

is Rose——” He paused suddenly with a half smile. “I believe the child has no other name.”

“Was she born here?” How soft and winning the voice was.

Destournier flushed unconsciously.

“She has a story and a mystery that no one has fathomed. The *Sieur* made some inquiries. A woman of the better class who came over with some emigrants brought her, and was supposed to be her mother. But some secret lay heavy on her mind, it seemed, and when she was dying she confessed that the child was not hers, but she had no time for explanations. The husband brought her here and has gone to one of the fur stations. His disappointment was so intense he gave up the child. And so—her name is neither *Arlac* nor *Dubray*. We shall have to rechristen her.”

“What a curious romance! If one knew what town she came from. Oh, my little one, will you let me be your friend? I had a little golden-haired girl who died when she was but four, and no children have come since to gladden my heart.”

Madame Giffard bent over and took the small hand, noting the taper fingers and slender wrist that seemed to indicate good birth. She pressed it to her lips. Rose looked up trustfully and smiled.

“I like you,” she said, with frank earnestness.

“Then I shall come to see you often. This is such a queer place with no ready-made houses and really nothing but log huts or those made of rough slabs. I wonder