

message. This he did, speaking the words his father had told him. When he was done he stood in silence waiting for whatever reply his uncle might wish to send back to his brother, the boy's father.

The chief sat still for some moments, then as though suddenly resolved, he leaped up crying, "This is my answer" and grasped the loose skin of the boy's forehead in one hand drawing it away from the skull. With the other hand he seized a flint knife and with one stroke skewered the weapon in the skin.

"Thou shall take this, my answer to my brother, your father."

In shame the boy crept from the camp and started on the homeward trail. The pain of the wound was not great, but his anguish of spirit and shame at the insult was almost unbearable. Nor dared he remove the knife. It was a message and not for a boy of his age to tamper with. At the most he could but wipe away the blood which ran down into his eyes and mouth. But the knife remained.

Though the distance between the two camps was not great and he could easily have reached his father's tepee before dark he lingered long on the way so that when he came to it it was long after sunset. Taking advantage of an opportunity he crept under the edge of the lodge and lay down on his bed. As he lay among the skins there came to him his mother who inquired if he were too tired from the journey that he did not wish to eat.

No. He was not hungry. She went away.

Later she returned. Was he sick that he lay so close among the furs? No, he was not sick. But all the time he kept his face hidden.

Then came in his father and shortly the whole miserable story came out. At the sight of the knife in the skin of his son's forehead the rage of the chief was great. Nothing could wipe out this insult save the blood of his brother and of all the members of his brother's band.

At once runners were dispatched to other bands farther up the stream, asking for their aid in an attack on the dam-builder. And the asking was not in vain. Shortly a great multitude of Indians gathered and moved down the river toward the camp of the chief who had offered the insult.

They did not hurry. The attack was well planned. By canoe they came down as far as what is now the Old Boom House,