

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

In the year 1860, a Scotch family left their home on the banks of the Tweed in bonnie Scotland, and emigrated to Western Canada. The spot selected for their future home was almost a wilderness. There were only a few farms partially cleared, while the village near them consisted of two stores, a gristmill, sawmill and blacksmith shop. There were not more than twenty families in the village, but they believed that it would soon grow into a large town, for the land around it was rich, the water power abundant. When the Boyd family reached their new home it consisted of the parents and four children. Elsie, who was the eldest, was a bonnie lass of seventeen years. She had hazel eyes and nut-brown hair which shone as if it had caught and returned a golden gleam of sunlight. Her complexion was like a bluish rose.

Mr. Boyd chose a portion of land about two miles from the village; part of it with the house and stables was on the hilltop, while the rest of it was below them. They were obliged to stay in the village until a rough log-house was built for them, also a stable. Although the house was a great contrast to the pleasant home they had left in Auld Scotland, yet it was a very happy family that knelt at the family altar that first night in "Rosebank" to give thanks to their Heavenly Father for their resting place in the wild-ness. From their front door they caught a glimpse of the Grande river, and a fuller view when wintry winds had robbed the trees of their foliage. In the autumn the woods were very beautiful. The purple beech, yellow ash and crimson maple contrasted finely with the different shades of green and formed a gorgeous picture.

The following May after the arrival of the boys, another daughter was added to the number of children. She was named May after the month in which she was born, and a sweet May-blossom she truly was, with her flaxen curls and soft violet eyes. She was the pet of the whole family, and as her mother was not strong the special charge of sister Elsie.

One bright afternoon at the close of summer Elsie thought she would like some fruit for supper. Huckleberries were plentiful in the woods and she determined to gather a good supply. As the woods were marshy she did not take any of the children, but with a pail on each arm set off alone. There were not so many berries as she anticipated, so that it took her some hours to fill her pails. Feeling weary Elsie sat down on a log to rest. Taking a letter from her pocket she was lost in thought of the dear old home in Scotland and friends there. She started up at last to find it growing dark, at least in the woods, and hurriedly lifting her pails she was about to hasten homewards when a cry of distress reached her and caused her heart to beat fast. She thought at first it was the cry of a wild animal, and her fears rooted her to the spot, but another cry convinced her that it was a cry for help from a being like herself.

Naturally courageous Elsie followed the direction of the sound, and soon came to the edge of a pit dug to trap bears. Peering over the edge she saw a man leaning against the side. No response came to her question if he was hurt. Fearing that the man was unconscious Elsie laid her hand on his face. It was quite cold. She ran to a little stream of water near by and dipping her handkerchief in it bathed the man's face. A pair of dark eyes looked into hers, and a voice in broken English told Elsie that the man was an Indian.

Yes, he was shot in the leg and unable to get out of the pit without help. Elsie procured a strong branch from a fallen tree and with this tried to help the Indian. They were about to despair of success, when with a vigorous effort the wounded man got his knee on the mouth of the pit. He fell back fainting as Elsie dragged him from the edge. Again she applied cold water with good results. Fetching a pail of berries she set them near him, bidding him eat. Gathering a pile of ferns she placed them under his head for a pillow, then taking her handkerchief, bound it around his bleeding wound. Seeing that his rescuer was not a spirit from the other world, but a fair maiden of the palefaces, the Indian said:

"If the white fawn would help her red brother, she must hasten to her father's wigwam and get assistance. Soon the wild beasts of the forest would be prowling around and he could not defend himself very well."

Elsie started to go, when footsteps were heard and a young man appeared in sight. When he saw Elsie he exclaimed in surprise:

"What in the world are you doing here? The girl soon explained the case. Examining the Indian's leg George said:

"We must get help at once and have him conveyed to your father's. You had better return with me, Elsie."

"No, George, I will stay here until father comes."

