

CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller," "The Years Between," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XI. A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

Arthur Gravenor returned to his rooms at the Clarendon with madness in his heart. The insane desire to do Mazie some great injustice preyed upon his mind continually and he fairly exulted over his newly formulated plans to kidnap her little daughter. The debt would then be paid, he argued. But what was to do with the stolen child? The thought gave him no little trouble. Finally he decided to take it back to Kempton with him, and then? He was puzzled, but at this moment he did not give the matter much thought.

Muriel waited long for her brother's footsteps that evening. She could not sleep. Something within seemed to tell her to remain awake. Several times she stole over to Arthur's room and each time she found his bed empty.

Arthur had no sooner entered his room than his sister was again at the door. "At last! at last!" she exclaimed. "I have been worrying all evening about you. Where have you been this long while? The concert is over fully two hours ago."

"Oh, I met an old friend in the garden and we had a long chat renewing old times."

Had Muriel known who the old friend was, she could have accounted more easily for Arthur's silence and his troubled, anxious look.

"Arthur you look so worried and pale," Muriel said much concerned. "Come, tell me what is the matter?"

"Nothing much," he answered wearily, "but I am growing tired of this place and I am anxious to get back to my mill at Kempton. We've been here several weeks and that's long enough, I think."

"What do you mean, Arthur? Do you mean that you care to stay here no longer? Oh, I am so sorry. You were just beginning to gain. Only to-night you looked the picture of health."

"I must get away. Everything seems to haunt me. These old, mean thoughts are back again killing me by inches, I think I would feel better looking after my work at the mill. Really, Muriel, I often feel as if I were going crazy."

"Oh, brother, do not speak so! It hurts me. You do not know how anxious I am to see you get strong. Come! cheer up, for my sake, do!" She spoke, overcome with emotion, as the tears filled her eyes with mist. "You must try to rise above these gloomy thoughts. Remember, Arthur, there's a God in heaven who will be only too willing to give you strength and peace. Go to Him and He will help you in all your troubles."

"Muriel, I am not worthy of His love, for I have murmured against Him almost daily, when I look upon other bright-eyed lives I feel the darkness of mine. Why should God have denied me so much happiness?"

"It was all for a purpose," Muriel answered comfortingly. "God knows best Arthur. So be patient!"

"I would just as leave be dead, Muriel," Arthur continued despairingly. "As to drag out such a miserable existence. But we must get away from this place and that very soon. By the way, Muriel, I am thinking of taking a little child back to Kempton with me. I may adopt one—a sweet little girl. She will help to bring some brightness into Bleur House. What do you think of the plan?"

Arthur thought it best to refer to the child lest Muriel might regard his sudden appearance with a degree of suspicion.

"I think it would be glorious," exclaimed Muriel. "It would be such company for Aunt Hawkins and myself. And you say the little thing is pretty—the sweet dear?"

"Yes, she is very pretty."

"How old is she?"

"I would imagine about three or four."

"By all means adopt her Arthur. How did you happen to hear of her?"

"I met the woman who has taken care of the child since her parents died, one afternoon. She was very poor and begged of me to take the child."

Just then Muriel's eyes stole to the table. The roses which Arthur had bought at the evening concert had been thrown upon it carelessly.

"Where did you get the pretty roses, dear?" she asked quickly as she rose from her chair. "My! Are they not beautiful? Where did you get them?"

"At the evening concert. A woman sold them to me."

"Was it the Rose-Queen?"

Arthur's face colored slightly.

"Yes, my darling," he answered in a trembling voice.

"They say she is very pretty. I have not yet seen her, but I must before I leave the island."

Arthur was just then hoping that she might never see her face. He would take good care, however, that they would leave the island, just as soon as possible. How could he best steal the child? That was the question now troubling his mind.

haunting picture. He tried to sleep, but it was useless. His thoughts would not let him. They were continually battling for the mastery. Presently they led him back to the concert-garden. Again Mazie rose before him, but now her face had the cold look of death upon it. Her cheeks were cheerless, her eyes sunless. She was dead to him forever—dead! dead! Again that haunting soprano voice echoed through his troubled memory.

