

out all view of the Seigniory. Diane, turning at the sound of her uncle's voice, saw the men make way, and caught her breath. He was not alone. He came through the press triumphantly, dragging by the hand an Indian—an Indian who hung back from the river's brink with eyes averted, fastened on the ground—the man who, of all men, she most feared to meet.

“Diane, the General has been telling me—this honest fellow—we have been most remiss——”

M. Etienne panted as he picked his steps down the bank. His face was glowing.

“He understands a little French, it seems. I have the General's permission to give him a seat in our boat. It seems he is averse to being thanked, but this is nonsense. I insisted on his coming.”

“You have thanked me once already, monsieur,” urged John à Cleeve in a voice as low as he could pitch it.

“But not sufficiently. You hear, Diane?—he speaks French. I was confused at the time; I did not gather——”

She felt Dominique's eyes upon her. Was her face so white then? He must not guess. . . . She held out her hand, commanding her voice to speak easily, wondering the while at the sound of it.

“Welcome, my friend. My uncle is right; we have been remiss——”

Her voice trailed off, as her eyes fell on Father Launoy. He was staring, not at her, but at the Indian; curiously at first, then with dawning suspicion.

Involuntarily she glanced again towards Dominique. He, too, slowly moved his gaze from her face and fastened it on the Indian.

He knew. . . . Father Launoy knew. . . . Oh, when would the boats push off?

They pushed off and fell into their stations at length, amid almost interminable shouting of orders and cross-shouting, pulling and backing of oars. She had stolen one look at