

procured, and where fish or rabbit soup is the only substitute for an infant's natural food. Minnehà tried it, however, for a few weeks. She was cousin to poor Accomba, and spent whole nights in wailing and lamenting, saying, "My sister! my sister! why might I not die instead of you? Oh, my sister, who shall mother your little ones? Who shall work for them? Who shall hunt for them, and bring them the young sayoni skin (sheep skin) from the mountains? Who shall bring them meat when they are hungry—the fine fat ribs, the moose nose, or beaver tail, and the fine bladders of grease, which we cook with the flour from the white man's country? You were proud of your 'tezone' my sister? She had your eyes, dark as the berries of the sassiketoum, and they flashed fire like the aurora of winter nights. Your laugh was pleasant. Oh, my sister! like the waters dancing over the stones, it fell: it was good to listen to your words when we were partners in the days of our childhood. Our mothers dwelt together; they loved each other with sisters' love; they dwelt together