afternoons, under which Peggy hid her outgrown lesson book for Antywine. Whatever direction his day's hunt led him, he made a detour to arrive at the stone, and if he arrived first, sat down to study. If Peggy, carrying her dinner reticule home from school, reached it first, she waited.

They sat and held their book together. English spelling provoked to spur him not only Peggy, but the powerful example of Sieur Abe Lincoln, studying every spare minute.

Antywine knew where the best swimming places were in the Sangamon. Sometimes he came to his lesson, his blond hair separated into dark clinging a powder of gold-dust curls around his face and temples. If Peggy could not keep her fingers from touching this



THEY SAT AND HELD THE BOOK TOGETHER.

fleece, Antywine pretended he did not know it. His hands and shoulders worked as hard as his mind. With shrugs and gesticulating fingers he flung English spelling all around. When he encountered a terrific word he would throw down his book and jump on it. But Antywine's moccasins were light; he did not damage the learning under his feet. His rages were rages of laughter. Whatever he did so delighted Peggy that she said:

"It makes me almost laugh out in school to think how you dance on your speller!"

As month followed month and Pedro Lorimer neither showed himself again in New Salem nor made any other attempt to kidnap the Indian's adopted daughter, her guardian's anxiety relaxed to ease. He thought: "These white men in this vilalge are my friends; they will take my part. The young chief Abe is as strong as three Pedro Lorimers, and his hand is with me."

Every Sunday Mahala Cameron's father preached in the schoolhouse, and nearly all the people, whether they accepted the Cumberland Presbyterian creed or not, went to the service. Wildplum groves made bouquets of snow on the prairies. The woods were full of flowers, having such fragrance as breaks only from old loam. All the trees, from the rich green of the pecan to the delicate and slowly deepening maple gave out their foliage to the sun. The Judas tree burst out like flame in the forest.

Happy boys were seen coming home from the river of evenings with strings of croppies, bass, and pike. Half-yearly muster day came, when the local militia stepped out in awkward sqauds and practiced such military tactics as the leader knew to the squeak of a fife and the thump of a drum. Antywine put himself among the boys. He liked life and movement. But Shickwere being crowded in their reservation, and this play of war might sometime become reality. Whisky was plentiful of muster days. Antywine noticed that Lincoln did not touch it. Having considered the height and strength of Sieur Abe, he also spat out of his mouth a taste of fiery stuff and has such red cheeks." pushed between his lips by a Grove rather than be forced to drink.

Slicky Green and Ann Rutledge's brother were home, working in their fathers' fields. Young Yates was seen prefty as Viane Rutledge.' at intervals during the summer. The boys and girls of New Salem found a sincerely, "she not have that charm world of material for their own happi- like you, and those manners." ness. There were quiltings, where the older women labored in the afternoon 'nera?" and young men and women came to evening games.

Peggy Shickshack stood outside of such festivities, and so did Antywine. because the singular mother of their household had no fellowship with the mother of any other household. For all the villagers began to look kindly at the unfolding womanliness of the lame Spaniard, the blond head of Antywine, and the good old Indian who loved white men.

But the festival that Peggy liked best and was not left out of, was blackberrying. The girls rose at dawn and put on their worst clothes, meeting by apncintment at the tavern with bashou

on their arms. They did not speak loud. The dust in the road took the prints of their feet like ashes. The whole sweet-smelling world drenched in dew, and as they brushed down the ravine across the woods beyond, they were baptized by every bush. Then their tongues were loosened, and they sang and told stories. Sometimes they pretended to see wolves sneaking to cover, but this merely for the pleasure of frightening Canadian exclamations; but he had themselves. It was the loveliest pilgrimage ever invented. There was peril in it too, for in the wooded field of wild brambles the thick-mottled rattlesnake, or objects resembling him,

caused many a start and shriek. Once little Jane Rutledge got a fat grasshopper down her back, and yelled tendrils, which, as they dried, became for deliverance from-"a snake! a snake!"

