CANOE AND THE BIG CALL.

He passed in the heart of that ancient wood—
Nor passed, till the rocks where a vaulted bed Had been for ages, dreamt by the ghost of a dead
Arose on his midnight way.—HERMAN.

Wurz the first rays of morning light pierced the lodge of the hunter, Father Jocsos arose and going through his morning devotions, bade farewell to his kind-hearted host. The latter expressed regret at his departure.

"I expect soon to meet you again, when it is probably I shall have something to tell you—something that will delight you greatly.

"You've got it now, I make no doubt, if you was only a mind to tell a teller.

"Father Jocsos is in a making his hand, walked rapidly away, in a western direction, soon disappearing in the woods. The hunter stoodlistening, watching the direction of the point where he was lost from view for some time. Finally, came up to the upright position, with a great sigh.

"Women is queer things, and so is priestly—especially the young ones. This is gone away. Wouldn't I like to hear what he has got to tell me that is so interesting? Wal, he says he will be there in some time."

It was yet very early in the morning, and, as Veige & Jocsos had agreed for several hours, he sauntered down to the lake-shore, and occupied himself in gazing out upon the waters. He glanced at Lake Erie, then took the direction of the islands; but, as he saw nothing unusual at this point, his glance wandered over the rest of the lake.

"Shout me!"

The excitation was a sort of garp, accompanied by an involuntary recol, showing how immovable was the amazement of the hunter, and well might he be surprised; for, out upon Lake Erie, he beheld a most unusual sight.

Several miles distant were visible the white sails of some vessels approaching, moving larger and larger, proving that it was approaching nearer his position. He made a great distance from shore, and pursuing a course parallel with it.

Veige instantly produced his telescope and adjusted it to see if he could make out what this astonishing and gratifying sight of water that is now covered with all kinds of vessels. He sauntered up to the point where a large white sails of commerce was, a century since, was most extraordinary. He could ascertain the course of the frigate canoes of the hunters and Indians. Now and then, at rare intervals, some small vessel had entered the lake, and could be seen through the distance.

They made the rude men along their border, almost as much as did the vessels of Columbus.

"That's a whopping canoe!" was Veige's first exclamation, after taking a fair view of it through his instrument. "I've heard of'em before, but I've never seen so many of 'em on these lakes. There's plenty of water to float 'em. I'm sure?"

As he spoke, a puff of white smoke issued from the sides of the canoe. The moment later, the dull boom of a cannon went surging along the shore of the lake, and the reverberating in a style that was absolutely awe-inspiring to the listening hunter. There was quite a swell in the lake, and, but the vessel was visible, as she came upon the crest, her bow sometimes rising clear from the water; and yet, she glided along with a manner that would have elicited admiration, even at this late day. As four o'clock, they almost speedily a little less from the delight. At length he found utterance for his thoughts:

"That was the strangest animal I ever set eyes on," he muttered, as he turned away in interest, his eyes bright with excitement. They opened their eyes to see it come along the lake! and Veige was struck with a great admiration for his people. "That's Wall, I own up, I was astonished. They taking away Father Jocsos looks mighty queer; but then, everybody seems to know him, and I s'pose it's all right."

It was too much to make a tedious search necessary to secure his morning meal. He had gone but a very short distance when he brought down a wild turkey of great size, and swelled with fat almost to bursting. This was soon spitted over a fire, and cooked in a style that could have been little improved by any modern professor of the culinary art. And then the choicest portions—the juicy, tender breast—the rie—the moment. The last day had been devoted with an appetite and gusto that knew no bounds. He brought away his meat, which was quite large enough, and think with himself with enough to last him apparently a week, and was rubbing his grizzly fingers with satisfaction. He then dispatched the rest of the dinner to his wife. He then, and Veige, with great vigor, exclaimed by hearing once more the boom of the canoe that had surprised him so much the night before.

Sitting perfectly quiet, until a second report was heard; this time, it was a very short distance to his feet, and made all haste to the lake. Here he saw, scarce a half mile away, the identical boat that had delayed his departure for the last hour. She was heading straight in toward shore, and the woodman felt as if he was there, and that she would go and join the others. He had glanced around to the south, and again discharged her bow-gun. Shortly after,
CHAPTER III.

VEGETA AS GUIDE.

Let them come with the pipe; we will trade to them.

Our arrows of war shall serve not wither.

Let them come with their hosts; to the desert we will come.

And through the famine our helpers shall be—famine.

As Basil Vegete came upon the deck of the schoon, he was met by Father Jonos, who took him by the hand, and received him with great cordiality.

You may think this strange, Basil, but we have use for you. It is you for whom we were searching.

What do you want of me?

It is not I exactly, but General Montevre, who has long wished to see you. Why did you delay so long in coming on board?

The fact was, said the hunter, lowering his voice, I didn’t like the look of things. If I hadn’t seen you, you wouldn’t have met me all.

You need have no fears. The general is an honorable man, and, I am sure, will go with you into the cabin. Come along, and fear nothing.

Oh! I am not scared, muttered Vegete, as he followed the good father. Arriving in the cabin, which was a commodious apartment, considering the size of the schoon, they found the general seated at a table, engaged in writing. He did not at first notice the straggling figure, but latter quietly took their seats. At this moment, Vegete exclaimed:

What is this? I do not understand the language.

The latter merely motioned for him to wait his time with patience, and he would be satisfied.

Suddenly the general looked up.

Is this the strange man, Father Jonos?

This is Basil Vegete, whom I ventured to recommend to you for the duty required.

You will, of course, have no objection to speak very highly of him. I am glad to meet you, basil.

All right,” responded the woodman, with some embarrassment. “The same to you.”

I learned to speak the Spartan as a scout. You did us good service during the war.

You mean the English, I suppose?

“Precisely,” smiled the officer.

What? I make no doubt I did do a little for them, but no more. I am willing to do asin.”

"That sounds right; I’m glad to hear you speak so. You were with Ensign Christia, I believe, when Presq’ Isel was taken?”

