

the ghastly scene, and then from the whole of the assembled Indians.

“Se tūe ! Se tūe !” “My sister, my sister !” cried the women, as one by one they gazed upon the face of the departed ; then kneeling down, they took hold of the poor still warm hand, or raised the head to see if life were indeed extinct ; then as they found that it was truly so, there arose within that lodge the loud, heart-piercing Indian wail, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. Far, far through the tangled wood it spread, and across the swift river ; there is nothing like that wail for pathos, for strange succession of unusual tones, for expression of deep need—of the heart-sorrow of suffering humanity !

In the meantime the chief actor in that sad tragedy had let the instrument of his cruelty fall from his hand ; it was immediately seized by one of the Indians and flung into the river. Michel made no resistance to this, albeit even at that moment it might have occurred to him that being deprived of his gun, he was shorn of well nigh his only means of subsistence. He turned to leave his