

The rain swept down in torrents, but the prisoner's voice, with its soft resonance, now seemed to fill the darkness. We could scarcely see him in the deep shadow, but the judge and his clerk at the table had their candle-light.

"The horrible mad beast I killed was called Red Saunders. It is known that he stole a white man's wife, and left her to die in shame. It is known to the Indian women that he was dangerous, and ought to have been killed. But he belonged to a powerful white chief, the Indian agent, who sheltered him, fed him, used him as a servant, and allowed him loose to outrage Indian women. He was more dangerous than a grizzly bear, allowed to range the camp without a chain or muzzle. If the Indians complained of that, the white men would only have laughed—as you are laughing now!"

The rain ceased as it began, with startling abruptness; the sky was clearing, and as the light increased we saw the prisoner lying back in his chair, his face lean with privation, lined with pain, his eyes closed, his lips drawn, smiling, as he spoke with gentle tolerance:

"Was this a laughing matter for my wife when she cried for help and no help came; when she took the knife from her belt and plunged it into her body