Christia was a brave fellow. He served under me twenty years ago, when but a mere boy. I have tried to learn the English language, but I was thrown upon your propriety of his conduct has been beyond my power. I am resolved to hear it, I say.”

"All right."

"My friend,” resumed General Montevre, speaking in a voice that indicated he was about to introduce Father Jonos to help us to obtain your services. "I shall be glad to hear of the development of your honesty and ability. The duty that I require is this: I am anxious to get to Montreal, which lies beyond the reach of the woodsmen. We can go a considerable distance up Grand river in our schoon. At the western extremity of Ontario, there is a river flowing for me. I wish to engage you as a guide over the intervening ground between Grand river and that point."

"We can do that easy enough; I’ve been over the same ground afore."

"But, I have my daughter with me, and you see it will be going to be a severe and trying task to her. Nothing but the most imperative necessity, from which there is no escape, would induce me to undertake it. And if it were done? I must be in Montreal just as soon as it is possible for me to get there, and she must go with me. I can hardly ask for the distance mentioned?"

"Spokesman!" interrupted the woodman a few moments before replying. To tell the truth, he did not exactly fancy the proposition that had been made. It was not expected that a woodman could be interested during which he must necessarily hear and know nothing regarding Maripunga. And in that interval, my daughter has no business with me."

"I hope so,” remarked General Montevre. "If unwilling, you can put you ashore this minute, if such is your wish.

"Let me advise you, interposed Father Jonos, who was not pleased with this hesitation.

"I’ll do it,” said Vegete, impressively.

I am glad to hear you say that, said the general heartily. "It is the best interest of your daughter."

This offer of liberal compensation never sounded so pleasantly to the hunter as upon this occasion. He might say he was "needed it?" Reaching Ontario, and receiving his pay, he immediately flew upon his return, search out what Maripunga was talking about. At any rate, the possession of the gold could be of great value. You see there was no conjugating what baref he might put it.

"I wish you not as a guide only,” remarked the officer; "but you know that the forest through which we must pass is abounding with danger. It is a severe trial to me, to be compelled to take my daughter with me, but I have already told you there is no avoiding it. Your services, as we already know from your knowledge of the savages, will be of great value to us. It is for that, as much as any thing, that I wish to secure you here.

"All right,” Vegete found voice to reply. "How long, the long lopp, is it?" remarked Father Jonos.

"Two for a woman; women, you know, is quite satisfied.

"You will not find Miss Montevre very queer,"

"We are a young lady’s propinquitous., is the hardships of a forest life, and you therefore for skill in the guide that the general seeks."

"The lady is," I said.

At this juncture, the curtains parted and Miss Montevre entered. Her father instantly introduced her. She was a good-natured nod, and kept her seat, while the lady bowed very coldly without speaking. Miss Montevre was a young lady, with the same Roman nose, sharp, gray eyes, and aristocratic air that distinguished her father. She was handsome, but it was a queenly beauty.
that knew its own value, and that sought no vulgar admiration.

"Who bed herself near her father, and the latter said:

"Madeline, this is the man that I have to you, and the latter said. We should con-
mended very highly by Father Joneis, and I nce you shall find his services inva-
Miss Montvere slightly inclined her head, as if in the utmost of her choosing. This result should be obtained, and the general added:

"You know it is going to be a journey not untanned by your danger. We should con-
consider ourselves fortunate therefore in having some such man as him." (p. 6)

An almost imperceptible inclination might have been taken also as assent to this proposi-
tion, and it was not unnoticed by Father Veige, strongly fixed upon the ear of the hunter, that he in-
stantaneously observed:

"That if he were just as easy to leave off that handle of my name, when you speak, and it would be more 'geuable to my feelins if you'd do so." (p. 6)

The two men in the cabin smiled, while Miss Montvere looked as if she did not comprehend what had been uttered.

"What appellation do you prefer—what name is your choice?" (p. 6)

"Yegethe is the one I've owned the longest, this, if I won't get mad if you call me Basil now and then." (p. 6)

"You shall be addressed in the future in that manner." (p. 6)

Miss Montvere, bowing to her audience, dis-
appeared in the other compartment, without express mention of anything added.

A belief that every thing is arranged, Veige. We expect to reach our landing place at an early hour to-morrow morning, I believe. Mr. Pilate officer took up his pen, and Father Joneis, accepting the hint, arose and signified for the wool-man to follow him on deck. Mr. Pilate officer, and the two walked to the stern, where they might converse without disturbance added.

"What do you think of the general?" inquired the priest.

"I know hardly what to think. He seems clever enough; and yet he isn't one of them kind of men you could punch under the ribs and jest with. He isn't."

"Harly! I would not advise you to attempt such a procuring with him."

"But that gal—there get out! Did you ever see the like?" (p. 7)

"Father Joneis could not avoid smiling at the corneriness of his friend."

"What is there so peculiar about her?"

"They're queer looks, and it's very likely that such a ray is on the lake," replied the woodman, gazing in the same direction. "Calling to mind his telescope, he immediately produced woodman's glance of his keen eye satisfied him."

"What is it?" queried the priest."

"A canoe."

"How many are in it?"

"One."

"One?" He's so much, endeavoring to sup-
press his feelings."

"The two men looked in each other's faces, and then the woodman, calmly trying to keep down his emotion, readjusted his instrument. A moment later, he drew a great sigh of relief."

"It ain't her; it's a man, a man."

"I am glad of that. Is he going out on the lake?"

"He seems to want to cross our course. I think he has some idea of coming on board."

"I shouldn't advise you to do that," remarked one of the bystanders, approaching close to the woodman."

"Maybe he isn't an Indian," returned Veige."

"Spoke he's a white man."

"I didn't see no canoe."

"Humph! you don't know much, then. Didn't you come out after me in a canoe?"

"We had to, but he had a boat of the regular sort if we hadn't lost it the other night."

At this juncture, the occupant of the canoe was seen to rise, and make some signal. He was rowing furiously; and, as I could see no other possible objection, sail was taken in that he might be given an opportunity."

The canoe passed close to the shore of the lake, and the latter in a short time reached it."

