

perversity had become better and more remunerative since Marcelle had gone away. But even this enhancement of his fortune had not reconciled Black John to her absence. There was nothing that could do that, not even gold, which, as with the Jew, he would have parted with like teeth to save his much-beloved daughter. Knives, hatchets, beads, wampum, tobacco, and the promise of brandy he carried with him, and when he had disposed of them the chief of the Foxes said :

" Now, will white man join us against the Beavers ? "

" No, I will not," returned the trader, emphatically.

" You wish to make war merely to give your war-whoop and to kill. There is no reason in it. You Indians kill one another, and the French and English kill you both. Where will you be before long ? Look at the Hurons. You will go the same way. The Iroquois will find you weakened and only the women and children remaining. What will they do then ? Eh ? "

The chief of the Foxes looked wise, and was silent. Then at length he spoke again, but not as before.

" It is true what the trader says. We are fools. We waste our blood and our scalps upon each other. The day will come when only the squaws and the children will remain. We are not wise, but we are like the wolves which turn on each other."

Black John was delighted to hear him talk in this fashion. " Then, next winter, you will go," he said, " to the region of the black fox and the silver, where they are in plenty, as they used to be here. You will trap