

helpless agony he had looked on. At that moment a well-known voice was in his ear; a single heavy stroke severed the cord that bound him, and the tall Huron, tossing up his arms to heaven, as if glorying in the thought of freedom once again, sprung on to the rescue. The fierce Mohawk was already by the side of the priest; his arm was outstretched to aim the fatal blow, when Le Loup, like a wolf upon his prey, bounded on him. Down came the two powerful savages — the armed and the unarmed — but life and retribution nerved the heart of the Huron, and strung his sinews. The weapon of Kiohba was dashed from his grasp as he fell to the earth, and he sought for the knife in his girdle. For a moment it seemed doubtful which would conquer. Over and over, the two rolled swiftly upon the ground. At length the hand of Le Loup rested upon the knife of his foe; in a moment more it gleamed in the light, and was buried in the heart of the Mohawk. The strong grasp of Kiohba relaxed, and, casting off his nerveless hand, the Huron arose from the fearful struggle. So rapid had it been that the last prisoner was just released.