

ever escape my lips. But you, Tetsi," continued the poor woman, who was now fairly sobbing, "you are his brother, you might speak to him and try to bring him to reason; and if I die, you must take care of my poor children,—promise me that, Tetsi and Antoine, they are your own flesh and blood, do not let them starve. 'Niotsi Cho,' the Great Spirit will give it you back again."

There was a great silence among the Indians when Accomba had finished speaking. An Indian has great discernment, and not only can soon discover where the pathos of a story lies, but he will read as by intuition how much of it is true or false. Moreover, Michel's character was well known among them all, and his eccentricities had often excited their wonder and sometimes their censure. The poor woman's story appealed to each one of them: most of all did it appeal to the heart of Sarcelle her brother, who was another occupant of the room that evening.

"It is shocking, it is monstrous," exclaimed he at full length. "My sister, you shall come with me. I