

and Kwatskerine were far away up Nitinat Lake, on the top of the Mountain of Sorrows.

There they prepared for death. Makwakla knew that the vengeance of the Great White King, Edward Rex, would be upon him for the murder of Sailor Jack. Extenuating though the circumstances might be, he was aware that his life must pay the forfeit for a life. As for Kwatskerine, what was life without her love, who was to her "as the apple tree among the trees of the wood"?

The top of the Mountain of Sorrows juts out above Nitinat Lake, many hundred feet over the blue water. There the death-song was sung, while the canoes of the tribe drifted at the foot of the hill.

"Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved," she said, and hand in hand they leaped, and the waters closed over their heads.

THE END.