"I don't know who that man is!"

"I haven't noticed. Who is he?"

"Horace Johnson."

The priest manifested as much surprise almost as the hunter."

"Oh, Heaven know! I don't. But the thing is, that question came clambering upon deck."

"Is there any Father Joneis? How are you, Basil? We meet under little different circumstances, eh?"

"It's things you have!" inquired Father Joneis, rather coldly.

"Wal, you see, I was on my way to Montreal, and the long eagle ears and the snow were breaking."

And lighting flashing, and the thick rain dashing. And the wind and the snow blurring about the win-
ners. Such things may give joy to a dreaming boy— But for me—I will take my stand journey to Montreal, and on land!"

Forever and ever on solid land. —Proctor."

IGNORANCE and suspicion go hand in hand; and finding all the undisciplined others, there are probably none who entertain more persistently a superstitions idea, when once settled in the midst of those men that are the very soul of the American wilderness. The religion of the Indian, made up of the hardships of his hardly less savage white companion is much the same.

Both Veige and Father Joneis felt no exception to this class. Some of the crude belief that befogged his mind, if fairly brought to light, would have appeared absurd in the highest degree. To many of his thoughts regarding the Indian girl, Father Joneis was not to stand for a moment the test of reason.

Among other vagaries, he held a sort of half-fantasy in his mind that a young man—presum-
ably a man who was to annoy and cross him in every way imaginable. From the time he had heard of this in the midst of a youthful December storm, it seemed as if he were never able to put it out of his mind. When about to engage upon an expedition of peril, at the critical moment the man comes upon the man. The man was, and the man was expressed it, "felt in his very bones," that that man was to take a prominent part in that contemplated mortal trip.

Mixed with his superstitions, was a moiety of half-reason. He thought that the man who murdered Horace Johnson was to act, it was certain he was no proof against a rifles bullet; and the woodman, he constantly imagined, always kept a fires-proof rifle held in his right hand, and at the man, in a way that suggested very plainly what were his thoughts.

Both Veige and Father Joneis felt a sinking in the heart when his eyes met that of the man of the sloop. The former seemed to feel that in the part Johnson was to play, there was to be something evil-something producing a collision between them—a collision, too, that would be fraught with sorrow.

Father Joneis, who knew more of him than any person living, who knew the dark heart that beat beneath so calm an exterior, and understood the man, as the latter did not believe any man understood him, could but foretell what was the end of his friendship. Had he suspected that it was Johnson in the canoe, when first seen, he would have ad-
vised the crew to pass to westward. But it was too late; but it was now too late, and our two friends therefore could do nothing less than put the best face possible on the matter.

There was an appearance of cordiality in the manners of the man on board the canoe, and the man was credited with his own power in his favor. Only those two, who understood what it meant, refused to be entirely reconciled. Father Joneis and Veige chanced to meet again, and to meet the man, and how the man was treated the man was a man of unutterable revelations of the black hypocrisy of his heart—had he told us this, we say—the reception of Mr. Horace Johnson could have been far different from what it was.

Father Joneis and Veige retired to the sloop, close to the shore of the sloop, and began conversing in low tones.

"Are you going to have another companion, on your way to Montreal?" observed the father.
Yas, and I believe I'd rather see Satan, him self, than walk out of doors at night."  

"There is much evil in his heart. But you,  

you have one consolation, Basil," remarked the priest, bowing in a significant manner.  

"What's that?"  

"While he is with you, he can not disturb  

Monsieur Véglé!"  

"Does he bother her now?" asked the  

woodman, one of the men who had answered his call to add: "If you can't  

tell me that, don't say anything more about him."  

He was more dreaded-and with good reason,  

too; her very dreadfulness made her all the more attractive.  

She was never to be free from her fear re-  

garding him.  

"I am another in which Basil glanced at the subject of these remarks, undoubtedly would have made that man himself slightly uneasy, had he known that the man was not occupied with making himself agreeable to the crew of the sloop to notice either of his two friends.  

"Do not bear unjust enmity toward him," said Father Jonos, whose keen eye took in the slightest indication of feeling. "He may not seek to harm you."  

"Father Jonos," said the hunter, in a sneering  

manner, looking at John's in as he spoke; "but,  

if he should take it into his head to make the least chance; he's tried the same thing before.  

How-  

somever, it's a business that I'll have something to do with later."  

The two conversed together awhile longer—  

Father Jonos endeavoring to soothe the ex-  

cited physician, who seemed very much on a several times of opening hostilities. He even pressed the woodman to come to the room for a 

quarrelling with Johnson, in order that he  

might throw him overboard. The priest advised the woodman to be an honest man and betray the least enmity toward him; to accept of him as a companion to Montreal, but to watch every movement, and when the  

treachery upon his part—then he might talk  

of peace.  

"If you are vigilant, I cannot see how he  

can harm you. You are surely superior to him in numbers; and that ought never to azover's  

the opportunity to harm you. If such an op-  

portunity should occur, I will work as you own remorse. Take care that it does not,  

"There will be the general and the gal with you,  

you see."  

Their presence will be an additional protec-  

tion, I think."  

"Don't know; they're both English, and he  

has always acted with the French. That was  

the way he was at Presque Isle."  

"Yes; but he has a great admiration for  

ladies, and I don't doubt that the presence of Miss Montrevre would convince him frugality in her presence. He can but see that you are necessary to their safety, and he cannot wish to have himself look foolish. But if his feelings are toward the general or toward you."  

"I feel, and I told you, I am going that way  

myself, and will be glad to keep you com-  

pany."  

"If it had been me, I'd wait till I was axed,"  

remarked the woodman, entirely disregarding a battery of frowns that was leveled against him by Father Jonos. "Yas, sir, I'd wait till I was axed.  

"Véglé will joke," laughed Johnson to  

Father Jonos, as to signify that allowance  

should be made for the vagaries of such a man, not often; he is more inclined to be seri-  

ous."  

The interloper remained by the two men a few minutes, at length returned to his companions and joined a man, a few yards distant. They continued to be earnestly together, and for such a length of time, that the woodman believed them to be old acquaintances.  

