

"Now let's have a look at you!" said the man holding her horse. Nellie at once recognized the voice.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Parker?" she exclaimed. "I was so frightened! I thought it was the half-breeds."

"Why, it's Nellie Millward!" said Parker, the captain of the volunteers. "And what is this about half-breeds?"

"There is a band going to attack Mr. Shaw's, and steal his horses. I heard them talking about it. Father has got some men and is going to help him. I am going to Mr. Marshall's."

"You come right back with us," said the captain. "We will show this Gervoise a thing or two. Come on, lads!"

Nellie and Parker rode at the head of the party, and they set off at a smart pace. As they neared her home, Parker urged Nellie to remain there, but she would not hear of it, and kept on.

Suddenly a shot rang out on the night air, then another, and then came a regular fusillade. Flashes of light were seen about the buildings of the farm they were approaching.

"They're at it, boys!" cried Parker. "Come on!"

At racing speed they drew near the horse.

"Half of you, under Jones," remain mounted in the road," ordered the captain. "The rest, under me, will tie their horses behind the buildings, and then sally around and take them in the flank. I see Shaw is keeping them pretty well back, but they will probably soon make a rush for it. We want to get there before they do."

His plan was carried into effect. They took down the fence, and tied their animals behind the buildings, where they were sheltered from the fire. Then, with a cry of warning to the defenders, they dashed into the garden, where the attacking party had deployed itself. At the same instant, the men in the road raised a shout.

Indians are good fighters as long as they command and understand the situation. But when they are attacked by a force whose numbers they do not know, and which appears to drop from the clouds, they prefer to withdraw. It is the same with half-breeds. When Parker and his men arrived in the garden they could not find a single foe. A few minutes later they heard the sound of galloping hoofs from down the road where Gervoise and his band had tied their horses. He immediately sent a portion of his force in pursuit, but it was evident that the

rebels were well mounted, and that some of them, at least, knew the country well, for his men returned shortly and reported that they had completely lost track of them.

Parker had not captured a prisoner, but two of the breeds were found dead among the bushes, where the bullets of Shaw's men had discovered them. Shaw himself had received a rather nasty flesh wound, and he was ill for several weeks, during which time he was faithfully nursed by the devoted Nellie. On his recovery, they unanimously decided that, as there was no telling what might happen before the fall, they should be united at once. Accordingly, they celebrated the happy event a short time after, and from a visit the writer paid them a short time ago, he judges that neither has repented of the arrangement. It was from the lips of Shaw himself that he heard the main facts of this story, and a pretty, cheerful-looking matron smiled bewitchingly at him during the recital.

Gervoise was furious at the non-success of his scheme and vowed that he would return at a later date with a larger force and wipe out the whole community.

But he never redeemed his threat.



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He fought with singular bravery throughout the contest which followed, and was twice promoted by Riel to higher positions of trust. At Batoche he had command of nearly half the rebel forces, which were engaged during the greater part of the fight, and suffered heavily. Gervoise himself received a wound from which he died the same night, and so escaped the fate which befell Riel and his chief leaders subsequently.

All's Well that Ends Well.

A bachelor sat in his chair—and he thought—
And he made up his mind that he wouldn't be caught;
And yet he wanted to do what he ought;
And he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A little maid sat in her chair—and she thought—
And she made up her mind that she wouldn't be caught;
And yet she wanted to do as she ought;
And she thought, and she thought, and she thought.

A bachelor sat in a chair—and he thought—
And a little maid sat by him—just as she ought—
For, alas! they forgot about not being caught,
But they thought, and they thought, and they thought.

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