

"No, Your Excellency."

"I thought, Dumont," said Frontenac, turning to him, "that they had spoken of Madame Beauharnais?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, but not because they had seen her. In fact, I learned from Dilbot that she refused to see him."

"Refused!" said Frontenac. "Why did you do that, Marcelle?"

"I would trust Your Excellency," she replied, simply.

"Then, though you have wronged me you would trust me?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Truly this is strange. I never heard before of this in France. However, you I do not intend to punish; with the Indian it is different."

"Will one life pay the full penalty, Your Excellency?" asked Marcelle, coldly.

"Yes," replied Frontenac.

"Then, take mine; without him it is nothing. I love the Huron and will gladly give my life for him. Spare him, I beseech Your Excellency."

"Marcelle!" exclaimed Frontenac, his voice trembling perceptibly, "do you love him so?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Then you both are pardoned. God forbid—" Frontenac turned his face to the wall and for a moment was silent. Then, turning again, he addressed Colonel Dumont:

"Dumont, I care not what the people say, or Monseigneur. It is beyond me to crush a love like