tree, its leaves and its fruit? I pity the women and children. This drunken bear has done all the mischief, he must die, and I will give the others life.' die, and I will give the others life. "Outawas, listen to me. I demand that you deliver up to me Le Pasant, him whom you call the wicked bear; he it was who with his own hand killed the Gray Robe. Bring him hittor end give methyl mean over him

ary, I cannot say. Be this as it may, Le Pasant Be this as it may, Le Pasant was brought to Le Detroit by the chiefs Sakina, Meyaville, and Koutaouilibee, who delivered him up to La Mothe in the Place d'Armes of the fort. It was an interesting and imposing ceremony. Le Pasant, who was sev-enty years old and very rotand, pre sented an appearance of terror unusual hither, and give me full power over him to grant him life or put him to death. If he refuses to embark, I command you to cut off his head in your own village. Outawas, avoid the perils that threaten you. Have pity on your women and children. I must have your reply by the going down of the sun. Onontio and I have one heart and the same sente in an Indian, as he was brought within the palisade by the other chiefs, who were clad in their gaudiest attire. When Monsieur de Cadillas stepped

and I have one reart and the same thoughts, he will confirm all I do, whether for peace or for war." The chiefs withdrew, to ponder the words they had heard, as was the cus-tom, but in the afternoon of the same day they returned, and Jean le Bianc made answer to our Signe.

day they returned, and Jean le Blanc made answer to our Slour. "My father," said he, "the bear that you ask us to deliver up is very powerful in our village. He has strong allances with all the nations of the lakes. He is a great tree. Who is strong enough to root it up? But, my father, since your heart is hard as a rock, we must obey you. Send a boat with us to Michilimackinac and we will put Le Pasant into it. If old warrior, by a firm grasp upon his shoulder to come forward also. "My father," said he, addressing De la Mothe with solemnity, "Here is Le Pasant. You have the power to put him to death. He is your slave. You can make him eat under his table like he dear that nicks up the bones." and we will put Le Pasant into it. If he refuses to embark, we will cut off his head. He is my brother, my own

father and your master," he said, "Is this the great chief who was so well re-lated and so highly esteemed? Was it you who ate white bread every day at his beed. He is my brother, my own brother, yet what can I do. You must be obeyed; that is what we have de-cided among ourselves." "Ocontagon, it is well," replied De la Mothe; for Monsieur de Vandreuil has said to me that the two captives whom you have brought, though adopted by you, are of foreign blood. Father you who ate white bread every day at my table, and drank of my brandy and my wine? Yes. And it was you whom I had cured by my physicians, when you were ill! It was you whom I helped in your need and took care of your family ! by you, are of foreign blood. Father Recollet and the soldier were of my blood, my own blood. Onontio has told you that you should have brought him the head of Le Pasant. This bear who dreams upon his mat only of who ureams upon his mat only off making war must not spoil your peace iul spirit. When you have delivered him up to me, you shall have peace, your women and children will rejoice, and I will forget the mischief you have

taught you? Yet it was you who killed him. There are reproaches, Le Pasant, which slay you; there is no longer life in your heart; your eyes are half dead; you close them; they dare not look at the sun. Go, my slave!" Le Pasant had been overcome with done me The following day the Commandant held another council at which were present the Hurons, the Miamis, and fear, but this last sentence gave him courage. "Our father is kind to h.s children who have angered him," he two chiefs of the Kiskakons who ar-rived with a white flag from Michili-mackinae, to the surprise of every one. blurted out, and therewith made him-self as small as might be, behind the The presence of these last was not others.

theless Cadillac addressed them with

Koutaouiliboe, stepping forward. "We want to come back to Le Detroit; give severity. "What brings you here, Onaske?" he demanded of the older chief. "Did Onontio tell you to come? Are we riends ?