"Oh, run home, Jane! Run home,

quick!" cried Mahala Cameron. But Ann tore the child's clothing open and freed the grasshopper, clinging with all his feet to the tender white back; and they all laughed at Mahala, who would have sent her three miles

Sometimes the girls swam grass to their waists, as in a sea of dew, Peggy dividing her way with her crutch. The ising sun showed glittering in the brambles, blackberries and luscious dewberries half as long as one's thumb. melting ripe to keep that very morning's appointment. To go blackberrying late in the day was not to go blackberrying at all, but to a hot and weary search of rifled fields.

When the party trailed homeward with heaped baskets they could see along the ridge of the Sangamon tents and camps of farmers who had come long distances to mill. Each man was obliged to wait his turn to have his grain ground. It was like a fair. Quoit pitching, wrestling matches, aces and trading filled up the idle time. Insensibly the season changed. Sumac leaves began to burn around scarlet fruit veiled in white, the oaks were faintly tinted, and the first September

days had come. Antywine's reading lessons at the stone ended, for Lincoln was taking up surveying and going out to distant parts of the country, and Antywine was to go with him as his chain-bearer.

"I put the book in my bundle," said the Canadian while he and Peggy were bidding each other farewell at the stone. "Sieur Abe will help me." Peggy's hand and feet became cold.

She felt as if autumn were driving the the blood back upon her heart. "Viane Rutledge told at school the

other day that you are the best-looking young man in New Salem.' Antywine expanded with satisfac-

tion. He always carried his chin up. so that people called him high-

"I am tall." "Don't you think Viane Rutledge is pretty girl, Antywine?"

'Yes.' "She's the prettiest girl that goes to school, isn't she?"

"Yes." Tears sprang into Peggy's eyes; she winked them back, ashamed of being

"But Viane Rutledge is not a good reader," she honestly declared.

"Me, I am not a good reader, either." observed Antywine. "You don't want to put yourself alongside of Viane Rutledge as a poor

reader," spoke Peggy, sharply-"do "I don't know," returned Antywine, with a teasing winsomeness specially

his own. He smiled on the landscape and lifted his chin higher, a look of concern replacing the smile. "Why you cry, sweetheart?"

"My foot's tired," said Peggy, drying

"You been trying to walk without the crutch?"

"A little." "Then I carry you up to the house." "I don't want you to. If Mahala Cameron's brother was here he could shack stood and looked gloomily on. help you make a saddle and carry me. He knew that his own people, the Sacs, He takes hold of hands with one of the Clary boys, and they lift me up on the saddle and run with me when we play Indian."

"He have no business!" exclaimed Antywine, full of indignation. "They will fall and hurt you!'

"O, no, they won't. He is a nice boy, "Me, if I have those red cheeks I

boy, and decided that he would fight strip the skin off my face!" said Antywine, disgusted. "You like those red cheeks, eh?" "Well, I think they are about as

"Viane Rutledge," spoke Antywine,

"Do you think I am learning man-

"You have improve every day." "Antywine, I've got the best apple

in my pocket! Don't you want a bite "Did those Cameron boy give you that apple?"

"No." "You have it, then, from that Grove

feller, who is behaved so bad the master whin him?"

"No. Mahala gave it to me." "Then I will take some bite." Peggy drew forth the apple and they ate it together, feeling that their differences were reconciled. It was their parting meal, for food eaten at Sally's board had no such taste as this.

Shickshack said nothing about Antywine's first serious undertaking of civilized work. The boy until that time had been nothing but a hunter. Perhaps the Indian pondered on the white man's influence. He set himself to bring in plenty of venison to dry for winter, and an abundance of buckskin to tan. His cabin was as good as any in New Salem.

Shickshack held land in his reservation, as all his tribe held it, without cultivating or improving an acre except patches of maize and pumpkins. He could not understand the white man's greed for real estate when the prairies were so free to all. The product of his labor consisted of peltries. These he exchanged for the necessaries of simple

Shickshack was not unmindful of the change in his adopted child. He used to watch her silently. When she brought him the first pair of stockings made by her hand he sat and smoothed them across his buckskin knee. They were useless to him as a covering, for he could not enjoy the freedom of his ankles in anything but hunter's neips.

Before the weather grew cold he gave Peggy a roll of heavy dark red linsey cloth instead of the usual tanned deerskins. Ann Rutledge helped her cut and make the dress. He had the satisfaction of seeing her warmly clad, in short-waisted gown with bag sleeves and a thick cape and hood lined with dull yellow flannel which Ann had saved among her stores.

