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stake? Her life is forfeited by the Maqua law, for there was blood upon the trail of the prisoner when she escaped, and the name of the slaughtered warrior has not yet been appeased. Saccapsee need only say one little word, and it is done. What has she got to say?"

"She is a woman, a miserable woman," murmured Little Moon faintly; "she cannot find strength to talk. A brave man would not cast such hard words at a starved woman. The Awanooh has no heart."

"Peste!" returned the trader impatiently: "how long is this going to last? Saccapsee has no heart for a lazy squaw. If she does not get well soon, he will find a medicine to make her, that is all."

And uttering this threat, which he accompanied with a look significant and savage, the white man seized his gun and left the camp.

Little Moon sprang from her couch, and peered out after the trader with a flash of anger in her eyes, and when his retreating figure was hidden among the trees, she smiled strangely, took down her snow-shoes from the peg where they hung, drew a pair of moccasins belonging to the Mohawks over her socks, tied some provision in a blanket, and then, with a last look at the place where her mother lay, she sped away like a hunted fawn over the crusted snow.

She went on until the close of day, looking behind often to see if she were pursued; for there were a ringing in her ears, like the yells of Mohawks or wolves, which kept her in continual terror. At length breathless, light-headed, and ready to faint with weakness, the girl crept, instinctively, within the hollow of a tree that was lying in the snow by the river side, and slept soundly for several hours, for the weather was mild.

She was awakened by a noise. Gracious powers! what new danger beset her? From the entrance of the hollow two fiery eyes were glaring, and there came a growl. She could even feel the breath of the creature, whatever it was, hot upon her cheek; she shrunk back to the further end of the cavity with a cry. The intruder also drew back, but much faster, for he shot from the mouth of the tree like a cannon-ball. Little Moon's teeth chattered. There, drawn up in the moonlight four paces off, with glistening jaws, was a huge bear! It had been on a short excursion to stretch its legs after its long sleep, and in the interim, without knowing it, she had taken possession of its den.

The perplexity seemed mutual. Bruin sat upon the snow, shivering in the night air, and afraid to advance or to turn his back for a moment on the mysterious guest; while Little Moon, though she often laughed afterwards at the droll recollection, felt little inclined then, and would have been glad enough to slip away and give up her berth to the beast. Yet, as she believed she ran the risk of being torn to pieces in the act, she deemed it better to remain where she was.

The bear never budged an inch from the place, and kept watch all night before the hole in the tree. Towards morning it appeared to doze, and Little Moon once thought it was fast asleep; but no sooner had she made up her mind to profit by it and escape, than the shaggy creature reared itself upon its hind-legs again and opened an eye, and Little Moon slunk back in despair.

At length, after daybreak, the bear shook itself, and began to look about and pace to and fro on the river, when, all at once, a shot was fired from the adjoining thicket, and the animal rolled over and remained still. What was the girl's alarm then, when out of the woods, not fifty yards from her retreat, she beheld Saccapsee running, with his gun in his hand towards the bear! But the scene that followed quickly engrossed her thoughts, for the animal was only stunned, and ere the trader reached the place where it lay, with a sharp cry it sprang upon its feet and flew at him.

The Frenchman clubbed his gun and strove to disable his adversary; but the latter, with the science and agility of a pugilist, beat off the blows, right and left, with his paws, and drove him back. Now Saccapsee was on snow-shoes, and in his retreat a tuft of grass on the river's bank tripped him up, and before he could recover his balance the bear closed with him and clasped its arms around its enemy in a deadly hug.

They rolled over, they twisted round, they threw up the snow—they were sometimes half hidden beneath it, the man and beast. Now the trader was uppermost in the fierce struggle, and now the bear. At last the grip of the latter relaxed, it fell over on its back, stabbed dead by the knife of Saccapsee. Little Moon thought her persecutor was also dead, for he remained, likewise, motionless on the snow; but only in a swoon, however; for after a time he revived, got up, staggering like a drunken man, and returned the way he came, catching at the twigs and trees as he went, and barely able to keep himself from falling.

Now was Little Moon rejoiced. The incident had saved her, for she was sure Saccapsee was following on her tracks when he encountered the bear, and this alone had prevented her from being retaken.

Uttering a brief prayer of gratitude to Kewauk (the Great Spirit), she crept from the tree, twisted her feet in her snow-

shoe straps, and skimmed as lightly as an otter down the frozen river; while as she went she thought with pity of the poor bear, for it had not harmed her, and, indirectly, she was the cause of its fate.

Towards noon the rays of the sun, which were now obtaining power, softened the surface of the snow, and made the travelling very fatiguing, but as the day advanced it crisped again, and enabled the fugitive to proceed with greater ease; but her feet were dreadfully sore, and her limbs moved mechanically. She began to droop, the suffering girl; she longed for some sheltered place, if it were only to crawl into and die. She was worn out and shivering with cold.

Hark! Was not that a snapping of branches in the woods? Yes, for the sounds increase; something comes crashing towards her. What can it mean?

