

"Remember, Chevalier," the captain hoarsely whispered, as he drew close to the other, "we are honest men of Virginia, come to barter good tobacco for skins and peltries. I am the sailing-master of the vessel; you, the adventurous merchant. We do not even understand the French language and"—

"Yes, yes," impatiently interrupted he whom Glenbucket had addressed by a title; "I am thoroughly competent to play the part and only wish my confidence was as complete in your ability. However, we will likely have but scant need of it all in this wild land, where everybody may well be busy enough about their own affairs to keep them from growing inquisitive."

The stout captain, completely undaunted by this rebuff, was about to make some further protestation; but the near approach of the war-vessel's cutter caused him to desist. He contented himself with sounding the harsh cries of the wild geese when in pursuit of food, and so naturally were they rendered that the young naval officer in the stern of the skiff stood up and gazed intently at the sky overhead. He whom Glenbucket had addressed as "Chevalier" was about to order the imitator to desist, but the sight of the round fat face all screwed up and twisted in the vocal effort, was too much for his gravity. He merely smiled indulgently upon his companion's antics.

"Oars all!" came the quick command as the boat rounded alongside of the gangway