

Some young men from a neighbouring ranch-a-ric came in with the news that twelve of their people had slowly wasted and died during the past winter. Terrible witchcraft must have been at work, which their own Medicine Men had not only been unable to overcome, but could not even trace, so subtle had been the evil spirit which had worked its will among them. The young men, therefore, had come to ask Kwaw-kewlth to come with them, join his incantations with theirs, and break the evil influence which possessed their tribe.

He replied cautiously, that he feared he would have as little power as they if a certain boy of his own tribe, who understood the potent charms of the white man's God, once knew what he was going for, and had time to hoo-doo him before he left. So they left mysteriously and at once. On the way he told them of all the evil done by Bee-lee and Chuck-chuck, and of his own powerlessness to arrest their all too potent charms.

When Kwaw-kewlth reached the tepee of the sick man, son of the Chief, he saw at once that the case was identical with that of Tenase Fox, viz., consumption.

They put forth all their efforts, they filled the lodge with relays of braves, who squatted upon their heels and chanted, beating the tom-toms and rattling the cedar sticks. Then they would grow excited, leap on high, gesticulate, shout, clap their hands, burn different things, and cut themselves with knives and flints.

This they kept up for days, neither giving nourishment to the sufferer nor allowing him to close his eyes in