

have drawn more than one breath of pain. The shots which our friends fired were aimed at the Winnebagoes, and struck your dear ones by mistake ; so cruel was the error that they will never get over the sorrow ——”

The good man noticed the quick, inquiring expression that flashed over the countenance of the Shawanoe. He bent forward just enough to draw his head away from the trunk of the tree that was supporting it, and gasped the single exclamation :

“ *What !* ”

The Moravian had forgotten himself, and revealed the true cause of the death of his dear ones. He saw his mistake, but it was too late to correct it, and, after all, it could make no difference, since the blow had fallen.

“ Yes,” gently added the good man, “ the men wept over their awful mistake, and were unable to stay and witness your grief. I am sure you bear them no ill will ! ”

Deerfoot's head swayed slowly from side to side. At that moment there was no thought of resentment in his heart. He knew it was an accident, but oh, what a cruel one !