

ed triumphantly. It was Kondiarak. The only trace he bore of the fearful combat was a slight scratch on his left shoulder.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the victorious chief, as he took his seat in the canoe. "I told my enemy, when I struck him with my tomahawk, after running the gauntlet—that is the second mark I have branded on the Serpent; the next time, Death and I will make the mark together. And I spoke the truth; I have made good my promise. Now I am satisfied."

Two hours after the combat, Kondiarak and Tambour were on their way to Michilimackinac; and Lieutenant de Belmont, and his betrothed, Julie de Châtelet, were safe in the mansion of M. de Callières in the city of Montreal.

Fifteen years had passed away, and the Iroquois Confederacy had been humbled under the vigorous governorship of M. de Frontenac.

It was late on the evening of the 5th of August, the anniversary of the "Year of the Massacre," as the terrible catastrophe at Lachine had been named in the Colonial Annals, when two men, attired after the manner of the Hurons, entered the mansion of Col. de Belmont in Montreal.

The Colonel, and his wife, Julie de Belmont, recognized them in a few moments, and welcomed them with the warmest tokens of friendship. The two men, who were still in the vigour of life, were Kondiarak and Tambour.

"We have come," said the Huron chieftain, "to see your little daughter, who is called Isanta."

"I wish her the goodness and the beauty of her namesake," said Tambour with deep earnestness, "but nothing more."

Julie de Belmont retired for a few moments, and led with her, by the hand, a beautiful dark-eyed little girl, on whose cheeks four summers had left their smiles and roses.

Tambour took a white necklace from his bosom, and handed it to his companion. Julie, as she saw it, uttered a cry of delight, and exclaimed—

"That was my sister Isanta's, and once saved my life."

"It saved you at Lachine," said the Huron Chief; "and it was all the reward I accepted for rescuing you and your husband. It has remained with my white brother ever since. But now we have come to give it to your daughter, who is called after my sister."

With these words the Chief placed the necklace on the child, and taking her in his arms kissed her; and Tambour did the same.

The next moment the men disappeared through the door. De Belmont, in the utmost astonishment, followed after them, in order to bring them back, and make them partake of his hospitality. But they would not be persuaded. Hurrying to the river, they sprang into a canoe; and, in a few moments more, Kondiarak, The Rat—the Machiavel of the Wilderness—and Tambour, his companion, passed for ever from the sight, but not from the memory of the colonists.

FINIS.