

It was at this juncture that Mr. Smith approached. He surveyed the scene with surprise and anxiety, and walking forward, hastily he asked what it all meant. The advent of one thus clothed with authority produced an instantaneous effect. The Indians turned away, and talked in low tones with one another; Solomon subsided from his fighting attitude into one of vehement denunciation; and Bart proceeded to tell Mr. Smith the whole story.

Mr. Smith listened to it all with the deepest interest.

"It's abominable of Sam," said he, as Bart ended, "and if it had been any one else, I should like to have him punished. But with Sam it is different, and I can easily explain it. Sam is the chief of these Millicetes, and generally is all that a chief should be. The only trouble with him is, that, like all Indians, he is fond of liquor. When he gets any, it makes him simply insane. He stays about here most of the time, and in this place he can't get a single drop. Consequently he is a very sensible, dignified, and respectable Indian. He is looked up to with the utmost respect by his people, and he and I agree perfectly well. Unfortunately, when he goes away, he generally manages to get liquor. He can't resist temptation. He went off, about a fortnight ago, to Miramichi, where you found him. Before starting with you, he sup-