"Let us forget the graves which lie between our parting and our meeting, and the tears that rusted out the gold work of our years. The frosts that fell upon our gardens green."

"How can I forget?" he moaned in anguish. "God! teach me to forget if such a thing is possible. I am afraid this will drive me mad."

The city clock struck the hour of midnight—twelve, strong, haunting strokes that sounded to Arthur like a death knell. After a few minutes, sleep came to his eyes and his mind enjoyed a rest for an hour or so.

Presently he raised himself in bed like one startled out of a terrible dream. "I thought I heard some one calling," he said to himself.

Slowly and faintly a voice sounded outside: "Help! help!"

Arthur sprang to the window. What appeared like a bundle of rags was moving about on the hard pavement below. A few minutes later he was beside the writhing form.

"What is the matter good woman?" Arthur asked kindly.

The pined, wax face looked up at him. "I've pain—great pain, sir. Give me whiskey—whiskey! Ugh! it'll kill me! Kill me! Oh, the pain—the pain!"

Arthur ran to his room for liquor. "Here's some whiskey," he said a minute later, "drink it!"

Gently lifting the woman's head he placed the small glass to her lips.

Half an hour later the woman was herself again. A policeman had in the meantime arrived. Passing on his rounds he had noticed the two people down on the pavement.

"What has happened?" he asked. "The woman was taken sick. I heard her cries for help in my room upstairs so I rushed to her side. She has had some whiskey and feels better now."

The policeman bent over the little woman and at once recognized her face.

"Ah, it's you, Mad Nance. What's the matter?" he asked. "Another attack of colic, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, 'twas a bad one this time," she replied slowly. "I'll be the death of me yet."

The policeman had seen her in many of these attacks before.

"Shall I get the ambulance for her?" Arthur asked kindly as she rose to her feet.

"Don't bother, she answered. 'The pain's over now and I'm just as good as ever. So good-night, gentlemen—and thank you!'"

Slowly she stumbled along the smooth pavement on her homeward journey. When she was gone Arthur asked:

"Who is this strange woman?"

"That is Mad Nance. Nance Drowler is her right name. I have often seen her in these attacks."

"But what is she doing out at this late hour?"

"I hardly know, but's for no good purpose. Mad Nance is one of the worst characters we have on the island. She is said to have been the instigator of several crimes, but the hands of the law have never been able to reach her. She is as sly and cunning as a fox and has outwitted many a detective. Every body knows Mad Nance. She is very peculiar. Some even think she is half insane. Hence they've called her Mad Nance. But do you know she has brains enough left yet to fool us all. And she has done it these many years too."

At that moment an idea came to Gravenor's mind. Mad Nance was the sort of person he was looking for. The wretch would in all probability help him to steal that child from the Lescot cottage. An offer of gold would possibly be tempting bait for the old hag. He determined to find out just where the woman lived.

"She looked like a strange woman to me," Gravenor remarked. "There were so many hard lines on her starved, wrinkled face."

"That woman will do anything for money, they say," the policeman continued. "It is rumored she has plenty of it even though she is clad so miserably."

"Has she lived here long?"

"Almost all her life."

"Do you think, sick as she was, she will reach her destination to-night?"

"Yes, she has done so repeatedly. Besides, it is not very far. Her house stands on the outskirts of the city—past Hortley and Lancaster Road. It is the only house at that particular spot."

CHAPTER XII. MAD NANCE.

Arthur lay upon his bed tossing about nervously. The city clock struck the hour of 2, and sleep was still afar off. The sound of the chimes pierced his heart. Like a frightened being he jumped from his bed and strode to the window. All the brightness of moonlight had vanished. Dark, ominous clouds were filling the sky.