Whew! With a tremendous leap a caribou, the swiftest animal of the forest, broke from the copse-wood close by, and flew along the plain of the river like the wind, bound after bound, while fast on its hoof-prints came an Indian, with head uncovered and breast bared, in the ardor of the chase. It was A-moos-took, (the Clear Day.) Little Moon recognized him, uttered a cry, and fell senseless at his feet. He thought no more of the caribou.

When recollection returned the girl found herself lying, wrapped in skins, before a warm fire in the camp of the Clear Day, whither he had carried her more than a mile in his arms.

"Rest in peace, my sister," said he, as he knelt at her side, with a wooden bowl of warm venison soup in his hands; "there is food if she would eat. Little Moon has nothing to trouble her here; A-moos-took is her friend."

The maiden was sure of that, and she smiled gently at her deliverer, took the proffered nourishment, and slept.

He was a noble fellow, that Indian; brave, fastidious, and simple-minded. He was one of those natural gentlemen who scorn to do a mean action, and are courteous and honorable by instinct; therefore he was well worthy of his charge.

The snow had long disappeared. The azure sky was visible only through a tracery of leaves. The moss was speckled once more with delicate flowers and the balls of the scarlet pigeon-berry; the whip-poor-will proclaimed the close of day. Then Little Moon and her friend sat together in the shade, and their faces were sad.

"Will my sister tell A-moos-took what she means?" asked the Indian in a soft, melancholy voice. "His heart is troubled at her words."

"She will," was the reply. "The time has arrived when Little Moon must speak to her friend."

"It is like an old legend told by an ancient to the children, what the good Ma-lux-kes has often told me. He was on the path from the Walloostook (the Upper St. John) to the sunrise, he said, when he found a little child asleep among the fern. Now it was a Pale-face child alone in the depths of the woods, where none of the people had ever been, and he was perplexed. 'It is the purpose of the Penobscot girl who was loosed away by the beautiful spirit of the Yeldon; it is so bright and fair.' This he said to himself, but straightway the child awoke and cried, speaking in a strange tongue; it was terribly afraid of Ma-lux-kes. But at last he quieted it with food, and took it with him, and brought in to poor Sau-pa-loose, and she was glad."

"Look you, my friend, is was a little girl, and it throve well. Now, they loved it very much, and as they could not find an owner for it, they kept it for their own and called it 'Little Moon,' because it was a soft gladness to their hearts. That is what they say."

"Then my sister is not the daughter of the forest-people?" said the Indian, with a look of deep anxiety that he strove not to conceal; "the blood that runs in her veins is the blood of the Pale-faces—is it so?"

"The Master of Life only can tell for a certainty," she replied. "Little Moon has many broken memories of things that were, but they are tangled threads—she cannot unravel them. When she hears Anglasheor (Englishman) speak, she understands what the words mean, yet where she learnt them she knows no more than you, my friend. But the sounds cause many faces that are not red to appear in the air before her. It is very strange. She knows them, every one! And the voice of her mother goes quivering to her heart, but it is not the voice of Sau-pa-loose. It calls her by a different name. Little Moon is like one who has gone astray; she has often wept over her broken memories."

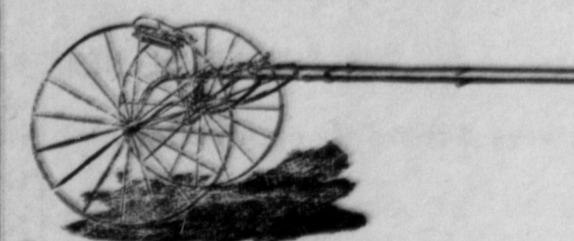
The Indian mused. "Why has the daughter of the stranger told this to A-moos-took, the Micmac?" he demanded in a low, mournful tone. "Is she too proud to sit by his side?"

"No, no, my brother-friend," replied the maiden, with earnestness, turning her blue eyes full upon the face of her companion, and giving him her hand; "Little Moon is the child of the red people in her heart. She has lived with them, and she will die with them, for they are good. She spoke freely, that she might have no hidden things at this time, so that A-moos-took should know to whom he had given his love, that is all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Cash Capital, \$2,000,000.00
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, 254,223.43
Reserve for Re-insurance, 1,749,245.41
NET SURPLUS, 1,201,255.39

Total Assets, \$5,305,004.23
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The following are the most important items of the
THIRTIETH
ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
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Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1889, \$831,016,666
New Assurance Written in 1889, 175,264,190
Premium Income in 1889, 25,357,529
Interest and Other Income, 5,039,765
Total Income, 30,397,294
Payments to Policy holders, 11,542,858
Assets, 107,159,339
Liabilities (4 per cent.), 84,329,256
Surplus, \$22,829,083

Ratio of Assets to Liabilities, 127 per cent.

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the largest annual new business (in 1889, \$175,-
264,190; for ten years, held the largest 4 per cent.
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