

boys could handle a bow and arrow, say nothing of anything else, and I suppose we shall do it again, whether the Frenchers like it or not. And as to stopping us, let them try it if they dare. I say, let them try. I have no particular liking for the French, but I have never yet hurt one of them, beyond giving them a *clout* or a shake now and then, like as I served that sneak last moon."

As Bent made allusion to this circumstance, the Chief's countenance somewhat relaxed from that stern gravity in which his features had been fixed; still he was too polite and dignified to laugh outright, although the picture of the French *courreur*, or trapper, raised from his feet in the powerful grasp of Bent, as he shook him, set him down, lectured him in bad French, and, as his anger rose, giving him another shake—and as a *finale* to the last, pitching him into the crotch of a tree some distance over head—was enough to have tried the least risible of muscles.

"But now things are getting beyond all natural endurance, and I guess I shall be trying conclusions in another way with these beggarly hunters and fur agents sent out by DeBienville."

The chief's eyes glistened,—for this was just the conclusion to which he had been urging his friend,—his eyes glistened with that vindictive light which cannot be misunderstood when once seen. "Akyata-tekeaba," said the Chief impressively, "I am glad your eyes are now open, let us let these French and Hurons, and Abenakis and the "bark-eaters" see that we have eyes, and if any of them come sneaking on this side of Andiatoracte, let them feel that our rifles are true shooters, and learn that our knives are sharp."

As the Chief was speaking, a tapping much louder than the common woodpecker makes arrested his attention. Bent looked around in the direction of the sound, and again it came, sharp and distinct.

"The lads see something, I guess," he said, grasping at the same time his heavy rifle which stood leaning against the tree trunk. Okwaho was looking intently along the lake, examining the different points and inlets. He gave a low whistle, and the two sons, who were lying apparently fast asleep, moved round and looked upward.

"Your brothers see something, and have called."

The young fellows seized their rifles and crept away into the bush. Bent and the Chief remained without a movement until the sound was repeated sharper than before.

"Ugh," grunted the Chief, as both he and Bent swung themselves over the tree and crouched behind its shelter.

The lake was triangular in shape; rudely resembling an equilateral having one angle to the south, and Bent and his friends near the north-western angle. While in this position two canoes, each containing six men, emerged from a point near the opposite angle of the lake or in the north-eastern part. The canoes had been launched behind this projecting point which was so situated that Bent and the chief could not see them, although the chief's sons had seen them from the first.

As the canoes rounded the point the men paused and carefully scanned the shores, but appeared to be satisfied with their scrutiny, for in a short time they resumed their journey south, keeping as near to the shore as the irregularities of the land would permit.