"Past Hortley and Lancaster Road," he spoke to himself. "How would it be to visit Mad Nance now under cover of darkness and arrange the plot? No one would see me. The city seems quite dark. The sky is growing blacker and it will take hours before the moon appears. I shall get ready and—"

Just then there were sounds of footsteps in the hall.

"I am sure it is Muriel," he whispered, "coming to see whether I am fast asleep." Hurriedly he jumped into his bed, pulled the coverlet over him, closed his eyes and simulated sleep.

Then the door opened and Muriel glided in noiselessly, a lighted candle in her hand, and approached the bed.

"He is sleeping—thank God! poor boy!"

Slowly and silently she left the room and closed the door behind her.

When she was gone Arthur rose from his bed. His sister's kindly solicitude touched him deeply.

"Poor Muriel, dear child!" he cried. "I am so wicked and you are so good. Oh, you are not for this world." A few tears came to his eyes, but he brushed them away quickly.

A half hour later he was hurrying through the streets in the darkness in the direction of Mad Nance's rendezvous. On his way he passed Piccadilly street. A light at the far corner made it very bright. He halted for a moment. Yes, there stood Mazie's cottage. A light shone in the window. What did it all mean? His heart almost stood still. Something urged him to steal up to the window. He did so cautiously, and raising himself on tip-toe, looked in.

To his surprise, he saw two women engaged in earnest conversation. In a moment he started out of the room. In a bed in the corner slept the two children. Directly opposite stood Mazie's bed. Arthur drew nearer and listened eagerly for every word that escaped the stranger's lips.

"It is really too bad, Mrs. Lescot, to call you out of bed at this time of the morning," remarked the elderly woman who lived a block or two away. "Jim has been taken very ill. The doctor says he has pneumonia. He called last evening. The poor fellow is getting worse. He is delirious now, and I hardly know what to do. I wondered whether you would come over and stay with me?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Sorel."

"I thought you would. I shall send Mary to stay with the children."

Mrs. Sorel was a girl of about twelve, a deaf-mute. She had lost her speech and bearing during a sickness in early childhood.

"I telegraphed my daughter, Mamie, last evening," Mrs. Sorel continued. "She is nursing in Fenton, but it will take two days for her to come."

Mrs. Sorel and Mazie Lescot had been good friends for years. The former had helped the latter many a time to tide over great difficulties, and Mazie naturally felt only too happy to be able to do her this small service.

"You need not worry, Mrs. Sorel," exclaimed Mazie. "I will go along with you now and to-morrow I will stay all night, so that you will be able to rest a while. You look so tired. I shall feel contented so long as Mary is with the children."

"Thank you! I shall go home and bring Mary, and then you can return with me."

"This is fortunate," muttered Gravenor outside, his face aglow with gladness. "Every thing is unraveling nicely, and now for a quiet talk with Mad Nance." He hurried on anxiously, his brain a-whirl with strange excitement.

Soon he was crossing Lancaster Road. The moon peeped for a few minutes through a rift of gray clouds, just long enough to give him a glimpse of his surroundings. Yes, this was Lancaster Road. He could read the name plainly on one of the telephone posts. A few yards away he discovered a narrow little path that led to a house beyond.

He could only see the roof. The house seemed to be hidden behind a number of pine-trees. Every thing was in a lone place for a human being to live in. There was not another house in sight as far as eye could reach. A miserable small brook wound snake-like through the tall grass. Now and then one heard the lonely cries of the frogs in the green, stagnant marshes. Not a breath of wind disturbed the surface of the water which was almost suffocating. The whole place seemed to reek of death.

Arthur walked nervously up the lonely path. He took a red wig and beard out of his pocket and donned the strange disguise. Mad Nance was not to recognize him. Presently he stood at the door of the dwelling—a plain, unpretentious building. He rapped and waited a few minutes but no answer. He rapped a second time still no answer. Again his fingers sounded on the door. This time a weak voice called from within:

"What's wanted? Who comes here?"

