

their return, was with Jolliet's party when his maps and papers were lost as they were shooting certain rapids,—this accident making doubly valuable Marquette's narrative and map, which were published afterwards by the Superior at Paris. For Jolliet relates that while he was giving vent to his bitter disappointment at this mishap, one of his Indians, muttering sulkily, left the party, and did not return; and that on making enquiries among the others, he was told that this one believed he brought bad fortune with him everywhere. They said that he had always about him two small images, which he had shown them frequently; with these he would not part, saying that in the territory of the Dakotas he had found them at the foot of a large idol which two black gowns had forced him to aid them in throwing down into a river. He had kept the images without the knowledge of the priests, and carried about with him them and a superstitious fear. "*Je ne sais pas ce que ce Jonas Indien devint,*" writes Jolliet, making an end. "*Il etait un original; ni chrétien, ni païen.*"

Burton, in the second volume of his *Indian Remains of the Stone Age*, (published in 1871) describes "two small heads made of a dark red stone, with rudely shaped faces, half man's, half dog's," which he saw in one of the Ojibeway villages. The old man in whose wigwam he found them seemed to regard them as luck-stones, and could not be persuaded to part with them. He informed Burton that it was the belief of those who knew of the images, that they exerted an evil-influence, unless separated; but that he who would separate them became the object of their mischievous malignity,—and they always came together again. The old Indian himself, however, had kept them by him for many years, and knew of no bad fortune that he might lay to their charge.

"From the woodcut in Burton's book," wrote Pearson in his letter, "I feel confident that the images he saw in the Ojibeway villages, are the images which I gave you. Of course I think it out of all likelihood that we should ever come upon any positive proof; for the Michipicoten fishermen from whom I bought them knew no more of them than that after the storm had gone down in which the *Winnipeg* broke on a sunken ledge of rock,—it was in September, two years ago,—they had come to shore on a box or some other floating article from the wreck. However, I hold it true beyond all doubt; and moreover it is surely more than plausible that the two images rested once at the foot of the idol which was overturned by Dablon and Allouez, and were taken by their Huron attendant, as related to Jolliet by the Indians of his party. Next summer I shall make every attempt to prove that this theory is, as I firmly believe it to be, far more than an appeal to the imagination."

"Yes," Wiley was singing, "and you know what fortune they brought Pearson,—wrecked his yacht, and after that his disaster on meeting the *Algonquin*. Of course they have been at the bottom of all your adversity."

"But Jack, they didn't bring you any bad luck while you had them," said Evans, after a pause.

"They seem to be very capricious and unreasonable," returned Wiley. "They are probably feminine divinities. But if you want me to call to mind any of my little casualties,—why, there was that accident at the beer party I gave after my initiation."

Evans assented vaguely, thinking of other things; and there was an interval before Wiley spoke again. "Let us see," he proposed, "what will come of getting them apart."

"No," said Evans nervously, and then laughed. "You don't think there's anything in it, surely?"

"Well, perhaps we'll see. I'll keep one of them in my room for a week or two."

When he was alone, Evans took up furtively the one image left, laughing uneasily at himself, and glancing about him quickly. Putting it down, he hurried from the room.

VIII

As if a man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing else but kneel before a little idol! *Bacon.*

It was the lazy afternoon time of a day in the last week of August. Of late, some of the men were returning to Residence, as was usual yearly on the approach of the supplementals. Wiley and his friend, however, were alone together in Evans' room, and the latter looking down upon the quad from his open window, carelessly watched Dekker, who was playing tennis below. "That Dekker is a noisy beggar," he said at

last. "Why can't he play now, without making such a row about it?"

"He's merely raising a racket once in a while," returned Wiley. "We all do, when we're at tennis."

Since Wiley had taken away one of the idols to his own room, Evans had not as yet found a perceptible change in things. True, no fresh piece of bad fortune had come upon him; as for good fortune, only the sick man, of course, knows what the *corpus sanum* is. Evans was becoming sceptical. "It's all very strange and remarkable," he said, "but about one point in particular, I think, Jack, that you know more than you'll say. How did the two alleged idols get back to my room after I had given them to Elsie Fraine?"

"Upon my word, I haven't the slightest idea," answered Wiley. "If you'll recall well everything that happened that day, you must acknowledge that I could have had no hand in it." And Evans admitted that his suspicions were unfair.

"Elsie Fraine had them only one afternoon, you say," pursued Wiley. "Do you remember what she wrote on, that afternoon?"

"It was history," Evans exclaimed quickly.

"She was starred in History, and in nothing else,—eh?"

But Evans, in a sudden fit of anger, had seized the image on his mantel and thrown it out the window. He was moving about in the room, bursting into wrathful utterances, when Dekker broke in with the two images in his hand, and stood facing him. "The devil!" he said.

"This is a nice way to settle a grudge against a fellow," Dekker cried out angrily, dashing the images on the floor. "I saw you looking out of your window, but I didn't think you'd try to kill me with those stones!"

"I—I didn't—" began Evans,—“why, you know—”

"I know it wasn't your fault one of them didn't knock me senseless!"

"But it couldn't, you know, Gus," Wiley put in, laughing, "and you shouldn't be tautological."

"That's all very well," roared Dekker, in a higher key, "but I've a good mind to punch your head, Evans,—d'ye hear?" he bawled.

Evans was running up to him with fists clenched, but was pushed back by Wiley, who then in the midst of a great noise, got Dekker safely out of the room, *pugnis et calcibus*. He came back at once to quiet Evans.

As young Mr. Foker's valet said, in *Pendennis*, "the fight didn't come off." Wiley made some explanations, and arranged the affair amicably in the evening. He was at a loss, however, for a satisfactory explanation to Evans of how it was that the two images had got together again in Dekker's hands. Dekker himself had persisted in saying that both were thrown towards him; and there were three or four who had seen him pick up the two from the grass. The only way out of it, Wiley said, was that the second image must have been thrown from his window, which was above Evans, at the same moment that Evans threw the other, and in the same direction.

"But that's impossible," said Evans, at once; and chose to say no more about it. In Wiley's presence he would give no sign, and affected to make light of it all; but before that afternoon he had never known what it was to cower under the sickening consciousness that he was wholly in the hands of some malignant power. His scepticism trembled at the thunderbolt from a clear sky overhead.

Sometimes he would seek for the means of appeasing and placating the idols, with the terrified helplessness of the blind man who was to guide himself by the coloured signal lights in the night; and again he would fall into a melancholy, and pass whole days downcast and disheartened. His dreams were troubled; the idols pursued him in his sleep, and he could find no place of refuge from their little spiteful eyes. And they would grow larger and larger, and overpower him, and press him down, making merry to each other over their work, with hideous, misshapen grins.

This, of course, could not last; but when at length he cast from him, as best he could, the terrors of these twilight regions of superstition, he was ashamed and unwilling to rid himself finally of the idols; for Wiley would know of it. And being unable to overcome his uneasy fear of their presence, he was still disquieted by thoughts of what further mischances might still be in store for him. It was no longer an armed man coming against him, but a cut-throat lurking for him in the shadows. *(To be continued.)*