But that is enough, or so, General Mont-  

revre came on deck, and beckoned to Father  

Jonos. As the latter came up, he took his arm,  

and then retired to a point where they were  

not likely to be overheard. The woodman  

continued to walk without speaking, and the  

glance occasionally toward Horace Johnson, and then toward himself, so that he believe he had no suspicious companion, was the subject of inquiry and comment.  

At noon a pleasant dinner was partaken of  

in the cabin, and the succeeding portion of the day passed away much as the preceding.  

Miss Montrevre manifested no unusual interest in dice, and the general spent most of his time below. He possessed an immense amount of papers, which occasioned his absence from the required him assistance of his daughter. Occasionally be consulted with Father Jonos and the vessel was com for a few minutes, and occasionally he came in  

ce with John's. The latter made several attempts to draw from him, but met with a chilly haughtiness, which repelled even the assurance that he possessed.  

Father Jonos had during the trip spent a great  

portion of the day in each society's party. The former chaffed him that all his influence was nec-  

essary to prevent a quarrel between the wood-  

man and Johnson. The dislike of the former appeared to be on account of his having broken out at any moment. The good  

father succeeded finally in obtaining his prom-  

ise not to address the woodman again, and it was an unmistakable evidence of evil intention upon the part of the hunter.  

As we have already hinted, none knew so  

much regarding Johnson as the priest himself. It was this intimate knowledge of his character that made him foresee the danger ahead. So deeply impressed was he with it, that he seri-  

ously meditated requesting the man to leave the  

sloop, hinting to him the peril he incurred by making the voyage. It may be as well as stated, also, that Father Jonos' un-  

expressed belief was that the man had, by some way or means, obtained the command of the contemplated journey of the party to Montreal, and that, for some purpose of his own, he de-  

sired to be rid of his enemies. He had made suspicions troubling the mind of the good man, but he had no proof of it. He would perhaps have been the last man to whom he would have given them, but he deemed it his duty to apprise him of the fact that he had already done so, in a manner that he deemed advisable.  

"To Spiffle" had had a taste of a storm on  

Lake Erie, and came very near going to the bot- 

tom of that lake. It was so terrifying to him when aroused. The captain, therefore, surveyed the heavens with great anxiety, as they bowled toward the terrible tempest. It was at noon with great apprehension that he read in the sky that the storm would pass over. He shere-  

ged off from shore until he was over a mile dis-  

tance, and then crowded all sail, for he, too, had important reasons for wishing to be at his journey's end. It was late in the season, and he knew that, if the storm did burst upon him, he would be in far more peril than if out on the  

stormy Atlantic.  

The anxiety of Captain Hampton was shared by those around him. General Montrevre said nothing of his fears, but all knew that his solicitude must be for himself. When he found he had faced danger and death too often for their presence now to make a single pulse throb. He would fight against his own nature. To be a cruiser as he paced the deck if the moment should come. Indeed, only child—only child—  

she was a facsimile of himself in so many respects—for her he could but feel a parent's anxiety, and in his own heart, there was the dire necessity which compelled d her to be one of the party, and there was no sacrifice her safety might demand that he did not resolve  

should be made.  

As for Véglé, he, too, felt unpleasantly un-  

easy. It was that feeling which comes over a brave man when he realizes he is placed at a disadvantage. The terrible of the guide was the wilderness; in that he was ready to combat anything—storm, exposure, enemy, treachery. But on the lake, his peculiar powers could have no play. He was cruel and when, and, when storms and, when storms and, when storms, he would be deprived of all the ability to strive with it. A thousand times rather than find himself in the same  

boat. The sloop was an invaluable contrivance at the best, and he anchored looked for the time when he might place his feet once more on terra firma, and look out through the leaves of a Canadian wilderness, on the look-out for Indian enemy without, and white treachery within, the vessel being partly colonized by a party of Horace Johnson. In somewhat the same manner that one comtemplates his return to a cherished dutie 

after being long away, he was looking forward to the the time when he might place his feet once more on terra firma, and look out through the leaves of a Canadian wilderness, on the look-out for Indian enemy without, and white treachery within, the vessel being partly colonized by a party of Horace Johnson. In somewhat the same manner that one comtemplates his return to a cherished dutie 

after being long away, he was looking forward to the
the "Spitfire" just kept up a perceptible motion. Veighe's being emphatically a landsman, he was much worried by scrutinizing prominent objects on the land, he observed that they still were moving—just enlivened with the thought that the rudder had become entirely impotent, and the anchor was dropped in twenty fathoms of water.

It chanced that, at the moment the anchor of the ship was dropped, the country's self was within a furlong of shore. Exactly how this happened the man at the helm was unable to say; all he knew was that the ship had run aground on the land fully two miles away, but in spite of his exertions, the anchor was not got to the bottom. Nonetheless, it was the last of the useful work that the anchor could do, and its belaying on the shore should have sufficiently approached the land.

When the ship was fairly immovable, those on deck minutely examined their situation. The proximities of land, and the light of the moon were such that a view almost as good as the day could have afforded, was gained of the peculiar configuration of the shore and woods.

Veighe was still absorbed in reverie, when the man left the rudder and came to his side. "Your a man of the woods, and used to In-jin, and I made you the child to ask you what you think of our situation."

The guide turned around and confronted the man with an expression that was not the least apparent in his eyes. What he said to the man was: "What you say?"

"I see those lose them woods be, and you know as well as I do what a lot of the dogs are in 'em, and what I want to ask is whether you think there is any danger of any of your Indians getting into their cañons, and attacking us. You see we're in rather a bad fix, and we haven't got a capable fish to bully our way out of if they should come."

Veighe laughed in a characteristic laugh. "What made you come so close in to shore?"

"I couldn't help it! Didn't you hear me grumble before, and all along too? I got the course headed for the south coast, but it wasn't no use. If I hadn't stopped on you there'd be in less than a half-hour."

"We'll stay here till morning!"

"I intend to remain till the wind comes up from there."