"A traveller weary and worn, looking for a bed. Will you let him in?"

"Be he friend or enemy?"

"Friend, to be sure."

Then the heavy door opened and Arthur entered the house.

"Be seated man," the old wretch whined as she strode into an adjoining room. "I'll see you in a minute."

In the meantime Arthur's eyes took in the surroundings. The room was scantily furnished. The walls were bare and dirty. An old rickety table, two chairs and a small rusty stove were all that the room contained. Upon the table stood an empty whisky-bask and a half loaf of dry bread. In the window stood a withered geranium that had died of inanition.

Presently Mad Nance entered the room with a slow, sly walk. There was a suspicious look in her piercing, black eyes. She looked like a woman who was satisfied with her journey, and yet she was only in the forties. Poorly-nourished, it was surprising how her heart could go on beating in so wasted a body. Yet her voice was loud and strong—one that would have done an orator justice. On her face was written the story of her life—a record of debauchery and crime.

It was a dried-up, yellow-looking face, the bony cheekbones showing prominently. Her lips were almost bloodless and when she spoke one could see that a number of her front teeth were missing. Her steel gray hair hung in great disorder about her face. She looked like one in the last stages of dementia. When she walked a slight limp was noticeable in her gait, and in her back on the right hand side a small lump showed plainly.

An old black dress, fastened together in many places with safety pins covered her miserable, thin body.

Rubbing her hands together somewhat nervously, she took her seat directly opposite Arthur. Then, her searching, piercing eyes sought his face. It almost startled him.

"So you came here for a night's lodging?" she said suspiciously. "It seems strange that such a well-dressed man as you should care to stay over night in such a hole as this. Besides—"

"Never mind, Nance," Arthur interrupted. "You see I know your name—that was only an invention of mine to get into the house. I shall tell you now what brings me here. Remember, I do not come to do you harm. I come to give you a chance of earning some money."

Mad Nance's face brightened and a smile came to her eyes. "Really!" she exclaimed. "I love money. It's my god!" She wrinkled her face for a moment and her bad teeth showed conspicuously. Then she fell into a fit of coughing. Arthur was afraid that it might prostrate her. It seemed to shake every bone of her body.

"I would not wish this cough to the devil," she gasped. "It will flatten me out one of these days. But what's the difference? Then Mad Nance's sufferings will be over. Tell me what brings you here, man!" she cried. "Speak up!" She rose from her chair and walked up and down the room.

"I want you to do something—to steal something for me. I shall pay you well for it."

"Steal something? Steal what?" she asked eagerly, standing still for a moment.

"I want you to steal a child. Now don't get nervous. It can be managed easily. Will you do it?"

"What'll the job bring me?"

"Two hundred dollars!"

"Two hundred dollars!" she cried lustily. "Say that'll pay for our whiskey bills, Mag, old girl, eh?"

"Bet your life, Nance," echoed Mag's voice from an adjoining room. "Mag was her intimate friend, her sister in crime and degradation."

"Where does the child stay?" queried Nance.

"At 78 Piccadilly—Mrs. Lescot's cottage."

"Ah yes, I know the place. Lescot? Lescot? Then it is the Rose-Queen's child."

"Yes, that's the woman."

"Why do you seek to ruin the Rose-Queen? She is so beautiful and harmless."

"That is no concern of yours," Arthur interrupted. "Do you want to earn the money? This question requires your answer, Nance."

"Certainly, I do."

Again the cold, hardened face wrinkled into smiles.

"Well, stranger," she continued, "how shall I go about all this? Remember I am a poor-looking specimen of humanity but I'm not one of the kind that fears the gallows or the prison, sir."

The proffered two hundred was tempting bait for Mad Nance who had neither heart nor conscience. She had nibbled too often at the golden hook of crime to fear capture now.

