

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"DEERFOOT DIES FOR THE WHITE MAN."

RALLYING slightly from the dreadful shock, the left hand of Deerfoot began groping in the folds of his hunting-shirt. The Moravian did not catch the meaning of the movement, which was so weak that he was anxious to give him help.

But, while wondering how it should be done he saw its meaning. The hand rested upon the small Bible, which he drew forth, and, reaching it toward the good man, said :

"Read, father, for Deerfoot !"

The missionary took the sacred volume and noticed a passage, which, judging from the thumb marks, was a favorite of the Shawanoe. In a low, solemn, impressive monotone, he read :

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multi-