My latner, replied Onaske, I go everywhere with my head lifted up, because I never have any bad affairs; I said within myself, 'My father at said within myself, 'My father at Le Detroit knows me; I risk nothing by

going to see him."" "Onaske, how dare you say you hav to bad affairs ?" inquired La Mothe, sternly. "Did not your nation come hither to aid the Outawas who have hither to aid the Outawas who have killed me? You are very bold to come here while my land is still smoking with my blood and that of my children. When chiefs grow old, they are wont to grow wise, but you have grown foolish. What is your true reason for coming to My father," responded Onaske

seeing that concealment was useless "it is misery that has caused us to throw ourselves into your arms. We are wretched. Our children have eater are wretched. Our children have eater grass all summer ; we are compelled to boil it and drink the soup. Misery is a strange thing. I have risked every thing, even death, but I will die by the hand of my father, or perhaps he will By reason of the pity me. By reason of the wars we shall have no maize this year, and our shall have no make but for me, our children will die. But for me, our whole nation would have come to Le Detroit; I said to them, 'Be patient

and await my return.'

dependence upon the pretty Irish girl had grown daily during their three years association as mistress and parlor maid. And because of this feeling fate of his friend the Recollet. Whether tate of his friend the Recoilet. Whether during the interval he judged it wiser to be satisfied with the utter submis-sion of the Indians, or whether the spirit of our dear Frere Constantin pleaded with him for mercy rather than justice upon the slayer of the mission-ary. I cannot say when death came to a little cottage

home of Kilbannon, snuggled under the soft shadow of the Wicklow hills. there was consternation in the great Wrexham mansion. For Bessie Byrne, sorely stricken by the lonely passing of her widowed mother, insisted that she must go at once to Ireland to look after the or. phaned son of a dear dead sister who had been from babyhood his grand.

MAY 12, 1906.

Bessi

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mother's charge. For the first time Mrs, Wrexham appealed in vain to her maid's good nature, picturing ruefully the "Lenten that must be foregone if there were no Bessie to wait on the Dorcas ladies and help them, not only to "tea, but also in the matter of refractory seams and buttonholes gone hopeless awry.

Mrs. Wrezham, though of course I could not expect that you would see it so. Arnold was our poor Josie's only baby, and she left him to mother, with her husband's consent that he might be reared as she was—a Catholic. Now his father is gone, too, and the father Now people, who are not of our faith, will take the boy unless I am on the spot to claim him. Father Donlin says it is best for me to come."

This was the argument unanswerable to Bessie, although to be sure in her inmost heart Mrs. Wrexham longed to "What can it matter about say : boy's religion if he is made comfortable and is educated according to the light of his father's people ?

dom expended on mere domestic problems, came to the rescue. To satisfy his wife, who had, as he knew consisthis wife, who had, as he ently ignored even the decrees of fashion with regard to English butlers and Japanese attendants, because of her partiality for this paragon of maids, the busy financier took up the apparently trivial matter. Little Arnold under careful convoy was put on board a big liner as the captain's special charge ; even such household belongir gs as were desired by Bessie, because they had been her mother's, were packed under the supervision of Father Donlin's own the supervision of rather Donlin's own housekeeper and included among the traps of the small passenger. Mr. Wrexham's "confidential man" stood on the New York pier to receive this on the New York pler to receive this unusual consignment, and himself saw the precions freight delivered to its rightful owner—a weeping, black-robed maid who knelt in the great hallway with loving arms extended for their longed for burden.

longed for burden. Well, some of the story Mrs. Dobson had heard; she recalled it now while listening to Philip's version. "He is a itstening to Philip's version. "He is a nice looking lad," was her parting com-ment as she descended from the car-riage, " and, when days are quiet here, as they are at present, I am sure, Philip, Mrs. Wrexham would be only pleased to have you take him, with you some to have you take him with you

to have you take him with you some-times as you drive to the village. Of course all boys love horses." "This one certainly does, ma'am, and the mistress gave just these same orders. Then you are not they are the came here, so I take orders when we him over often and now he knows his own way a bit. Most days while I'm at the stores he runs into the little church

the stores he runs into the little church —the chapel he calls it." "Oh, yes the chapel," Mrs. Dobson repeated the phrase slowly. "You go there, too, I suppose, Philip?" "Sundays, ma'an I go, being a Cath-olic. It's week-days I was talking of with the young lad. In Ireland, he here tallic? me the children bring keeps tellin' me, the children bring flowers every day in May. Here he comes with some he's just got from the gardens

By this time Mrs. Wrexham had d out of the shady porch and down the wide steps to welcome her mother in the ineffusive way to which both

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE. BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER XXV.

2

THE RED LILIES.

