

ONE WOMAN'S TREACHERY

A STORY OF A WHISPER.

CHAPTER I. "When the sun sets, to-morrow, be at the stile, by the cross-road." The people were pouring out of St. James Church...

man. Bella's heart grew faint and her lips cold; but still she hoped against hope; she would not give up all without a struggle. This might decide the uncertainty; leave her to happiness or to death.

Agency, but that he wished to remain North and be left alone; that was his intention. He had been put on a scaffold in the customary Indian way, and not buried in a coffin. He said that his son had been his only protection, and that as he was now gone, he was poor and friendless; that while they were North, they always had plenty of game to eat. But this morning the old man was harsh and haranguing; that his son was obstinate, would not listen to good advice, and that now he was more, and it was well.

which we had been gone just nineteen minutes, in which we had traveled eighteen miles twice.

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