

queried the princely adventurer, turning to the old Indian.

“Only he who shows Tasagigul of Oonok-pudiegisook may havum from Milapskigecht,” succinctly replied the Micmac.

“Then let some other poor unfortunate receive its further curse,” cried the Chevalier, at the same time snapping the rudely carved charm from the chain and hurling it from him with all his strength. “This treasure-trove we have will be twice as much as I require. Faith, there are lessons to be learnt in this quick conversion of an honest cheerful soldier into a suspicious miserly wretch.”

“My prince, I pray you, be not so hasty,” shrieked Glenbucket, dancing up and down with excitement. “This mite of gold we have here, is as nothing to what may yet be garnered.”

“Peace, poor wretch, I am done with the trinket;” put in the Chevalier, and started to walk away.

“Oh-ho!” crooned the stout captain cunningly. “We are neither so poor, nor yet such wretches as you may take upon yourself to declare us.” Then, turning to the pair who still looked at him, he bellowed: “I call upon you, Farquharson; and you, also, old Indian man—for I must have every witness available, good or bad—to bear me out in this matter. The Chevalier voluntarily relinquishes all right and title to the key of this treasure mountain. It is