"Don't think hard of me," she muttered. "Nance Drowler was a decent woman at one time, but Mag Snell and a few other black souls pulled her on to the road of perdition."

"You lie, Nance," shrieked Mag, "you lie! It was whiskey that did it—hot, burning whiskey."

In the meantime Mad Nance, tired of walking, seated herself in her chair and held her head in her hand.

"How am I to manage this?" she asked again, a troubled look in her wild, demoniacal eyes.

"Listen! Gravenor answered drawing closer. "To-morrow night the Rose-Queen will not be at home. She is going to spend the night nursing a sick man—the husband of an old friend of hers. A little girl—a deaf-mute and daughter of the sick man—is going to remain over night with the two children until the Rose-Queen returns in the morning. So you see there will be no obstacle, but you had better disguise yourself."

"That will be an easy matter. I have plenty of material here that has helped me to overcome greater difficulties. You said there were two children, the woman repeated slowly. "Which one shall I steal?"

"The little girl. Her bed stands in the corner of the room. You can make no mistake. The deaf-mute will likely be soundly asleep. You can enter the Lescot house through the kitchen-window. I noticed it was open but an hour ago when I passed. When the child is in your arms hurry to the bend in the river where the white boathouse stands. I shall be waiting there for you and the child. Now this is all I ask you to do. Will you promise to keep all this a secret? One word from you would cost both of our lives."

"I promise! I promise!" the old wretch whispered faintly.

"I may trust you then," Gravenor said, his lips trembling visibly.

"Trust me, man?" she spoke angrily. "Why, certainly, that's what you are paying me for. My lips will be forever sealed. Depend upon it!"

"I'll be there with the prize," she answered joyfully. "You can depend upon me. Nance Drowler will not be found wanting when the proper time arrives. I swear—I swear it!"

And with these words ringing in his ears Gravenor left that house of sin, his troubled face turned towards the morning which still lingered babe-like in the night's tender, soothing mother-arms.

TO BE CONTINUED. TALE OF THE TRAGEDY OF MASSACRE ISLAND.

INTENSELY INTERESTING HISTORY OF A BLOODY INDIAN OUTRAGE AND THE LONG PERSISTENT SEARCH FOR THE REMAINS OF THE VICTIMS WHICH WAS FINALLY CROWNED WITH SUCCESS A FEW WEEKS AGO.

Winnipeg Free Press.

On Friday, Aug. 14, 1908, the Free Press gave to the world the story of the remarkable and historic discovery made by the Jesuit fathers of St. Boniface college, assisted by Father Bellevue, of the Palace and Judge Prud'homme, on the south side of the north-west angle inlet of the Lake of the Woods. This discovery consisted in the finding, after the lapse of one hundred and seventy-two years, of the mortal remains of Father Aulneau, Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye, and the French Canadian voyageurs, all of whom were brutally murdered by Sioux Indians on June 8, 1736, on an island in the Lake of the Woods. Owing to the sparsely populated condition of the western country no attempts to locate these remains were made for over a century and a half. Little was known of the massacre and it seemed as if the lonely tragedy of the lake would keep its secret for all time. Equally unknown was the site of Fort St. Charles, built by Sieur de la Verendrye in 1732. It was to this fort that Verendrye in 1736 transferred the remains of the massacred party and gave to same a religious burial.

On July 16 last an exploration party consisting of Father Dugas, rector of St. Boniface college, Fathers Blain, Paquin, Leclair, Filion, Leveille and Dugre, and lay brothers Gervais and Paquin discovered the site of Fort St. Charles. On Aug. 7, a subsequent party consisting of Fathers Blain, Paquin, Bisson and Bellevue, lay brothers Gervais and Gauthier and Judge Prud'homme, discovered three skulls on the site of Fort St. Charles. On Aug. 8, sixteen more skulls were dug out and one complete skeleton. On Aug. 10, two more skeletons were unearthed. On Aug. 11, a further two skeletons were discovered. The nineteen skulls are beyond the shadow of a doubt those of the murdered voyageurs, while two of the skeletons are certainly those of Father Aulneau and Jean de la Verendrye, the eldest son of the great French explorer.

