

even having their side-arms with them. Here and there among them were chiefs and warriors who were not taking part in the game, and by the gates was a concourse of squaws, silent as only squaws can be when in the presence of warriors. Each was wrapped in a thick blanket, which she held tightly grasped about her body, though the day was hot and sultry. The *habitans*, too, had come out in holiday attire. Had Etherington been an observant commander he might have noticed that they had lost something of their gay French lightheartedness. The gates were thrown back, and within the palisades could be seen the houses, with windows and doors wide open, the very picture of peace.

The contestants were soon at work. The game was not played as at the present day, with a limited number of men on each side, and with laws governing almost every movement of the player. It was Sac against Ojibwa, and hundreds took part in it. The aim of each tribe was to defend its goal when in danger, or to force the ball through the enemy's when it had the advantage. The game was a boisterous one. The naked savages bounded hither and thither, yelling and leaping, more like demons than men. The spectators loudly applauded the play, and the rougher it became the more thoroughly they seemed to enjoy it. There was no one to take account of the "foul play," and if a warrior was not able to "body-check" an opponent he had little hesitation in knocking him down, with either his fist or his stick. Backward and forward sped the ball; now the Sac goal was in danger, and again the Ojibwas despaired of the victory. At length the play became centered in the middle of the field; contest followed contest at close quarters; tripping, slashing, striking, occurred on all sides. Suddenly an Indian, seemingly more agile than the others, got the ball on his stick, eluded his opponents, and, turning rapidly, threw it far out of the field of play. It fell close to the gate, and the spectators, admiring the strength of the throw, forgot to notice the strange movement of the players.

This was a part of the plot. The whole field made a wild rush for the ball, even the goal-keepers leaving their posts to start in pursuit. In a moment they were among the spectators, and the yells that had been urging on the game were suddenly changed for their appalling war-whoops. The squaws had hatchets concealed be-