

was to endure uncomplaining, whatever her masters laid upon her. "Bah ; you women are always grumbling and bewailing yourselves ; for my part, if I have to starve a little, Kulu (the meat) is all the sweeter when it comes. I suppose Michel has killed enough to give you many a merry night, seated round the camp fire with some good fat ribs or a moose nose, and a fine kettle of tea ; then you wrap yourself in your blanket, or light your pipe and feel like a ' big master.'"

Peter's picture of comfort and enjoyment pleased the Indians, and they laughed heartily and testified their approval, all but poor Accomba. She hung her head, and sadly fondled the baby at her breast. "You may laugh, boys," she said at length, "and you know what starving is as well as I do, though you are pretty well off now ; it is not for myself I speak, I can bear that kind of thing as well as other women, but it comes hard for the children. Before Se Tene, my man, killed his last moose, we were starving for nearly two moons ; a little dried fish and a rat or two, and now and then a rabbit, was all