"I BUILT FORT ST. CHARLES."

To appreciate fully the remarkable discovery made during July and August last by the St. Boniface priests it is necessary to recall a little Canadian history. On June 8, 1731, Pierre Gaultier de Verendrye, Sieur de la Verendrye, left Montreal for western Canada, accompanied by some fifty French-Canadian voyageurs. En route Father Messiaiger, a Jesuit priest, joined the expedition as chaplain and almoner. Wintering himself at Kaminitiquia, Verendrye sent his nephew, Christophe de la Jemmeraye, on to Rainy Lake to establish a post there. Leaving Kaminitiquia on June 8, 1732, Verendrye rejoined his nephew on July 14 of the same year at the post on Rainy Lake whither a large number of Indians had come for purposes of trade. After the customary exchange of presents, Verendrye descended Rainy River and entered the Lake of the Woods with a flotilla of fifty canoes. On the western side of the lake he built a fort to which he gave the name of St. Charles. For nearly two-hundred years the only clue to the whereabouts of Fort St. Charles was contained in the simple statement of Verendrye: "I built Fort St. Charles in a bay west of the Lake of the Woods."

This was rather indefinite seeing that the Lake of the Woods contains some thirteen-thousand islands and innumerable inlets. It is true that Verendrye left some maps and some records of his explorations. The former, however, were extremely crude and inaccurate, while the latter have only recently become accessible to the Roman Catholic Church. Verendrye wrote in his memoirs that the bodies of the martyrs were found on an island seven leagues from the fort. A French league is 2.42 miles, on this basis the distance between the fort and the island of the massacre greatly puzzled many of the recent exploring parties. It may be mentioned, en passant, that Verendrye's memoirs are preserved in the archives of the French government. Last year the St. Boniface priests received a copy of the most interesting part of them made by Prof. Leau, of the Roman Catholic institute, Paris.

VERENDRYE ON THE RED RIVER.

In the spring of 1733 Verendrye sent back his canoes to the east with the furs received during the winter, giving his men orders, the same time, to return with fresh supplies of merchandise. Father Messiaiger, who had been taken ill, returned with the voyageurs to Montreal. In the meantime Verendrye, accompanied by his eldest son, pushed on as far as Lake Winnipeg, where they established a trading post. Then, ascending the Red River fifteen miles, they established a small trading fort and afterwards returned to Fort St. Charles. During the autumn of 1734 Verendrye sent his eldest son to found a trading post on the Winnipeg river as the Creeks were asking for this. The fort was called Fort Maurepas. Having accomplished all that he had set out to achieve Verendrye returned to Montreal in the spring of 1734. Arrived back he tried to put his affairs in order, but instead of having realized the large profits anticipated by the French court he was in debt to the extent of 43,000 livres. In the hope of doing further business with the Indians and of paying his creditors with the profits of same, he succeeded after much trouble in securing the necessary merchandise and on June 21, 1735, he again left for the west.

A DIET OF TAINTED PIKE.

After a voyage of four months Verendrye found himself at Fort St. Charles, accompanied this time by Father Aulneau, a Jesuit missionary. Verendrye wintered at Fort St. Charles, his sons and his nephew trading with the Indian at the different posts which had been established. Father Aulneau was a particularly promising young priest. In the east he had already acquired considerable fame as a linguist and had mastered, amongst other things, several Indian languages. He believed he could easily acquire the Cree tongue, and this he did. During the winter of 1735-6 he even composed a Cree grammar. Late in the spring of 1736 the supplies of the party at Fort St. Charles ran out, and according to Father Aulneau, they were almost reduced to a diet of tainted pike. The Indians brought in little or no game that year, and in fine there was much suffering.

