

heads the cracked rocket slowly whizzed. The light of the next rocket did not disclose a single person, and it was apparent that the place was deserted. The third rocket happened to strike one of the roofs, and exploding there, set the thatch on fire.

"Good!" Mr. Percy said. "We shall have them asking for terms to-morrow."

Four of the unwounded men were now placed as a guard at the mouth of the gorge, the others retiring farther into it, so as to be beyond the dead Indians, who lay there literally in piles.

The morning broke over the white men occupied in the burial of their two fallen companions, and upon the Indians assembled at a short distance beyond the village. The men sat upon the ground in sullen despair, the women wailed and wrung their hands.

Now that it was day, they could see how terrible had been their loss. Upwards of sixty of their number were missing. The Stag had fallen, as had several of the most valiant braves of the tribe.

Presently the Raven rose from the midst of the warriors. His absence the preceding evening had not been noticed; and although all knew that he had taken no part in the fight, this was considered natural enough, when his advice to give up the captive had been rejected.

"My brothers," he began, "the Great Spirit is very angry. He has hidden his face from his children. Yesterday he blinded their eyes and made them foolish; last night he made them as water before the white men. Why were the ears of the chiefs closed to the words of the Raven? If the Raven had set out with the little White Bird, the great white chief would have been glad, and the hatchet would have been buried