"Very little less if he died," muttered the young man, who had no love for his red brothers, but seeing the girl's distressed look, he replied more gently, "Well, if you are determined I will hasten as fast as possible."

The sound of his quick, bounding step was soon lost in the distance. When Elsie sat down near the Indian the moon had risen and was casting a silvery radiance all around. To while away the time and to find out the depth of her companion's intelligence, Elsie talked to him. He spoke English very well, and asked in reply if the white fawn was afraid.

"A little, but I have asked the Great Father to shield us from harm."

"We know the Great Spirit too. He made the mighty forests, and big rivers. He dwells in the happy hunting-grounds up yonder," and the Indian pointed skyward.

In spite of her prayers minutes seemed like hours. The stirring of a leaf caused her to fear, lest it be some wild beast come to devour her. When at last lights gleamed in the distance, her heart bounded with joy. So greatly were her nerves shaken that she could hardly shout in answer to her father's call. The party carried with them a litter made of boards and covered with fur robes. On this they laid the wounded man and within an hour were within the walls of Rosebank. When the wound was examined the doctor said that the Indian would not put his foot to

ground for some weeks. The patient bore this sad news and the setting of the broken bone with the fortitude of his race.

Weeks flew by and the Boyd family grew quite intimate with their guest. They could not readily pronounce his name, so called him Mohawk after the tribe to which he belonged. No tribe of Indians was more intelligent. When they came from their home in New York state, they brought with them a complete church service of silver presented to their chief by "good Queen Anne." Soon after their settlement in Canada the chief built a chapel and secured the services of a minister. The Mohawks were baptized and regularly married, while the children were taught to read. Elsie gave Mohawk a little Testament and often talked to him about the lessons taught in it. He listened eagerly and seemed interested in their family worship. The young Canadian George disliked Mohawk and there seemed little love lost.

When able to sit up the Indian would cut and carve beautiful things from wood and fruit-stones. The children were all fond of him, particularly little May, who would sit on his knee for an hour at a time. As soon as his parents knew of his accident they came to see him, laden with venison, furs and baskets for the boys. When able to move about with the aid of a stick Mohawk proposed returning home. The whole family regretted to have him go, but were consoled with the promise of an early visit.

It is twilight and Elsie sits near the window with her sewing. She gave a start as a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned to find Mohawk and in his hand was the little Testament she had given him.

"Read," he said, turning to the sixth chapter of Luke's Gospel.

Her hearer interrupted when she read, "Love your enemies; do good to those who persecute you."

It did not seem right; his Indian nature could not understand. Elsie tried to make it clear. "Although it is not natural for us to love our enemies yet it is the divine law, and if we love our Heavenly Father he will make it easy for us to do this."

A painful pause followed the lesson. Elsie rose to go into the other room when Mohawk detained her with a gentle hand:

"I am going away," he said, "I love the white fawn, and if you will be my bride, I will toil night and day so that you shall not soil your hands and you shall wear the richest of robes." Elsie thought it best to let him have his say out, then she replied:

"Mohawk, I love you as my brother. When a child I gave my heart to another, hand in hand we roamed through my native forests. We gathered wild flowers together in the spring time. When we were old enough I promised some day to be his bride."

The Indian's face became sad, but drawing himself up proudly he said:

"It is well, the Great Spirit wills not that the white fawn should be mine," and without a word of farewell he walked through the house and out at the front door.

As months went past and nothing was heard from him Elsie hoped he had consoled himself with a bride from among the dark beauties of his own tribe.

Towards spring the gentle mother passed away to the Spirit land. Her family did not realize how much they leaned upon her for comfort and counsel until she was gone. On her deathbed baby May was given to Elsie as her special charge.

