

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

‘Wa- e! Wa-i-he! I have him!’ while the canoe rocked to an fro. But when he saw the trout he called, ‘Esa, esa! Shame upon you, trout; I fish for your betters.’ So the trout let go; and again Manabozho sank his line saying, ‘O King Fish, take hold of my bait.’ ‘I shall lose my temper soon with this fellow,’ said the King Fish; ‘here, sunfish, take hold of his line.’ The sunfish did so, and Manabozho’s canoe spun round and round; but when he saw what he had caught, he cried out ‘Esa, esa! Shame upon you, sunfish; I am come for your betters.’ So the sunfish let go, and again Manabozho——”

“Joli amphigouri!” yawned the sergeant. “Pardon, M. Menehwehna, but this story of yours seems likely to last.”

“Not so, O chief; for this time the King Fish took the bait and swallowed Manabozho, canoe and all.”

John laughed aloud; but enough sense remained in Barboux to cover his irritation. “Well, that was the last of him, and the Lord be praised!”

“There is much more of the story,” said Menehwehna, “and all full of instruction.”

“We will postpone it anyhow. Take up your paddle, please, if you have not forgotten how to work.”

So Menehwehna and le Chameau paddled anew, while the great Barboux sat and sulked—a sufficiently childish figure. Night fell, the canoe was brought to shore, and the Indians, as usual, lifted out the wounded men and laid them on beds of moss strewn with pine-boughs and cedar. While Menehwehna lit the camp fire, Muskingon prepared John’s salmon for supper, and began to grill it deftly as soon as the smoke died down on a pile of clear embers.

John sleepily watched these preparations, and was fairly dozing when he heard Barboux announce with an oath that for his impudence the dog of an Englishman should go without his share of the fish. The announcement scarcely awoke him—the revenge was so petty. Barboux in certain moods could