I must have been dead a long time. So it seemed to me when I came back to a life of hot tossings upon my couch and fierce struggles to arise and be about my work-struggles wherein about my work-struggies wherein 1 was ignominiously worsted by Gaspard and even by Jules, the little Panislave-struggles wherein the voice of Cadil-lac ordered_me to drink a sleeping potion with as great sternness as if h mmanded a body of soldiery in an expedition against the savages. At other times, however, when I lay ex-hausted, glad enough to remain motionless, the tones of our Sieur were gentle

as a woman's. But there was a woman about, too and I called her name Barbe ; yet was not Barbe, as I soon learned.

the Recollet if you wish." One day, being now much recuper-ated, I besought Madame Cadillac to

ake a little of the rest she so greatly

After some demur she went away for

fashion. "Jules," said I, turning to him

" My faith, no, Monsieur Guyon,

ad carried my point and was again

fallen asleep in my chair.

I laughed.

Mon

needed, and leave the Pani boy, Jules. For there was an end to this strange time also, and at last I came to my rea self, or rather, a wreck of what I had an hour's repose, as I begged, and Jules took his place behind my chair with a branch of maple for a fan to cool the I awoke to see La Mothe's little daughter Therese come softly stealing into the room, where I lay upon a bed spread with cool sheets of linen, for the air, and also to drive away the flies that buzzed about me in tantalizing air was soft, as in late summer, and albeit a grateful whiff of breeze from the river found its way in through the vine shaded window, I vaguely decided that, out under the sun, the day must abruptly, and with my hand arresting the waving of the green branch " is the cure so ill that he cannot come to be stifling hot. Idly I watched the child, wondering

if this might be another dream.

answered the boy, standing rigid as a figure wrought in bronze, though his bright eyes shone with The next moment she caught my gaze fixed intently upon her, and with a frightened cry fied beyond the curtain of the doorway. Presently I heard the woman's voice

interest; "no, my master, sieur le Cure is not ill now at all. sieur le Cure was here many time while my master was in the fever." that had haunted my fevered fancy-a "He is not ill ! Then why does he not come here when I am better ?"

voice which I now recognized. It was not Barbe, but Madame Cadil-lae, who drew back the cartain and coming quickly to me, took my hand in hers.

I heaved a sigh, and then my heart smote me that I could be so indi ferent tenance of my dear Therese. What other woman save my mother had ever been to me so kind, so unselfish, so loving, as this dear sister! to the anxiety depicted upon the coan-

" Jules, it will not trouble me to see Monsieur le Cure," I said. " Madame Cadillac is resting and must not be disturbed; do as I bid you. Go find the cure and ask him to come to me at once. Go, do not be afraid to l∈ave me; I want nothing." Obedient as a spaniel, the lad swept She bent over me and lightly touched my forehead with her lips, but putting my arms about her neck, I drew her face down to mine and kissed her sweet mouth with brotherly affection. away, and I set myself to wait. Half an hour passed. Content that I

"Ah, Normand," she said, " this is a happy day, for the fever has left you. a happy day, for the forth and again." "Yes, yes," I taltered, "but what of Frere Constantin?" "Oh! all is well with him," Therese

answered evasively. I was not satisfied. "Did-did he close the gate?" asked, sitting up, whereat a wave of excitement swept over me, followed by a sense of confusion, and a determina-tion to be off to the house of the Recollet with all speed. . Come, Normand, rest your head

you please." A rich voice made some responseupon this pillow, and I will tell you about our dear Father del Halle," en-treated my sister; and thereat she pushed me down as if I were a man of A rich voice made some response appleasant, musical voice, but it was un familiar; it was not the voice for whose tones I longed. Startled, I opened my eyes and turned my head, looking toward the gallery whereon my room bordered. A minute later there appeared in the straw.

Well 1 Did he close the gate?' I repeated frettully. "Normand, you know Frere Constan

dcorway a benign figure in a gray robe and cowl-a Recollet, but not the friend for whom I waited, a stranger, tin would never have closed the gate while there remained any suffering hu-

while there remained any supering na-man being outside." "But i was dead," I objected. She only shook her head. "And did the Indians attack him?" not Frere Constantin. not Frere Constantin. "Here, my master, here is Monsieur le Cure," joyously cried the childish treble of the Pani boy. In that moment I realized the truth

I urged. "They were a party of young braves

which had been kept from me. My friend Frere Constantin was dead ; anwild with fury and a thirst for blood; they remembered not that the mission ary had ever been the friend of their other was cure of Ste. Anne's. i remember no more of this after-noon; they told me alterwards that They fell upon him-'