A few weeks after her mother's death Elsie visited her grave, intending to plant a few flowers and shrubs upon it. When she reached it she was surprised to find Mohawk there before her on a similar errand. He had just planted a large rose-bush at the head. It was covered with white buds. He started as if caught in some guilty act, but when Elsie thanked him with tears in her eyes, he said that her mother had been so kind to him that he wanted to show his gratitude in some way. He would not, however, visit Rosebank at present, he would wait until the pain at his heart was all gone, then he would come.

Another year has wheeled its round and baby May is three years old. She is a bonnie, winsome, wiggly lassie, swift on her feet, and full of talk and laughter from morning till night.

One afternoon Elsie let her little sister play in the garden. Becoming engrossed in her work she forgot all about her for two hours. When she remembered she went to the door and called "May," there was no reply and thinking she might be hiding so that her sister might have to hunt for her, Elsie went through the garden, peering behind trees, bushes and everything likely to afford a hiding-place. No May was there, nor in the hayfield, although Elsie hoped she had fallen asleep amid the tall grass. Then the barn was searched, the old well looked into and every conceivable place, but not a trace of the child could be seen. Stunned and terrified Elsie sat down to think what she had better do. Her father and eldest brother were assisting a neighboring farmer a mile from them. The two younger children were at school. In a few minutes the latter would be at home and she would send them off at once for her father. She met the children at the foot of the hill, and telling them what had happened bade them run every step of the way. In agony of mind lest her darling had wandered into the woods or had been stolen by some wandering tribe of Indians she searched again the house and grounds but without result. Bitterly did she reproach herself for her carelessness, especially when she recalled her mother's last charge.

In a short time her father returned with two or three men from the neighboring farm. The father thought that May had either strayed into the woods or had been stolen by the Indians for the sake of a ransom. George Goodfellow now declared that he had found the print of moccasins in the field next the woods. He believed the thief to be none other than Mohawk. He whispered to Elsie that hoping to gain power over her he had stolen the child. The girl was indignant, she had more faith in Mohawk's noble nature than that. Every corner of the adjoining woods was searched. The party came home thoroughly fatigued, and with but slight hope of ever finding the child. After a few hours' rest they again began the search. Several of the villagers had joined the party and in different directions the road and woods for miles were thoroughly searched. They were still hoping against hope, when one of the party brought in a little dress that he had found

on a thorn bush near the river. Elsie at once recognized it as the one worn by May the day she was lost. It was useless to search further; by some means the child had got down to the river, had fallen in and was drowned. George was the only one who did not believe this. He still thought Mohawk guilty, but respect for Elsie's pale cheeks kept him silent.

One day shortly after this George was gunning. He was in the act of loading to fire at a flock of ducks when a shot flew past him, and with such precision of aim, that several of the fowls fell dead. Turning, George saw Mohawk coolly reloading. Springing lightly from log to log George was soon at his side, and laying his hand roughly on his shoulder accused him of rewarding Mr. Boyd's kindness by stealing his child. For a moment Mohawk stood speechless, then with flashing eye and erect form denied the charge. He said:

"The paleface is a liar; the Indian would scorn to do such a mean act."

No sooner had the words passed his lips than George sprang at him, and with a strong pull got him on to the ground. Only for a moment, however; the Canadian's strength was no match for the Indian; Mohawk kneeling upon his breast. He expected no mercy. Indeed for a moment the savage nature seemed to triumph. With one hand he took from his belt his hunting-knife, opened it and held it suspended over his prisoner. Then, glancing upwards, a soft light came into his eyes. He closed his knife and taking the hand of his enemy raised him from the ground.

"Paleface," he said, "a few months ago I would have used my knife as freely on you as on the wild beasts of the forest, but the Great Spirit has taught me that it is wrong to take a brother's life. Go tell the white fawn that Mohawk will not rest until he find her sister." With a bound or two he was out of sight.

George was overcome by the Indian's nobility of character and was convinced now that he did not steal the child.

Returning to his parents Mohawk told them that he had a strong desire to see the great waters and mighty forests far away. He might be absent some time.