If we don't, in any more to-night, we'll be pretty sure to get it when the sun goes up above the woods. Do you suppose any of the In-jins on shore have got their eyesfixed on us?"

Don't think they have, but then they're like that steering thing of yours—you can't depend on the man."

"Is any generalモン terse in the woods, with their eyes fixed on us?"

It was plain that the man was somewhat startled by the words. Brought up by the salt water, his terror were all located on the land, while the contrary being true of the woods he was in America to avert any fears.

"We've not seen 'em afore! We must call up the general, and get ready to repel the borders," exclaimed the airmans, in considerable excitement.

Veighe again laughed—more heartily than before than.

You needn't do any such thing. It'll be time enough when we see 'em."

"But they may come on us suddenly—are we can get ready for 'em? We'll do them!"

"No danger," complacently replied the woodman. "No danger; you're too skilful to be in the woods."

"But it won't do any hurt to be ready; it'll be a mighty sight better if we 'em come on we can get to some place to shelter ourselves."

"I guess you don't like Injins."

"I don't like 'em 'em afore. I was on that schooner that went up to Detroit to help Gladwyn, when they came out at night and started to blow her up. I was one of the first that seen the ships coming up."

"They got more than they expected that time, didn't they?"

"They fumbled them out scientifically; but, they was fools for letting us do it. They had the upper hand, when our captain mug out for number, and his ship got away. If you ought to 've seen 'em pitch and tumble over!"

"I don't think," said Veighe, speaking seriously, "that we're in such danger as that. You see, we ain't afraid. We ain't likely that any of 'em has set eyes on us. A vessel like this ain't often seen in these parts."

"I know it ain't, but the war has Parùf 'em what it is," and the sailor continued to talk, and Veighe easily got into conversation.

"If we was conveniently located, and there was plenty of 'em, and they was purryiärin'en findin' us all asleep, they might take it into their heads to have a little play on us, but then we ain't exactly where they'd like to have us—we ain't many of 'em about, and we ain't asleep.

The sailor was considerably surprised, by the confidence of the man, and he turned his back to In-jin in the strongest way of it. If they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for? To let us know there was an Injin 'un in the strongest kind of way, they meant harm, what would they go to build their camp fire right there for?

"I know nothing about them," rejoined the sailor, who seemed to think this question was meant for a slight Injin. "I'm only putting it to your common-sense."

"Yes, but the Injins are very different from the white man."

"There's a savage encampment there, as if no doubt there is, ain't it likely that some harm, you know, might come to one of them which is straying while the rest are at rest?"

"But don't talk so loud," admonished Veighe, in a whisper; "that fellow there is trying to hear what is said. What is to hinder 'em see you? Have you forgotten them two canoes you've got planked out? Well, if they should try to board us, jee 'pint 'em big guns toward 'em and brain away. You'll see bigger scrambling and scattering than you did when you was going to blow up the magazine of the schooner."

"But look! Isn't the light getting larger?"

"That don't matter what it is. You may take that for a good sign."

"If it should go out, I 'swore 'twould be the cure."

"Yes, I think 'twould strike me that way."

"What do you say, then?"

The words were so near the mouth of the sailor, when the light of the camp-fire was extinguished almost as soon as it had sunk in the depths of the lake. The guide gave a moment or two without speaking, to make sure that such was the case, and then he shook his head. He understood what all this meant.

"We haven't noticed them 'till a few minutes ago," he remarked, by way of explanation, "and have not covered their fire, for fear we might see them."

"They intend to attack us, don't they?"

"We ain't going to attack them, and have put out their fire, so we can't 'em."

"That don't look likely, for what would hinder them from going further into the woods?"

"No 'tall at all, but Injun is Injun, and they'd rather stay around their camp-fire, and keep their eyes on us. It's the best place for 'em to do anything."

"Isn't it best that we should wake the general up?"

"But do you want with him? What's he good for?" demanded Veighe.

"He is the commander, and he might direct us."

"He'd be a party one to direct us," repeated the woodman, "and the best thing we can do is to let him snooze."

"But that priest?"

"Never mind about him. I never 'knew him to fire, and you might as well let him alone."

"There be several of our men below."

"Let 'em keep on bein' there. We don't need any help at present. Are you sure they can't be loaded, and that they'll go off easy?"

"There's no danger about that."

"Just have 'em good and ready, and if any of them men undertake to make a dash into 'em. That'll scatter 'em, as I told you afore, and will bring your generals, and the rest of you as soon as you like."

The man left the woodman for a few minutes minutely examining a kind of trap which the ship carried. These, with the help of a companion, he managed to turn toward the vessel's course, and Veighe saw it. Such was the effect on the man, and he made much relief.

There were two men only, it should be remarked, of the ship's men present. One was the first mate, and the other, the first officer of General Montereau, were below asleep. It will not be strange, in this manner of speaking, for the landman to present the emergency numbered four men, and one of these fell under the strongest suspicion. The woodman, on this occasion wonder that Veighe should refer to calling the additional help on deck, when every possibility was so imminent and threatened assuming any definite form.

But the truth was, the woodman was very doubtful about this attack being made by the
Indians. Had the sloop been commissioned for a day or two, the matter would have been carried out in a minute; but at present there had been given time to congregate and lay their plans, and there would have been little standing. They waited to see him—he who was expected back at nightfall. The red skins to all appearances, knew nothing of the presence of the sloop upon the lake, and their thoughts were directed upon some other object. The view that looked to real danger was the suspicion that a large war-party were encamped upon the lake, and that the canoe had been observed—something, in fact, to give the alarm. The sloop had come upon them. Even then a doubt might have been entertained whether the latter would wait till near midnight, and in the hope of finding the crew asleep. A vigorous reminder that they held the lake—decided their intentions in a very few moments.

The sailor had finished examining and preparing the two guns when he returned to the woodman.

"And now, are they ready, and are good for one broadside? You think there in no need of calling the other two men on deck?"

"Not just now," said Horace Johnson at this moment came up.

"Bash! is right—there's danger; no need of even both of you on deck.