Here I interrupted my sister with a with a cry Here I interrupted my sister with a loud cry and plucked at the bandages of my wounds to tear them off. "Listen, Normand," pleaded she, ealling for Gaspard in great alarm. "Will you not listen? The savage the chair, insensible. The little slave, ingenuously th ing I would fain speak to the cure for the welfare of my soul, had run to bring him, and the latter had come with "Will you not listen? The savage young Outawas had bound the cure, and ready kindliness. But alack, the shock of that meeting was wellnigh the mayhap they meant to kill him; but the older chiefs, Jean le Bianc and Le undoing of those weeks of convalescence for my wound opened and the fever re turned. In the confused hours which Pasant came up at the moment. They cut the bonds of our dear Frere Con stantin, and Jean le Blanc prayed him to go and tell Mousieur de Bourgmont followed I sometimes distinguished the voice and face of the good man who was come to us in the place of him who was gone, and his words soothed my sorrow; that the Outawas meant no ill to the French, that their quarrel was with nathless it was long ere I could ask th the Miamis. Jean le Blanc besought him to beg the Commandant to stop the question that was in my mind. One morning, however, when I awoke sane again, and found Therese watch ing beside, I said, taking her hand in garrison from firing upon the Outawas." "And did he go ?" I queried, start ing up again. "He set out for the fort at once,"

they say, together with the cross of his Order, they found a spray of fleur-de-lis whose once white petals were dyed red with his life blood. He rests in her girll ood, to the wife of Mr. Davis, ner give out, so the where on hir laws, or the ladies who were once the De-moiselles Clarke. From the home of one of these friends her wedding with the English officer would take place. It was plain enough why she cared no more for the Denvit consecrated earth beneath the trees yonder. Shall we go there togethe hen you walk out ?" well, if she was joyously content.

when you walk out?" I bowed my head; I could not speak for emotion, as I thought of my friend, the humble Recollet, a hero to the last what mattered aught else? To secure her happiness, had I not risked a l that was far dearer to me than life? -Frere Constantin, who quickly par loning the ill-use, the wounds the that was far dearer to me than mer Why should I be so ungenerous now as to indulge this insane jealousy? I spoke no word to my patient nurse nor to any one else of my discovery, but I became dull in spirits. "Where is Frere Constantin?" I asked many times; "why does he not come to visit me?" doning savage Outawas inflicted upon him, went forth so promptly to help those who had insulted and stabbed him; yes, he saved them, yet only to meet death

at their hands. "And I? The more you tell me, the more I marvel that I still live," I said at last.

come to visit me ?' To this inquiry Therese always gave the same reply : "Have patience; Father del Halle was wounded by the Indians. A soldier bore you in, almost All is well with him now. When you are recovered, you shall go to the house of

the gate, and then auother took his place," replied my gister. Busied with memories of my friend, I asked no more. It was some days be-fore I learned that the man to whom under providence I owed the continu ance of my existence was the sergeant, Jean Joly, who was shot down by Le Pasant also, with the fusee which Mon-sieur de Tonty a short time before had foolishly permitted the Indian to buy from the King's store house. Alas, poor Jolicœar I He gave his life for me 1 And I had not thought to ask for him during all these weeks.

ask for him during all these weeks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WAMPUM AND VERMILION.

Our Sieur Cadillac had returned to le Detroit in triamph. Not only was he acquitted of the company's charges that he had infringed their rights, but that he had infringed their rights, but order: had come from France depriving them of all privileges on the straits, and restoring to La Mothe his former authority, with permission to carry on all the trade of the region. Having brought back with him a garrison of two hundred men besides a hundred new settlers, he now set him "elf to inquire into the causes of the Iodian outbreak, and to bring the

Iodian outbreak, and to bring the outawas to an understanding of their not come here when I am better I queried, wondering. "The Pani knows not, but perhaps it is that my master should not be troubled," suggested the boy. erime in having so barbarously re-quited the labors of the gentle Recol-let. To this latter end he summoned a Jules, it will not trouble me to se