The chief answered, "It is well; my son is no longer a child; he is brave; let him go."

Mohawk held George's opinion that May had been stolen by a band of wandering Indians. He determined to follow them to their home on Lake Superior. He took the course of the river, inquiring at the villages if the people knew of any encampment near. Several friendly tribes were openly visited, but among the children there were none that resembled May Boyd. He had travelled a whole week, resting at night near the edge of a wood, making a fire lest any beasts of prey should be prowling around him. A second week found him footsore and weary. He had travelled far from home and had indeed seen great forests and big waters.

Several of the Indians whom Mohawk visited, although seemingly friendly, yet regarded him with suspicion. Some thought him a government spy and they did not credit his story. At last he reached Lake Superior. After two days journey by its shores he came to a white settlement. The people residing here told him of an Indian encampment a few miles further. He was warned to be careful, for the chief was a very sullen fellow and one that would visit with death any interference with him or his people. It was almost dark when Mohawk saw the smoke of the campfires.

He crept from tree to tree until he came in sight of the wigwams. Not a man was to be seen. Groups of children played about and the old squaws sat at their hut doors smoking. Hope again sprang up in the Indian's heart. Keeping in the shelter of the river's bank he was about to secrete himself behind the thick bushes which overhung it, when to his surprise it proved to be an entrance to a cave. He was still more surprised on entering it to find it already occupied by a young Indian girl and child. Much alarmed the girl turned to flee, when Mohawk in his native tongue told her not to fear. Either the young man's handsome face or musical voice calmed her fears. At all events she listened as Mohawk told her that he was a stranger, weary and hungry, begging her not to betray him.

She believed his story, and strange to say, answered him in his own patois. "You may trust Minnehaha," was all she said, and passed out. In an hour she returned with a piece of roast venison and corn cakes baked on the embers. When he again assured her that he meant no harm to her people she told him that the men were all away on a grand hunting expedition and would not be home for some days. No, she was not a native of this tribe, but had been stolen from the Mohawks when a child.

He then told her that he was the only son of the chief of her tribe and said if she liked he would restore her to her people. She would not decide then but promised to see him next day. The sun was high in the heavens, she came. An hour before Mohawk had seen the squaws depart laden with baskets. There were several children with them, but none of them was May Boyd.

When Minnehaha came she led by the hand the same child who was in the cave the previous night. She was like any ordinary Indian child, dark hair, cut short and a skin very unlike the pure white of Baby May. He noticed, however, that her eyes were blue. He had known Indians to have the hair and skin of white children before. Wishing to propitiate the nurse before he spoke to the child Mohawk praised the brightness of her eyes and glossy hair. He talked to her of her people. Seeing the child gazing earnestly at him Mohawk took a toy from his pocket such as he used to make for the children at Rosebank. He said in English:

"Does Baby May like Mohawk?"

The child started and turned towards him, and when he added, "Does May want to see Elsie?" with a cry she ran to his side, "Take me to Elsie!" she cried. Seating the child on his knee he gave her more toys. While she played with these he turned to the frightened Minnehaha and in pathetic language told her of his hurt, rescue, and of the kindness of the pale faces. Then he told her of the mother's death, of Elsie's care of the child and her grief when she heard that the child was stolen, and she understood that her charge was none other than the lost child.

"Go with us," said Mohawk, "if your

parents are gone to the spirit land mine will take you in, you shall be their child."

She consented for she dare not let the child go, while she remained. It was agreed to start as soon as the camp was asleep. The moon had risen several hours ere Minnehaha dare steal from the wigwam. She carried the sleeping child wrapped in a blanket. Without a word she motioned Mohawk to follow. They walked very fast until they reached the nearest white settlement. Some of the people were very kind, giving them shelter and food, and one man took his horses and drove them several miles on their way. They rested very little for the first few days. Mohawk carried May when she was tired. The fear of pursuit caused them to hasten on; then feeling safer, they halted at night.