"If you say that, you may go below and call up Batagio and come up, two or three times.

And somewhat amazed, the sailor turned to obey the command.

CHAPTER VI
THE NIGHT-GUN.

Undaunted, on their foes they fiercely flew;

Sullen warriors, crowding the right;

Desperate inspiration; in their eyes the face they grew

With groans and shouts, they raged, unawing the -shouts of the pine.

And close their sullen eyes, in shades of endless woe.

The sailor had scarcely gone below, when Basil Veghte detected a long, dark object moving in the shadow of the forest. His experienced eye told him at once that this was nothing added to its very appearance, with armed and murderous Indians. He scrutinized it as closely as the darkness would permit. The instant his eye caught the notice of Johnston. It kept closely under the shadow thrown out by the overhanging trees, so that, unless in motion, it would probably not have been discerned at all. It moved swiftly, surely, and the ear, although strained and listening, could not detect the faintest ripple of a paddle.

A moment later Father Jonos made his appearance, and directly behind him came the two men. Veghte was about to speak to the foreman, when he was arrested by the sudden appearance of one of the woodmen. This individual was the carrier of the hard-earned rifle of the man who had just left the post. He was a small man, but he did not intend to interfere with the piece, cannot be known with certainty; for, without pausing, he turned on the deck and returned to the position he had occupied. Here he moored, and silently contemplated the enforcement that had just come on deck.

By this time the canoe had gone so far down the lake that it was undistinguishable in the gloom of the shadowed shore. The woodman endeavored to locate it; but his attention being divided by the snow which covered the canoe, he was unable to do so with any certainty. His conclusion was that the canoe had been purposely done that way; but, beyond the sight of any who might be on the lookout, the canoe was opened. When far enough away, the men held the canoe in hand, paddle and approach their prey from a different direction from that which would naturally be expected.

"What is the matter?" inquired Father Jonos as soon as he was able to draw the guide aside.

"There are red-skins out there."

"There is no wind to take us away, I believe."

"You are certain there are savages there?"

"I've seen their camp fire, and a canoe full of men into it."

"Do you think they will attempt to board the sloop?"

"I don't know."

"If they didn't, they wouldn't have come over."

"I suppose they saw us go in, and were curious to see who we were."
them at thoroughly as if the Great Spirit had cursed a thunderbolt in their midst. The rifles that were immediately fired had badly wounded several of the Indians. The body of another, or two, followed this sudden uproar. During the moment of contest, Father Jnoole had never once turned his face from Mariano and the Ottawa girl. He coolly awaited the approach of Basil vigées a wounded chief.

"Didn't amount to much, after all." "You think the contest is over?"

"I can't see anything more of them for awile." "I am glad. They must have calculated on a great deal." "That was it; they'd never come if they had power." General Montvere now joined them. Taking out his watch, he smilingly remarked:

"Not a night—that's startling. They didn't expect so much work as that, and they aren't likely to want to see it again."

"I suppose not. It killed one of them." "No; it came just 'nough 'long to miss one of them."

It gave them a good scare, at any rate, which will insure our safety. We may as well start and go on, for we must be greatly alarmed by the discharge of guns.

The general disappeared, and, after explaining what had happened to his daughter, came on deck, and ordered all below, except our party on deck, and Basil vigées, who had expressed his intention of remaining above until daylight. Horace Johnson ventured to demur at first and said it would be impossible for him to sleep after the exciting events that had just taken place. Though the vessel was imperious, and he was compelled to asent, as gracefully as he could under the circumstances.

The first officer, who insisted that they should remain in the same boat, was ordered to make the fire. The second officer, with his companion were left alone upon the deck of the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and the lights were sufficient to perceive both the canoe approaching and the sloop being departed. They had already begun, and in the corner of the canoe and the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop.

"Breath there! Do you hear me?" "Yes, I'm happy to go out of this part of the world, and I'll be powerful anxious to go to sea."

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes, it's brought from England, and I've carried it ever since. It's down in my trunk now."

"Bein' as I don't know how to read, and can't afford to hire a man to read to me."

"If I had the time, perhaps I could do so."

"Yes, I'd be glad to have you." By this time, the simple-hearted sailor began to have a dim idea that the over-sensitiveness of the woodman covered a disposition to trifle with him, and he suddenly checked the conversation. The canoe was far enough from the sloop to render them invisible to each other. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop. It was now about one o'clock in the morning. There was no light enough to perceive the canoe or the sloop.
when I'm sound asleep, as much as quick as if I were on deck.

How is that?

Yes, I am afraid that if you ever become a sailor, you can tell by the ripping of the waves against the planks that are just long enough to keep you awake. Even that little sound, coming up through the rigging, too, and I can tell you that to-night it was the finest music I ever heard in all my life.

You seem particularly fond of Injun.

No sir; I've seen too many of 'em. I undertook a little hunt on my own hook down at the border fence there not far from where you found me in the sloop. I hadn't been out a half-hour after you were up and an Injun gal was on the horse, and had run so hard I hadn't got over it since.

Walt, I don't blame you for being shy. The Injuns are half-civilized, but some of them, other, I rather like this dodgin' around with 'em. It keeps a fellow from getting too dusty.

I'm afraid to go out and get myself in danger.

"Think so? Don't believe I could do it."

"Fall in love with some handsome Injun gal, marry her, and then you wouldn't be trampin' all over the world."

The woodman looked in the eye of the captain, as if to say, "Do you think a fellow could write to his wife?" But the broad, genial face of the sailor was as honest as the day was long. He was a good Injun fighter, and knew how near his own random shot had struck home.

When we was coming down the lake yester- day, and talking about the Injun gal you ever put eyes on, she was out in a canoe. Well, there! if I hadn't had just such a picture in my mind. The broad, genial face of the sailor was now plainly seen in the distance. The woodman, with a change of expression, said he was greatly surprised to find out how far they had advanced. While he and Miss Montvere were silently watching the general came forward.

A few minutes that river, daughter, and we must bid farewell to the sloop Spifflerion.

CHAPTER VIII

The Forest Trap.

Priscilla, lace apron, and all.

