

## An Indian's Revenge.



IN a chill autumn day about the middle of November an indian bending beneath the weight of a pack of furs, the product of his winter's hunt, might be seen wending his way through a defile of the Rocky Mountains. As he plods patiently onward, he suddenly pauses to examine a foot print, which apparently is but few hours old.

Uttering an exclamation of wonder that any human being should now be in his vicinity the indian resumed his journey.

Presently quickening his step he looks longingly towards the west where a faint column of smoke is discernible in the distance, and soon a cluster of huts composing an indian village is disclosed to view. The smoke which had betrayed the existence of the village arose from a funeral pyre, on which the corpse of an old man who, judging by the many symbols of mourning with which the pyre was decorated, must have held the position of chief of the tribe.

Our indian having reached the village, unlaced his pack from his shoulders in a manner that betokened his having reached his destination, and depositing it in a shack, entered the village. Directing his steps towards the pyre, from which quarter sounds of lamentation could be heard, he was greeted with exclamations of rage from his fellow villagers, not however directed against him but against his father's murderer.

A white man in his position would have spent days perhaps, mourning over the dead but although the indian felt his loss with equal keenness his first thought was of revenge. Gathering about him the least excited of his fellow villagers he asked for an account of the deed.

An inhabitant of a neighboring village having heard

that the murdered man was responsible for the death of his brother, left his home with the express intention of killing him. Arrived at the village he demanded an interview with the old chief, pretending that he had come as an ambassador from his native village. When the chief appeared his enemy without a moment's hesitation, and even before the bystanders were aware of his purpose, drew an arrow to its head and shot him through the heart.

When our hero heard that his father's death had been caused by one man, refusing all proffered assistance he set out alone on his mission of revenge. When he had reached the outskirts of the village he paused to consider what course he should pursue. Suddenly he called to mind the foot-print he had noticed on his journey homeward. What more natural than that the murderer should take to the mountains, where by hunting and fishing he could easily live throughout the winter? This point settled, the Indian set out for the place where he had noticed the foot-print.

He found it with little difficulty, but the trail itself, now several days old, was difficult to follow. The dangers of the trail had, however, no effect on the stalwart Indian when vengeance kept urging him hour after hour onward and each hour diminishing the distance between him and his victim. As time advanced the trail became more and more distinct and the hope of the pursuer rose in proportion to its distinctness.

But all earthly things must have an end, and this race towards revenge was no exception. The trail had now become so clearly defined that the pursuer concluded that his quarry was in the vicinity, and the finding of a bear trap set and baited confirmed his conclusion. At the extreme end of a dried up mountain torrent he now espied a small Indian tepee; creeping up under the friendly cover of a stunted undergrowth, he saw and recognized the object of his pursuit partaking of his evening meal. Thus satisfied that he had kept the right

trail, our Indian withdrew to decide upon his plan of attack.

The murderer having finished his meal entered his tent to sleep in fancied security. Throwing himself down he was soon asleep.

He was rudely awakened however by a hand gripping his throat, and, in spite of his struggles, holding him like a vice. After choking their victim into submission the hands relaxed and the murderer beheld one whom he well knew to be the avenger of blood. Our Indian handed to the murderer a knife and took one himself, thereby waving the advantage which surprise had given him. The murderer instead of accepting the knife fell upon his knees and besought the son of the murdered man to spare his life. With a look of contempt towards the coward at his feet, the avenger plunged his dagger into the heart of the murderer, and as he watched the ebb of his life blood, exclaimed : " They die the death of a dog who live a dog's life !"

O. C. T.

