

had a hunter's eye, and could see them from far, and a hunter's ear to catch the faintest sound of their feet. He would bring you deer's meat, killed by the first shot. No one could say that Michel gave his children meat that had run long, and was heated and bad for food. He would bring rats in the spring time. When the water spread upon the ice, by the water side, he would track them: fleet-footed are they, and glide swiftly into their hole; but Michel was swifter than they. When Michel sank hooks in the lake, the fish came, fine trout from Bear Lake you have eaten; it was hard for you to lift it, my sister; its head was a meal for the little ones; the best for your tezone, the best for your tezone. But, ah! my sister, you have left it now. Oh! cruel Michel has made his children motherless! The baby looks pitiful—it looks pitiful: it stretches out its hands for its mother's breast; it longs to taste the sweet draughts of milk. Ah! *Accombà*, my sister, my partner, why did cruel Michel come and take you from my side?"

Another cry of sorrow was heard from *Sarcelle*,