

gesting to them some new mode of increasing the sufferings of the victims. At length, as his appetite for cruelty became excited, he arose, and, seizing one of the tomahawks, drew back and hurled it at the Jesuit. The weapon whistled through the air, and struck the post by his temple, driving a lock of his hair into the wood. A shout of delight arose from the crowd at this evidence of skill, and Kiohba, raising another weapon, aimed a second time at the priest. It struck upon the other side as truly as the first, and the victim stood drawn back to the post by his own hair. Renewed applause broke from the youths, and each one endeavored to emulate the skill of the warrior. After some time they grew tired of their sport, and the prisoners were permitted for a while to remain unmolested.

As the crowd drew away from the spot, the figure of a maiden glided silently to the side of the Jesuit, and, offering a cooling draught to his parched lips, bathed his brow, which the intense excitement had caused to throb with feverish pain.

“Stranger from over the far waters, Morning