

# THE RIVERLIFE HEIR

BY M. T. CALDER.

## CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1890, a lady in a blue dress was suddenly awakened from her slumber by the sound of a bell. She opened her eyes and beheld the first throes, that were but faint premonitions of the struggle to ensue, but an hour's ride from Grenoble, on the highway leading to that young man leaning against a huge chestnut trunk, and gazing silently upon the picturesque scene spread out before him.

The sparkling waves of the lake danced along merrily through a vine covered valley, lipping like a laughing child two precipitous hills, closely wooded with chestnut trees, interspersed here and there with a birch or larch. Beyond him lay a smiling tract of cultivated land, showing the rare mingling of orange and lemon with apple and cherry trees, and crowning a gentle slope was the white facade of another noble proprietor, Count Beauvais.

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It was a moment's work to shout in a firm, vigorous voice: "What is it?" "It will save you, throw yourself toward me, and you are safe!" he said, planting firmly to await the shock of the falling stone. Lady Violante's eyes were fixed on the cliff, descending abruptly to the river, did he wild shriek for aid ring out impudently.

"Thank you, my dear friend," she said, "I have never been so happy as now. I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see you." "I have never been so happy as now. I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see you." "I have never been so happy as now. I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see you."

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# MARQUETTE'S GRAVE.

IT LIES IN THE QUIANT VILLAGE OF ST. IGNACE.

Visited by Thousands of People Each Year—Devotion of the Indians to the Explorer—An Indian Legend—A Summer Resort.

St. Ignace, Mich., Letter.) HIS quaint and historic village of 2,500 inhabitants is situated on the banks of the Mackinac straits, of Mackinac, being the county seat of Mackinac county, and is the nearest point of the upper peninsula to the lower peninsula.

It was founded 225 years ago and received its name from Father Marquette, the intrepid missionary, whose name is dear to the hearts of the hundreds of visitors who seek these shores each year. The name of St. Ignace alone fills the mind of the student of history with a host of memories, the rare purity of its breeze swept shores give new life to the invalid, and the tourist will find interest in the various types of humanity that constitute its inhabitants.

It is a quiet and beautiful spot, and is a favorite resort of the people of the upper peninsula. The name of St. Ignace alone fills the mind of the student of history with a host of memories, the rare purity of its breeze swept shores give new life to the invalid, and the tourist will find interest in the various types of humanity that constitute its inhabitants.

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# INDIANS OF NEW YORK

COLONY IN BROOME STREET, AND ITS MEMBERS.

A Staunch Friend in Mr. Harriet Maxwell Converse, the Only White Woman Ever Made Chief of an Indian Tribe.

(New York Letter.) MALLEST of all the "quarters" of the New York colony is the "quarter" it may fairly be called—the Indian colony in Broome street, between Spring street and West Broadway, a large half commercial hall, a globe of the poor, where tall tenements are not and little houses half a century old fill up the side streets. There are more Indians here than in any other part of the city.

Every Memorial Day the Grand Army of the Republic, the citizens, school children and members of the city churches proceed in a body to the spot and lay a wreath of flowers upon the grave. The great mass meeting of August 25, which was participated in by men of national reputation and presided over by Governor Rich of Michigan, is still fresh in the memory. Thousands of people listened to the speakers of renown in their historic accounts of Marquette and his great deeds of exploration. The interest of the occasion was greatly intensified by the meeting being held in sight of the grave of the explorer, and in full view of the bay through which the Indians bore his body to the little church that then stood on the spot now occupied by his grave.

One peculiarity of St. Ignace is that it is possessed of but one business street, which runs along the lake shore for a distance of four miles. An amusing feature of the Indians was not only still current in the district, the authenticity of which is not doubted for, while some good enough to be true, many are so good that they are not.

Whether destined of health, scenic beauty or pasture, the summer visitor can be well accommodated here. We are within walking distance of the far-famed Mackinac Island. These two points have been connected since time immemorial. The Indians, as the quaint story goes, looking out from Point St. Ignace at the rising of the sun, beheld Mackinac Island suddenly rise up from the bosom of the waters and find its resemblance to a great tortoise. It is the name of Michilimackinac. On this

the visitor will find in and around St. Ignace some rare and beautiful objects. Many curious rock formations will be noted as St. Anthony's, which, when viewed from the correct angle, shows a human face in profile, also the "Cave of the Main Street," which is a hole in the rock, which is a hole in the rock, which is a hole in the rock.

When M. Melan, of Hallington, Finland, visited here, a special train was made in his honor, and he was being plowed through unbroken fields of wheat. This delighted the foreign expert, and he was so much interested that he means has been discussed by the vessels can plow through the fields of the Gulf of Finland into the Baltic.

The two oldest residents of St. Ignace, Peter Grondin and his wife, are objects of much interest. Mr. Grondin is a man of seventy years of age, has lived in this village since he was a boy. Shortly after his arrival here he married Theresa Chabaux, a half-Indian, and she was the first Indian woman in this village.

His wife, Theresa, is now some eighty years of age, and has a family of twelve children. She is in possession of all her faculties, and she is a very interesting person. She is a very interesting person. She is a very interesting person.

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# PAIR OF MALABAR "NAVVIES."

They are the only ones of their kind in the city.

By far the greater part of the unskilled labor in Malabar is done by girls, such as are represented in the accompanying picture. They are also the farm laborers of the country, the exception of the ploughing, being carried on by the women. When not more than nine or ten years old these pretty, and often dainty, little girls begin to earn their

own living by working on the roads, carrying bricks and mortar up ladders, or working up to their waists in rice fields. They are perfectly cheerful, however, laughing and chattering as merrily as possible the whole day long. They earn from one-and-a-half to three annas per day.

Photography to the Rescue. Prof. Jules Annan of the university ofusanne, Switzerland, has recently called upon to apply scientific photography to a rather novel purpose. A Swiss peasant woman who had saved some labor and economy, amounting to \$110, having temporarily to leave her cottage untenanted, placed her money in the form of bank bills in a box, which she left in the care of her son. During her absence her son came home, and not knowing what his mother had done, started a living on bank marks alone. She declines it with forbidding uniforms for the Indian order of Redmen—headgear, belt, moccasins, and other insignia. This does not pay her doctor, but it is limited and uncertain.

Like many other Indians, she speaks almost pure French, despite the fact that she belongs to the southern coast, a Canadian tribe whose influences have been French. She is small and stout, but has an excellent command of her language, and is of the type. Her daughter a year ago married an Italian, and lives with her, the latter, now a few months old, showing a strong Indian tinge, which is extremely interesting.

Perhaps the most distinctively Indian house in New York is an old-fashioned three-story building of red brick with dormer windows, at No. 599 Broome street, just west of West Broadway. It has five Indians in it, and the mother of these being what might be called a "quarter-breed." She has the red Indian characteristics very distinctly, though the father has none. Here lives a curious old squaw, a Cauhanawaga also, in a tiny room that has two chairs, a bed, a washstand, and the bare floor. At intervals, when bed work is slack, this squaw, Sak-wah-nah, may be heard raving in a low, hoarse, and soft-toned voice. These Indian hymns are heard of wild, pathetic melody, and the little book she uses is unique. Probably there is not another one in this country.

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# PLAYING PARTNERSHIP.

Struggling poverty-stricken (gloomily)—

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# WHY DON'T YOU GO TO WORK?

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