great council of the chiefs. Never shall I forget the scene of the ssembly-the Indians wearing their rowns of eagle's leathers with the dignity of princes; their brown faces daubed with vermillion and ochre, white lead and soot. B sides their bright hued blankets, they were clad but in the breach cloth of deerskin, leggins trimmed with small silver bells, and moccasins gay with porcupine quills. The bodies of several were master of my own actions, and in tran quil expectation of seeing so soon the face of my friend, the face of Frere painted in many colors. Others had traced in white clay a lace-like pattern face of my friend, the face of Field Constantin—a little worn perchance from his recent illness, but still the cheerful, noble countenance I loved— soothed by these thoughts, I must have apon their skins, as if upon the of a cost-a pattern that at a little dis tance might be taken for argent lace Their breasts were adorned with neck laces of wampum; their arms with All at once I was aroused by the voice of Jules, saying, "This way, mon pere, my master is here; this way, if racelets of silver. Some wore string of silver half moons graduated in size from one to several inches hanging from neck to ankles both in front an down the back; and the Outawas had, n addition to their other adornment, a little stone suspended from the nose. Altogether, they presented a terrible

picture of savage power. On the other side of the hall were ranged the officers of the fort in all the grandeur they were wont to display on such occasions, to keep up the pres-

tige of the French. The council being formally opened by the Commandant, Jean le Blanc, eager to present his plea that he was not to blame for the tragedy at the fort, begged leave to speak. "My tather," he began, "we have

My tather," been to Quebec to see Onontio, but he been to Quepec to see Ocontio, but he has sent us back to you. I will say to you now what I said to Onontio. We killed ourselves when we killed the Gray Robe, the child of the Great Father Who gives us life. Have pity n us. We have killed the Gray Robe,

reassuring, since they were the most powerful allies of the Outawas. Neverat the clemency of the Commandant. "Our father is kind," repeated

us again our fields that we have deerted, and we will come to live in My father," replied Onaske, " peace.

grows but a finger long, here it is a cubit long." For an wer, our Sieur arose and preented to the chiefs a beautiful belt of

wampum, saying,-"My children, your submission has Your obedience gained my heart. Your obedience has made the axe fall out of my hand. It has saved your lives, and the lives of your women and children. And you, Le Pasant, why have you fled from me in fear? You deserve to die, but give you your life because of your sub nission and obedience. You are as one mission and obscience. Four are as one dead, because you have been given up to justice. But I stay my hand, and let you go to your family." This leniency of our Sieur's though

an appearance of terror unusu

out of his council room to receive th Otontagon, or Jean le Blanc, at once advanced to meet him, compelling the

old warrior, by a firm grasp upon his

can make nime at under his table like the dog that picks up the bones." Cadillac regarded the prisoner in stern silence for a few minutes, and

then spoke to him with great dignity. "Here you are, Le Pasant, before your

And because of these benefits you have

And because of these benches you who killed my people! You who hide your-self and droop your eyes!—was it Lot you who went every day to the Gray

you who went every day to the Gray Robe, who was wont to make much of

you, and had you eat with him and taught you? Yet it was you who

The other chiefs were highly pleased

The corn at Michilimackinac

you who ate white

he said,

generous, provel most unfortunate. In his rage he had promised the Miamin the head of the Outawa chief, and now

the head of the Outawa chief, and now when they found that the Bear was permitted to live, they revolted. They were soon subdued, however, and an envoy of the government having stirred up some trouble among a few dissatisfied settlers at Le Detroit, my brother sent me up to Montreal to pre sent his side of the story to Monsieur Vaudreuil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

schold of emergency the In this household of emergen business ability of Mr. Wrexha

"It's my duty to go at once, dear

replied Madame Cadillac. " And the firing was stopped ?"

Sauge a

Constantin. "The firing straightway ceased, Now be satisfied. You shall hear no answered tearfully. "On that day of June (we are now further to day," concluded my sister, well into August), on that day, warned by your cry, Father del Halle left his

with decision. "One word more," I implored.

"Barbe, is she here?" "Not yet," answered Therese, re-joiced, I could see, because I dweit no more upon the theme of the Oatawa uprising: "No, Barbe, is in Quebec, but I hope she will soon come down to me; therefore you must make haste to grow strong. Normand, argingt here Normand, against her grow strong, Normand, against ner coming. Ah! here is little Therese coming. Ah! here is include pigeon again with a small portion of pigeon broth that Gaspard has intrusted to her. Proud, indeed, she is to be your cup bearer !'

How could I decline the food when it was so prettily offered by the kind, tiny hands of the child! The little Hebe stood by until I had taken the last drop of the broth, stamping her baby foot in command when once I hesitated; but it was Madame Cadillas who held the cup to my lips and encouraged me.

