

And so saying he strode straight through its flame. At once he found himself seated with his back to the tree in his dress of war, with his bow resting against his shoulder. 'Now I am dead,' said he, contentedly; nevertheless, he began to finger his bow. 'On what do the dead feed themselves?' he wondered; and, for a trial, fixed and shot an arrow at a passing bird—for above the tree there was clear sky, though darkness lay around its foot, and in the darkness the fire still burned. The bird fell; he plucked it, cooked it at the fire, and ate.

"'In life I never ate better partridge,' said Daimeka, 'but now that I am a real ghost I will return once more to Michilimackinac and frighten my wife out of her senses, for she deserves it.'

"So when the fire died down he arose, warm in all his limbs, and started northward again. On the fourth day he found his canoe where he had left it, and pushed off for the island. But, as he neared the shore, a man who had been standing there ran back to the village, and soon all his folk came running down to the beach, his wife in their midst.

"'Daimeka!' they cried. 'It is indeed Daimeka returned to us!'

"'That may be,' said Daimeka, as his wife flung her arms around him; 'and again, it may not be. But, dead or alive, I find it good enough.'

"Such, my brother, is the tale of Daimeka. Is it better, now, to return to your people as a ghost or as a man who has found himself?"

John lifted a face of misery.

"Come," said Menhwehna, looking him straight in the eyes, and letting his hand rest from patting the dog, which turned and licked it feebly.

"I will come," said John.

*(To be continued.)*