

grass and buried his face in his wrinkled, red hands, while the hunter hurried back to Eduard Harrison with the tidings he had just received. They at once decided to set out for the Iroquois village in the morning and Rivenoak, having been promised a great reward, accompanied the little band as their guide.

For four long weeks they tramped the solitary forests and trackless wastes of that country until the wigwams loomed on the western horizon, like one long, black line of color—and then they halted.

"Let Rivenoak go ahead," said the Indian. "He wants to see if the white flower is under the black forest rose."

"Yes, let him," said several of them. "He knows what he is about better than we." But minds differed just then. Some were satisfied, but the majority wanted to approach the village in a body. And so they did, and before long they noticed a stir of excitement about several wigwams, and presently several of the tribe presented themselves armed and ready for action.

"Let us shoot at once," cried Hayward, confused and excited. "Let us shoot before all of them have time to equip themselves." The last word had hardly fallen from his lips when one of the Iroquois came running towards them. Eduard had lost all control of his feelings, his nervous tension was high, and being in the lead, he was certain that this redskin and no one else was the man who had robbed him of his wife and child. He fired his gun, a sharp report followed, and suddenly with a dull thud the Indian fell to the ground.

Eduard's hasty action came as a thunderbolt to the hearts of his more sanguine followers, and the poor man soon realized the fatal mistake he had made. No one was more affected than Rivenoak, who walking up and down muttered to himself strange sounding words of his native tongue and then said: "Iro-

quois friendly — shoot too soon — their red blood is now boiling."

The news of the assault spread like wild fire. Three or four Indians hastened to the side of their wounded comrade, while a few darted here, there, everywhere, inciting the others to avenge the wrong. The air soon rang loud with their cries of revenge, for by this time every wigwam had given forth its occupants, and now they stood, facing the "pale-faced" invaders, who had disturbed their peace and quiet. But another moment and they would have been engaged in deadly combat, had not the missionary priest—a saintly old man, garbed in brown—appeared on the scene. The noises, yells and chattering ceased immediately as he lifted his crucifix meekly in his hands and raised his clear, full voice in protest.

Turning to the Indians, the kind priest addressed them in their own language. They listened attentively to all he said. Then, turning to the strangers he asked them, in searching tones, the object of their coming and why they had disturbed the freedom of this harmless people, and killed the messenger, who had been sent to welcome them with open arms.

His cheek aflame with shame and expectation, Harrison stepped forward to answer the Carmelite's questions. He stood there in utter despair, as he told how his dwelling had been fired by the Indians; how his wife and child had been stolen from him and now he had come here accompanied by his friends in search of them.

The priest raised his finger and then began in sympathetic voice: "No one in my band had anything to do with the abduction of the mother and child, so near and dear to you. The Iroquois have been treated so shamefully by the white people that they are only too glad to stay away from them, but I will inquire, poor man, and do all I can for you. If I can win over the In-