

Farquharson was keen enough to disprove the old saw of Cupid."

"Peste!" softly murmured the stout captain. "It seems here is somebody else masquerading. More mysteries and strange talk from people who look one thing and turn out to be something entirely different. Truly, this cursed Acadie fairly blossoms over with such transformations. I long to haste away from it."

"I must congratulate you both, gentle sirs," cried the maiden, as soon as she could refrain from laughing; "the one for his eyesight and the other for his courtesy; and yet, this dress, secured by reason of a passing caprice some few months ago, together with a liberal application of brown stain to face and hands, could scarcely be expected to defy discovery at close range."

"But how come you here?" put in the Chevalier wonderingly.

"In yon skiff, with the fair aid of paddle, Master Questioner;" replied the girl saucily.

"Yes, yes," interposed the lieutenant; "but howknew you of our whereabouts."

"The captain of the vessel, with whom Your Highness bartered venison for gunpowder and bullets, talked of scarce else but the noble-appearing huntsman with whom he had such dealings," answered the maiden vivaciously. "Moreover, Don—Lieutenant Farquharson was seen by several to take boat alone and row shoreward down the Basin. The matter was plain to me. Having