As autumn days drew close to the margin of winter, the big boys, relieved of labor that they owed to their parents every working season until they were 21 years old, came to Minter Grayham's school. Though willing to make themselves useful carrying in logs for the fireplace, they were full of frolic as colts. They stirred up the school until Minter Grayham in despair made a new law and announced that he would listen to no more complaints of wadthrowing, fistcuffing, and fighting, unless the complainant could show that blood had been drawn. Then the boys were gloriously happy. The sallow young schoolmaster, writing copies at his desk, would suddenly hear through the drone of study:

"Master, Viane Rutledge looked at me and drew blood!"

"Master, Nancy Green's eyes are drawing blood on me this minute!" In November there was a haze over the landscape like bloom on grapes. Indian summer lingered. Settlers had not then learned the Mississippi valley's sudden and bitter changes of climate.

Lincoln and Antywine were still absent early in December, when Shickshack waited one evening behind Minter Grayham's schoolhouse for Peggy to come out. A jet of boys and girls seemed to spout forth, racing down to Rock Creek. They could almost smell their supper johnny cakes across the ravine. Peggy was hopping briskly in the joyful midst of her schoolmates, when she saw her foster father beckoning her at the foot of the bluff. She followed him.

Shickshack led her where there was no path through ascending woods, parting naked bushes for her, and helping her over fallen logs which had become almost a powder of flakes covered with moss.

"Where are we going?" she inquired more than once.

But Shickshack made no reply until he had put a loop of deerskin around him over his blanket, and lifted Peggy on his back in this portable hammock. She was learning to use her lame leg with a stoical determination which the New Salem doctor encouraged. Though never without her crutch, she oftener carried than leaned on it. Shickshack was evidently undertaking a journey. and she looked anxiously through the woods as some flakes of snow melted on her face, and up at the void peopled as by winged white insects.

"Father," said Peggy in the Sac language. "where are you taking me?" "To the young chief Yates," he

answered in English, trudging across the ridge, sure-footed and muscular. "But he lives far away and I won't go! What will Antywine and Mr. Lin-

coln say when they come home?" "Antywine and the chief Abe on the survey trail. They not here to stop Pedro Lorimer. He get you this time.' "Has he come back again?"

Shickshack grunted. "At the Grove -two, four days. He tell the young braves Black Hawk is on the war path. Drive out old Indian! Burn his wigwam! Old Indian help Black Hawk. Me not need totem signs to find out what he want. He say old Indian have no business to keep white girl."

"But, father, you cannot carry me so far!" Peggy strongly revolted. She wept, shivering against his back. He descended toward a darkened plain without heeding her arguments against his course, except to assure her he intended to hire a horse at the first

The sloughs were frozen, and frostblackened grass crisped under his feet. Nowhere could any farmhouse light be seen, and the gentle flicker-like insect wings had become a driving storm of snow. Shickshack found the road stretching southwest toward Jacksonville, and plodded steadily along. Jogging through an immensity of night and cold and drifting whiteness, Peggy ceased to beg that he would let her walk, and lapsed into such drowsiness that he was obliged to shake her when he set her down. By this time the chill windrows were nearly to his knees. Unsheltered by his body, she felt the

dry spume spinning in her face. "Me have to put you in the log tonight," said Shickshack. "Snow too

bad to go farther." Every new Salemite had heard of or seen the huge hollow log strangely left upon the prairie beside that road. Once Slicky Green and another boy, belated on a bitter night while searching for lost cattle, had driven wild hogs out of it, and saved their own lives in its roomy hollow. It loomed a white

ridge, higher than Peggy's head, its He only struck out to find Dick beblack opening already banked with drift. Shickshack crawled in with his little nearer than nearest of kin to knife unsheathed. A yelping, snarling Peggy, so if you say I'm to undertake struggle was muffled by the log, until the thing, I'll try it. And if Mother something dark leaped past Peggy, and Eve is too strong in me to stand the ran across the snow.

