

"*Peste!* It was this Englishman's fault. He came running behind and hurried me. But you Indians do not know everything. I found——" but here Barboux checked himself on the edge of a boast.

The Indian had sunk on one knee and laid his ear to the ground. "It will be of great price," said he, "if what you found will take us out of this. They are not following as yet, and the river is near."

*(To be continued.)*