

lapse, the legs giving way as do those of an ox that has been pole-axed, and the whole frame sank limp and lifeless. It dropped on an inclined bit of rock and, before the running men could reach it, slowly and inertly slipped from the shelving cliff into the deep, dark water at its foot. There was a tremendous splash, an upshooting of spray, great ripples circling away—and then, as the eager watchers stared from above, the water smoothed over, slowly, as if to cast a veil over all evidence of men's blind fury.

At once the Indians ran down to their canoes and paddled desperately towards the point. Here, for a long time, they searched with their long setting poles, that proved too short to reach the bottom. Then they let down a rope made of tump-lines, bearing a heavy hooked branch of water-logged wood, but their efforts were unavailing. Such work was by no means to their liking and they stopped their search very soon, fearing the spirits that gather about the places of sudden death, and returned ashore, running up to where Mashkagan was lying upon the ground with the priest kneeling in prayer at his side. At first they