"Wolf," observed the Sac. "Him not other way."

like to leave him good bed." Reluctantly, in spite of the cold, Peggy crawled past him into the deep for neighbor was then obliged to deshelter, dragging her crutch. Her hand touched something furry, and green eyes shot flame at her. Shickshack one was offered it had to be accepted. hauled a cub from its cushion of rotten wood and threw it out after its mother.

membered nothing further of the



SHICKSHACK CRAWLED IN WITH HIS KNIFE UNSHEATHED.

night, except some noises at the open end of the log.

When she awoke it was light enough to see overhead the ridged vault of her wooden cavern. The snow cast in a pallid illumination. She sat up and called Shickshack. He remained in a rigid attitude, with his back to her, and his legs extending out under a white lapful. His arm was hard as marble in her hand when she touched him, and he did not turn his head.

"Father!" she screamed. "Father!"

CHAPTER V.

The old Sac, who had guarded her rooftree, whether cabin or wigwam, every night of her remembrance, sat upright, holding his knife, on which frozen blood was crystallized. Two or three dead wolves lay outside the log on the snow. But not one of them was frozen stiffer than the Indian, who, after his own fashion, had given life itself for the safety of his adopted

Peggy would not believe he was dead. She clung to his old shoulders, and screamed to rouse him. The Sac, who loved white men, and had never child, silently blocked the entrance of the log. His eyebrows were hoar frost, and the dark ruddiness of his face and neck seemed crusted with rough silver.

Peggy's wild crying might have resounded long in the hollow log, and brought no person to help her. For all around was the vast prairie stretching from horizon to horizon, a glara of whiteness unpierced by the smoke of a single fire. But two figures toiled toward New Salem through the early cold, wading with effort, and finally making for the hummock in which they recognized the submerged log. Lincoln and his chain-bearer encountered the frozen Indian and the crying girl as they stooped to enter and warm themselves.

High as drifts were piled in New Salem streets, for this was the winter known long afterward as "the winter of the deep snow," people gathered hastily through the unabated storm when word went around that Shickshack had been brought in frozen to death. Lincoln and Antywine, in silent agreement, stopped the ox sled they had borrowed, at the door of Rutledge's tavern. Neither said, "Let us take him to his own cabin." In death, at least, he should escape from the environment which Sally made, and be publicly honored.

Antywine went directly to earry the news to the widow, and Sally heard it, making a clicking sound of disapproval with her tongue.

She knocked the ashes out of her cob pipe, partly on the hearth and partly in the dinner pot, which hung from the crane.

"Now don't that beat ye! Gone and froze hisself to death the first big snow and New Salem seven miles from a buryin' ground! He always was the most ill-convenient old In'jan! Took him to the tavern, did ye?"

"Yes," replied Antywine, without apology. "Well, keep him there. I'll come to NOT NARCOTIC.

the funeral. Funerals is no novelty to me, buryin' men as often as I have." Neighbors talked in whispers around the dignified figure stretched on a white-covered board under a canopy of sheets. But Antywine and Lincoln had themselves washed it, and dressed it in the Sac's best buckskins. They found girded around the waist a heavy belt of rattlesnake skin.

"This is the snakeskin of money belonging to Peggy that he told me about," Lincoln said to Antywine. "He must have taken it out of its hidingplace before he started to find Dick Yates. What shall we do with it?" "Put it on, Sieur Abe, to wear for

her, as Shickshack did." "They say snakeskin in the hat is good for the headache; but I don't

think I could bear it rubbing against my naked hide. This belt is nearer your size, Antywine." "Me, I am a boy, Sieur Abe. Shickshack put his trust in you. He tell

you I am a squaw!" "I reckon he changed his opinion. cause we were away. But you're a snake next to me I'll manage it some

Lincoln and Antywine also helped the cooper make Shickshack's coffin, pend upon neighbor for such a service. No fee was ever charged, though if

Religion did little to soften the grimness of death in these early days. The Peggy was so drowsy that she re- unpainted coffin stood on two chairs in the largest room of the tavern, and Mahala Cameron's father, hymn book in hand, placed himself behind it as behind an intrenchment, whence he could launch warnings on the uncertainty of life. His father, called old Daddy Cameron, a tremulous and toothless creature, who encountered age as a disease rather than a transition. sat by, sighing, as if to illustrate the unpleasantness of life's certainty.

Such funeral rites as New Salem afforded were held in the early forenoon, because snow continued to fall,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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