

reckoned without the Scotch blood of the hitherto laughing He-he. She was not easy to conquer.

Bee-lee saw them coming with poor Chuck-chuck, and knew it meant trouble; he had never seen the tribe in such a state of excitement. What was the use of his trying to do anything against forty or fifty incensed warriors and hunters. He could only hide and hope to be able to do something for his friend after they had left, as he thought they would in all probability beat or torture him, then bind him to a tree and leave him to the mercy of the wolves, whilst they made a hasty retreat, as was invariably their custom after one of these executions, lest the evil spirit leaving the tortured body of the condemned should take possession of another one of the tribe.

They stripped Chuck-chuck and bound him to a tree. Bee-lee was in hopes they would now leave him, as some of them seemed to counsel; but, urged on by Kwaw-kewlth, they made him a target for many arrows, and as each one struck and the poor boy writhed they gloated over the hard time the evil spirit was having.

Some wanted to put an arrow or a bullet into his heart and end it all, but this the Medicine Men, Kwaw-kewlth and Entominahoo, would not allow, declaring that all their work would then have been in vain.

They made the men dig a hole, unbind the writhing Chuck-chuck from the tree, secure him firmly with thongs, prepare him as for burial, and, alive, lower him into his grave, and fill it in.

By the time this had been done they had had a