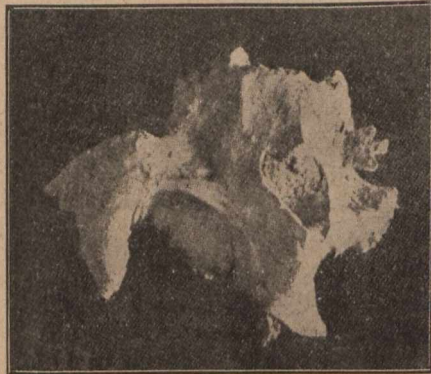


He did not sulk in his tent, however, but while nursing his foot he occupied himself in meditating de la Vérendrye's memoirs, and the maps and notes which he had gone over a hundred times before. The vague hints of the old Indian with the unpronounceable name also came back to him with unwonted force, and it then suddenly flashed on his mind that they had all along been following the wrong scent. The fort, he felt sure, was on the south not on the north shore. Accepting his suggestion the searchers next day traveled two miles up the inlet in the direction indicated, and arrived at a bay which the old chief had spoken of. There, stretching out in a long line, each man being responsible



THE BASE OF THE SKULL

for five feet on either side of him, and meantime cutting their way through tangle brushwood and fighting the dense swarms of mosquitoes which were as thirsty as Sioux for white blood, they were all suddenly summoned by a cry to the side of one of the party. He had come upon a number of flat stones carefully laid upon each other. The spades were quickly at work, and the great discovery was made. They had struck the large chimney of the fort without a doubt. Digging deeper they unearthed, among other things, a carpenter's chisel about eighteen inches long and covered with rust. The next day was Sunday, but on Monday the thirteenth, they uncovered a heap of bones. Among them were