Mohawk was attracted to Minnehaha in spite of himself, she was so pretty and graceful, enduring fatigue without a murmur, showing no sign of fear, even during the darkness of night. He found that he was fast forgetting the white fawn and thinking of the pretty Indian maiden thrown so unexpectedly upon his care. In much shorter time than it took him to go Mohawk returned. When he reached the settlement where his parents and tribe lived there was great rejoicing over his success. The old chief with beaming eye expressed the pride and pleasure he had in his brave son. Minnehaha was welcomed as a daughter to her home. Mohawk's mother soon removed the dye from the child's hair and skin. Although her curls were cut off, she was still fair and bonnie. All were ready to start for Rosebank. It was arranged that Mohawk should go on alone with May, but the child had become so much attracted to her dusky nurse that she refused to be separated.

A day's journey brought the travellers in sight of the farm. It was late in the afternoon when May reached the house. Going round to the back door they saw Elsie through the window spinning. She was pale and thin and did not sing at her wheel as she used to. Opening the door Mohawk pushed the child forward. Elsie turned at the sound, stood for a moment as if spell-bound, then, with sobs and tears, clasped her little sister to her heart. As soon as she had calmed down a little May skipped from her arms and taking Mohawk's hand led him forward.

Mohawk's eyes were glistening, and his heart rejoiced as tears of joy fell from Elsie's eyes upon his hand, while the sister was asking where and how her lost darling had been found. May skipped out to the garden and soon returned with the shy Indian maiden. A few words explained who she was and at once Minnehaha felt herself at home. The more Elsie looked at the girl the more she saw to admire. She glanced at Mohawk; his eyes expressed a like admiration. There was great rejoicing at Rosebank when the family assembled at supper time.

Mohawk was the hero of the hour; he was loaded with thanks and praise. George Goodfellow was mainly enough to apologize before them for his unjust suspicions. It was a proud day for Mohawk, for even his enemies praised him. Minnehaha remained at Rosebank for a few months, then became the happy bride of Mohawk. At his father's death he became chief of his tribe. He was noted for his intelligence and upright conduct, and did much to make his tribe the most enlightened and wealthy among the Indian nations.

A Dog's Memory.

A gentleman who is a great traveller, and who is always accompanied in his wanderings by a bull terrier, to which he is much attached, arrived one day in the city of Florence. His dog was for some reason intrusted to the care of a porter at the station, and in the excitement of the crowd and under the unusual experience of being separated from his master, who generally kept the animal with him, Bruno was moved to make his escape. The most careful search was made, and before going to his hotel the traveller went to the police station to notify the gens d'armes of his loss. It was more than an hour before he reached his hotel, so that it anything was heard of the dog it would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said:

"But your dog is here, sir. He came before you, and we did not know to whom he belonged."

"The dog is here!" replied the gentleman, in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago, and after sniffing about the office for a little while he ran up stairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The traveller, of course, went up stairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight at finding his master again. The gentleman then remembered that two years previous he had stayed with the dog in Florence, and had stayed at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room, but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.

William's Creditors.

"Come, William, give something," said the deacon.

"Can't do it, desk," said Bill.

"Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?"

"Yes, good 'nuff, but I ain't able to give nothin'."

"Pooh! pooh! I know better. You must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money."

"Well, but William, you owe God a larger debt than anyone else."

"That's true, but He ain't a pushing me like the rest of my creditors."

He Has Family.

Mrs. Gabb—"Yes, my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family."

Mrs. Gadd—"Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children."

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Probabilities for Next 24 Hours.

Saturday, November 17.—Very seasonable weather. Raining and sleety. High winds, difficult to carry an umbrella. A Rigby Waterproof will be better to take with you today. Besides protecting you from the wet it will keep you warm and comfortable.

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SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following.

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G. BARRITT, Manager.

Wm. McMULLEN, Agent at Indiantown.

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CEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.