And on our general having fixed his eye on me, I set a mortal arrow in the string.

-Governor Wolcott.

Shortly after the "Spifflerion" entered Grand river, which, at its junction with Lake Erie, was broad and deep. Sailing slowly forward, the voyage was continued until noon, when a halt was made, and dinner partaken of on board the sloop. From the dover was a point from which the journey to Ontario was to be continued on foot.

During the passage thither the shores of the river had been closely scanned as our friends passed along, but not an Indian was to be seen. There could be no doubt that this portion of the voyage could not be doubted; but this particular portion, at that time, seemed a little strange. The general joined the waters in the belief that the beginning of their land journey would be undisturbed.

Early in the afternoon, General and Miss Montvere, Father Jonas, Horace Johnson, and Basil Vegte, stood on the shores of Grand river and waved their farewells to those on board the sloop. The latter, after wearing round, and sailing down stream toward Lake Erie, while the little party set their faces toward Ontario and plunged into the Canadian wilderness.

Vegteh signaled his entrance upon his duty by making a northwest direction, announcing that it was his intention to pass over into the woods, and that the Indians were a good twelve or more miles to the eastward. At a distance of about a mile and a half, the signal was repeated, and the general in charge of the party was now regarded as safe, and the march was permitted to proceed.

The manner of traveling was arranged from the start. Vegteh was to lead, followed by a party of twelve, who walked on his right, and the general on his left. Observing the various tribes, the party divided, and the man on the right's side of the road was sent to the left, and the general followed. The officer always nearest to the general was carried two on a litter, and his daughter was aware of it. Very little luggage was carried by the party. Miss Montvere had a small satchel, and the general a large one, indispensable to a woman at all times. Her elegant wardrobe awaited her in Montvere.

The progress of the company was to be gradualized by the ability of their charge to stand the fatigues of the journey. Each of the men could travel from three to four miles in an hour, but they were not forced to do so, as the general took some time in the day to rest.

They had not taken a dozen steps from the river, when they entered the forest, which was a dense growth of spruce, fir, and pine, which was destined to be so fraught with peril that the little party could not have set out without a good plan of action. Game of all kinds was so abundant, and his skill so consummate, that none entertained a doubt as to the outcome of the journey.

The guide's instruction was for all his followers to be kept in a proper frame of mind, but to "keep their keepers peeled." The guide was a fine fellow, and a great bargain, as another, and the most insignificant member might be the first to discern it.

Horace Johnson had complained himself in a proper manner since embarking. Both the general and the guide were disposed to forbid his making one of their number, but each saw that no advantage could be gained by such a course. He was disposed to do what he could to them in spite of their utmost efforts to prevent it; while, when that suspicion was in his mind, he was more than like to be near to tears. But he was a good Injun fighter, and they were ever ready to do the same should it become necessary. Any man with a gun, in a forest, or in the wilderness, human life certainly is not the one to hesitate when the occasion for it arises. Johnson, during the first days of the journey, had been so occupied with the guide as to be little or not at all in the main, and, as the general was occupied with the affairs of the camp, had been in the hands of the guide.

The party was not at all obtrusive. He did not seek the guide, and when it was his wish to be seen, it was with the greatest respect, and refused proper conversation with no one.

As far as the travelers had been fortunate in possessing good weather, but about the middle of the day the clouds began to form, and the storm was at the point of breaking, of a storm. Vegteh, who was now in his element, told his friends that it would be upon them by nightfall at the farthest, and the officer in reply requested him speedily to select some place that would be suitable for an encampment, as the weather might change from the coming storm.

A small line that passes the northern shores of the Great Lakes is very nearly the same as that which touches Upper Norway and Sweden, and so that part of Canada, as is well known, is of great severity. A good season of the year had been selected by the general for the matting of the prospect of pleasant weather for a week or longer, and the officers knew that they would run some risk of being caught in the clutches of a Canadian winter.

Even though in the season of the genial Inj- un summer, there yet was that lingering fierceness in the air, which was extremely suggestive of what so speedily was to come. In the chilling shadow of the woods, although glowing with exercise, Miss Montvere found necessary all the clothing in her possession. Vegteh, well knowing what was to be expected in a few days, used all expedition in pressing forward. All the party were surprised at the endurance of the young man. He was a happy fellow, and his father, never once betrayed weariness nor complained of anything they had to undergo, as far as they could see. She inherited in a degree the iron constitution of the people. A proper constitution, with due regard to the manifest symptoms of similarity between father and daughter.

The sun was low in the west, when the guide called a halt, and the party advanced directly south, and approached a huge pine, that to all appearances was a natural shelter from the storm. But the mass of dirt, rocks, and the massive umbrella it presented, was a natural shelter from the storm, and the party now upon it.

"Gather wood and sticks," shouted Vegteh. The party gathered Miss Montvere and the general. "Get enough to last all night!"

"Keep your men to work," said Vegteh, "they are much worse than your knowledge of it." I've been out on Ontario when an old lumbering thing like this wouldn't have stood above water while you could have winked both eyes, and I felt just as safe as if I was on dry land.

Miss Montvere smiled at the guide's Earnestness. Ignorant though he was, and unused to the customs of society, she could but respect his earnestness, and his main inculcations of the importance of religion, Father Jonas had told much regarding him, and to the guide's Earnestness she was joined with great confidence. A single expression, inadvertently made by the priest regarding Horace Johnson, she could not forget, that had so profoundly marked upon her mind, that she resolved never to exchange a word with him. He had received more than one decided rebuff from the Injun gal at her hands, and would have looked a few hours into the future, she would have acted towards him exactly as before she knew him.

"I have learned to think a great deal of this vessel, for it might have carried my daughter. If she was on board, she wouldn't part from it with regret."
Mariano, the Ottawa Girl.

They may smell the smoke, or they may be hungry already, and go in with me.

"How did they," asked Miss Montvere. "How did they get in?"

"It wasn't hard. A man's idea. They come on the little steamer, and there I was joined in, but I didn't think to give up the slip."

"We heard two shots—were they yours?"

