

We shall then rush in, kill your husband, and you shall choose one among all of us to be your spouse." And strange enough the woman accepted this treacherous proposal.

But after the men had left, the woman turned to making moccasins and snowshoes for her husband. A little later her husband returned, and, after taking his supper, he said to his wife, apparently having divined somehow or other what had taken place, "How many men were here to-day?"

"Quite a few," was the reply.

"You had better get ready at once," he said. "Take your snowshoes and prepare to flee when those men return." The husband meantime was making preparations to fight. When he had completed his arrangements for resistance, he said to his wife, "Now go out and shake the tree as the men told you to do."

The woman did as bidden and then proceeded to go away. When the men returned, he begged them not to harm his wife. The woman was allowed to depart, and then the combat began between the single man and the numerous enemy. As the darkness of night reigned, the woman's husband took some grease and hurled it into the fire, thus filling the wigwam with smoke. In the darkness and confusion that resulted, the man succeeded in eluding the enemy. But he was at a loss to know what had become of his wife, and this worried him considerably. But having beforehand designated a place where his wife was to meet him, he followed in the proper direction and overtook her upon coming to a certain stream.

Before long they heard footsteps of the enemy behind them. The man urged his wife to proceed ahead and that he would again overtake her. She remonstrated, wishing to remain by his side and lend her assistance. But his will prevailed and he remained alone a second time to combat with the enemy. And a second time he eluded them and later joined his wife. He put her on a toboggan and hauled her along. But the enemy again had caught up to them, and this time he was unsuccessful and was slain by them. Morning was just breaking.

Just as the marauding Indians were putting an end to the man's life, an owl screeched three times. One of the Indians addressed the bird and said, "Your words are not true." The men then

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