

his lodge ever abounded in plenty. He belonged to the Marten Totem family. He was blessed with four sons, all of whom were full grown and likely men, "fair to look upon." They were accustomed to make frequent visits to the villages of the Dakotas, and they generally returned laden with presents, for the young women of their tribe looked on them with wishful and longing eyes.

Shortly after the quarrel about the woman had taken place, which resulted in the death of an Ojibway, the four brothers paid the Dakotas one of their usual peaceful visits; they proceeded to their great town at Mille Lac, which was but two days from their own villages. During this visit, one of the brothers was treacherously murdered, and but three returned with safety to their father's wigwam.

The old man did not even complain when he heard that their former enemies had sent his son to travel on the Spirit road; and shortly after, when his three surviving sons asked his permission to go again to enter the lodges of the Dakotas, he told them to go, "for probably," said he, "they have taken the life of my son through mistake." The brothers proceeded as before to Mille Lac, and on this occasion, two of them were again treacherously killed, and but one returned to the wigwam of his bereaved father. The fount of the old man's tears still did not open, though he blacked his face in mourning, and his head hung down in sorrow.

Once more his sole surviving son requested to pay the Dakotas a peace visit, that he might look on the graves of his deceased brethren. His sorrow stricken parent said to him, "go, my son, for probably they have struck your brothers through mistake." Day after day rolled over, till the time came when he had promised to return. The days, however, kept rolling on, and the young man returned not to cheer the lonely lodge of his father. A full moon passed over, and still he made not his appearance,