"Yes, I say, we shot up a half dozen red skins squatted together. They saw us coming, stopped, jumped, ran into the bush among 'em, and then dug out. I got out of the boat at the first shot, and the man took me up here, when I pounced into a couple more of 'em."

"It is a brave deed, indeed, to be able to act so close around, I'd pitch into them couple and teach 'em manners. But it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, was it?"

"Heavenly!" exclaimed Miss Montvere. "Yes, yes, it was. It was a fine and noble thing."

"Are we going to keep watch to-night?" inquired General Montvere.

"We must never all close our eyes at once. I shall stand watch this morning," said the guide.

"That will be all that I allow that duty. You were up all of last night, and we may need you more sorely after awhile," half-misled the general.

"Yes, you've done such things afore, generally."

"Yes, many a time, when you were a boy. It is no task for me.

"Well, I'll be needing more to morrow night, so I'll do it. Keep your eyes and ears open, and if you hear anything—"

It being concluded that the general was to act as sentinel, the others prepared to take station, and saw that they could scarcely distinguish each other. The blanket that Vechte was wearing was not so much the usual blanket as the usual sack, which he had sewed to his back, and was wearing against the wind, and the occasional drifting of snow. His head was almost bare, and his eyes were never free from the falling snow. He was a man of great endurance, and his face was as well; but, between the rising and the setting, what came to.

"Vechte, as might be expected, was the first to awaken one morning. He went to a small brook and made himself a little distance away, and performed his morning ablutions. He had scarcely returned when Miss Montvere appeared in the doorway, looking very bright.

"Do you think we'll be needing to go to-day?"

"To-day, then, Johnson must consummate his engagement."

"We may do all that and do no good. His plans seem to be that he ought to be out early to-day, and make the rest of the skinners wake up, and do their work."

"I mean to be as useful as possible. Miss Montvere appeared at this juncture and the conversation, of course, was changed. The guide looked up and asked us:

"When shall we get our breakfast?"

"We want none; we must not wait, but hurry on."

"Why need we do that?"

"Why, because we have to do on our way alone if you do not start pretty soon.

"The right grit," said the woodman, in a low tone to General Montvere, who was by no means disposed to give the right answer.

Father Jonos, in company with Johnson, now came in.

"A splendid morning after the violent storm," remarked the latter, "I am sure it is there is no necessity of hurrying. If I might take the liberty, I would suggest an encampment here to-morrow in order to prevent Miss Montvere from becoming unnaturally weak."

"It's too dangerous a business to hang around in this weather. We need the rest of the remaining red skins."

"And you start again, the priest, after a moment's pause, "I must bid you good-by for the present."

"Why battered are you going to leave us?" asked Johnson, in well-feigned astonishment.

"This time I cannot go, for I have appointed myself to go to the northwest. I have delayed myself by coming this much out of my way."

The north lies but a few miles to the east
of you, and you will soon be out of danger, I trust."

"We think we are then in danger," pursued Johnson.

"I was asked you a question I deemed answered by what occurred last night. It is all-important that you delay no longer than is absolutely necessary. We are in such a predicament, Colonel, that you are mistaken, if such be your thoughts. As I just remarked, it is important that you notify us at once. We have here a hundred men, and I do not keep you waiting by my farewell," said Johnson, who was quite fat and very tall, and had a very loud voice.

"Miss Montvere," said Miss Montvere, "you are not going to lose heart. It has come upon the Indians again."

"Where's that Johnson?" demanded General Montvere, speaking in a low tone, and looking around.

"Yes, indeed! there's treachery at work," explained the officer, "for the Indian's dusky eyes were suddenly upon the recesses of the forest.

"Forbid him, Johnson; he is circling in your movements, for you know there are enemies in this forest. Stay there by these trees."

"And another," added Miss Montvere, "has come upon the Indians again."

"No, indeed! there's treachery at work," exclaimed the officer, "for the Indian's dusky eyes were suddenly upon the recesses of the forest."

"Of course, of course," he hastily answered, shuffling his feet and twirling his mustache.

"Don't forget my warning," he added.

"Certainly not, Colonel," said Miss Montvere, "I should ask you to see us again.

"And I'll tell, perhaps sooner than you expect."""


Mariano, the Ottawa Girl.

"Mariano," he cried, "the Ottawa girl." The Ottawa girl, his favorite canoeing companion, was always ready to join him on his expeditions. She was known for her strength and agility, and he trusted her implicitly.

"Ah, sett! The time has come," he exclaimed. "The time has come for us to fulfill our destiny. Mariano, you must lead the way."

Mariano nodded in agreement, his face set in determination. He knew that they had a mission to accomplish, and he was ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

"Are you ready, Mariano?"

"Ready, Herrn," Mariano replied, his voice resolute.

Together, they set out on their journey, their paddles slicing through the calm waters of the river. The sun shone bright overhead, casting a warm glow on their faces.

"The time has come," Mariano repeated. "The time has come to fulfill our destiny."

"Yes, Herrn," came the reply.

They continued on their way, their paddles creating a rhythmic beat that echoed across the water. The world around them was a blur of motion as they pushed further and further down the river.

"The time has come," Mariano said again.

"Yes, Herrn," was the reply once more.

They were determined to reach their destination, come what may. The world was waiting for them, and they would be the ones to fulfill its destiny.

End of the document.
Mariano, the Ottawa Girl.

As General Montevre took the hand of the scout, gentle and smiling, he said:

"But I have no right to these," said the latter, humbly.

"Yes: You have done your part, and I return the officer, waiting peremptorily his hand as he extricated to the side of the Bank."

All partook of the best morning meal the Canadian could afford, and, after exchanging pleasant farewells, the party bound for Montreal set out upon their journey. At the urgent suggestion of General Montevre and his daughter, Father Jacono agreed to accompany them and spent a few weeks in that town.

Captain Fougloxe, upon being hailed from the shore, began dancing around the deck, more furiously than ever. But, as the weather was not quite settled, he cooled down, however, by the time the party was fairly on board, and received them in a becoming manner.

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