

THE FORTUNES OF MICHAEL HAYE.

Rob fired, and hit the deer, which made directly for the shore. Just as it neared it, some Indians who had been fishing in a canoe overtook it; and weak from loss of blood, it was killed by a few blows from their paddles. The Indians seemed to think it their prize.

"Come shore—you have part," said their chief, in broken English.



CANADIAN INDIANS IN THEIR WAR DRESSES.

Rob thought this was better than the risk of a quarrel. Near the spot was an encampment of Indians. Those in the canoe let him know that they would consult their friends as to how much of the deer he ought to have.

Rob and his companions climbed up the hill, and watched the Indians, who stood grouped below. They were dark-skinned men, of a dull copper hue. They were in their full war dresses. Their cheeks were mostly painted red, but some had put on other colours. In their heads they wore feathers and bead ornaments. Their coats were of untanned leather,