

my man has had one of his ugly fits upon him for all the winter; he would not hunt anywhere near the Fort, for fear of meeting a white face; and he vowed I was making friends with them, and bidding them welcome to the camp, and so he was afraid to leave it; and then at last, when I begged him to go and get food for his children, he swore at me and called me a bad name, and took up his gun to shoot me."

"Oh, I suppose he only said that in sport," said another of the party; and yet it was plain that Accomba's story had produced a great sensation among her auditors.

"*In sport!*" exclaimed Accomba, now fairly roused to excitement by the apparent incredulity of her listeners; "*In sport*, say you? No, no, Michel knows well what he *says*, though sometimes I think he is hardly responsible for his actions; but look you, boys, my husband vowed to shoot me once, and I stayed his arm and fell on my knees and tried to rouse him to pity; but I will do so no more, and if he threatens me again I will let him accomplish his fell purpose, and not a cry or sound shall