At length Verendrye decided to send some of his men to Michilimackinac (now Mackinac Island, Mich.) in order to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. Father Aulneau, whose original intention had been to go farther west, asked Verendrye if he might join the expedition, as he was anxious to see a fellow missionary who was then at the head of the lakes. Verendrye granted the request, but Father Aulneau asked further that Verendrye's son, Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye, who was then twenty-two years of age, should lead the expedition. The second request was made as Father Aulneau was anxious that the expedition should be in good hands and the young Jean Baptiste had already given promise of following in the footsteps of his adventurous father. The latter granted both the requests of the missionary and on June 3, 1736, the party set out for the head of the lakes.

MURDERED BY THE SIOUX.

Fort St. Charles was in the country of the Crees and between them and the Sioux a guerrilla warfare had been proceeding for some time back. As far as possible the French voyageurs had striven to remain neutral and above all they had taken care not to show themselves as partisans of the Crees. It must be assumed, however, that the Sioux suspected the French of having aided to a greater or less extent with the Crees and one of the last words of the elder Verendrye to his son was an admonition to avoid the Sioux. But as fate would have it they fell in with a party of these cruel and treacherous Indians almost immediately after starting and on June 6, 1736, on an island in the Lake of the Woods, the expedition, consisting of Father Aulneau, Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye and nineteen French Canadian voyageurs, were murdered to the last man. No echo of the terrible tragedy reached the ears of the elder Verendrye until June 20, 1736, when a party of voyageurs returning to Fort St. Charles from Michilimackinac announced that at the latter place notice had been heard of the party in charge of the young Verendrye.

Verendrye immediately fitted out a canoe to search for the scene of the tragedy, placing Sergeant Le Gros in charge of the expedition. At first the search was fruitless, but on the way back to the fort some of the bodies were found on an island, which was believed to have been the site of the massacre, and was named Massacre Island. All the bodies found had been beheaded. Father Aulneau's body was found resting upon one knee. There was an arrow in his side and a gaping wound in his breast. His left hand rested on the ground and the other was raised aloft. The body of the younger Verendrye was stretched on the ground, face downwards. His back was hacked with a knife and there was a deep wound in his loins. The headless trunk was docketed out with garters and bracelets and porcupine quill. Many of the heads were found pierced with arrows and in addition most of them had been scalped. The Sioux had placed the bodies upon beaver skins in the form of a circle.

It was necessary to bury the remains at once and they were all interred in a single hole. After burying the remains Sergeant Le Gros returned to the fort and brought the news of the massacre to those that had remained there. The Cree Indians were greatly exercised at the terrible news and they immediately proposed to avenge the Sioux treachery. Verendrye, however, had received strict orders from Beauharnois, governor of New France, to avoid all hostilities with the Indians. He, therefore, remained quietly at Fort St. Charles until Sept. 17 of the same year. He then sent six voyageurs to Massacre Island and had the remains of his son, Father Aulneau and the murdered voyageurs removed from their first resting place to Fort St. Charles. There they were re-buried on Sept. 18, 1736 beneath the chapel with solemn rites.

THE VENDEE LETTERS.

Fort St. Charles was abandoned in 1750, a few years before the last warfare between France and England. As the years rolled on all physical traces of it, or at any rate superficial ones, vanished completely and when interest in the massacre and its amenities was re-awakened, nothing whatever of the site of the tragedy or of the fort could be identified. It is true that on some old maps one of the islands on the American side was marked "Massacre Island," but a mark of interrogation was placed after these words. In 1889, however, a great discovery was made and one which has aided materially in the recent discovery. Two French Jesuit priests were preaching in a village of the Vendee and during their stay there some letters were handed to them by a descendant of Father Aulneau's family to whom they had been bequeathed by Father Aulneau himself. Other letters were also given to the priests written by Canadian missionaries and relating the facts of the massacre. With one of these letters had been sent a skull cap which had been worn by Father Aulneau at the time of the massacre and had been