Erelong, however, I was hungry enough, and able also to sit for a while

enough, and able also to sit for a while daily by the vine-wreathed window. Then I began to wonder why Barbe delayed so strangely. How her sweet companionship would have brightened those weary days of convalescence!

him.

those weary days of convalescence! At length a solution of the puzzle occurred to me, and I upbraided mysel! for having been so slow to see. Barbe did not come, either because she awaited news of the Bostonnais, or else she had gone south to be married to

not do it. The hendish young Outawas, maddened by rage at seeing their com-panions fired upon from the fort, dragged the Recollet back into the peaceful, blooming garden. Three times they stabbed him and then bound him : inhumanly glad to have seened him ; inhumanly glad to have secured " But Jean le Blanc coming up, as

not do it.

told you, reproached the young men for what they had done and cut the bonds of the missionary. "Jean le Blanc says that then, for-

" Tell me now, Therese, about Frere

" I will tell you all, Normand," she

flowers and ran to meet you. Many blamed him that he did not return

when he saw you fall, to all appear ance dead. We understand, he could

The fiendish young Outawas

of grief I fell for yard out of

getting the wounds of the cure, he begged the priest to go to Monsieur de Bourgmont and beseech him to stop the Frere Constantin uncomplain firing. Frere Constantin uncourse of ingly set out, but, weakened by loss of blood, he toiled along with difficulty.

"Some five or six soldiers rushed to meet him and to bring you in, Nor-mand, though you were thought to be killed. The Outawas had been driven back, but, just as the little party of rescuers reached the gate on their return, the big chief Le Pasant from be hind a bush of sumach fired into the He had aimed at the so group. He had aimed at the soldiers, but the bullet struck the Recollet, kill

ing on the instan'. "Sadly they brought him into the Yes, she had gone to the friends of fort and to the nanor. On his breast,

but we hope to bring him to life again Not with necklaces and furs, for J know well that though we might have a houseful of them they would not be a recompense for the blood of our Father. What then can I do? I can only satis ty you, my father, by giving you two captives, who are of our own blood, since we have adopted them. Receive them, my father, to cover the blood of the Gray Robe; else take my body. I can offer you nothing more; have pity upon me! Restore tranquillity to the lakes and rivers, that all the chil dren of Onontio may be in peace, and

dron of Ononto may be in peace, and may cook their meat and drink of the wave with all safety. My father Talon, whom ycu call the Rat, was the first chief who came from the Upper Lakes

to find the French. Onontio gave him the key to the door of trade that led to them. It is the Outawas who have

to them. It is the Outawas who have killed the Gray Robe, by mistake in-ceed, yet we have killed him and the soldier. But I have come at the bid-ding of Onontio. I am a child of obedi-ence; I have come, if need be, to die with my brother the Gray Robe." Wien the Outawa warrior had finthe Outawa warrior had fin-

ished, Monsieur de Cadillac rose, and dapting his mode of expression to the manner of the savages, made to them the following address, whereof I have kept a faithful transcript :

Jean le Blanc, Kinonge, and all of you, hear me. Monsieur de Vaudrenil writes me that he leaves me master of peace, and bids me do as I think best peace, and bids me do as I think best to restore tranquility to the nations. Otontagon, hear me! I have lighted a great fire. I have planted four beanti-ful trees near this fire, two on my right hand and two on my left. Outawas, you are the largest tree. I have said to myself, 'It is well. I will repose under the shadow of this tree; there I shall have only good thoughts.' Could I believe that any one had attached to I believe that any one had attached to the top of this tree a sharp and heavy hatchet, which I did not see, because it was covered with foliage? While I slept peacefully and dreamed only of peace, a wicked bear climbed to the top of this tree. He shock it with all his might, ard the hatchet fell upon my cabin and crushed it. I believe that any one had attached to

"When I saw my cabin in ruins, my

" Onaske, if you die of "Onaske, if you die of famine, it is not my affair," rejoined Cadillac, with the appearance of great displeasure. "You have killed my children, you have struck me, and Heaven punishes you for it. Go away! you are very bold." shouldered little lad; his curly hair that never showed a parting within five that never showed a parting within hve minutes from the withdrawal of the matutinal comb was a sunny brown, its tints being repeated in wide, bright eyes that looked a welcome to the whole world, and his clear cheeks showed just

After a parley with the Hurons, a last general council was held. Monsieur de la Mothe, in opening it,

first addressed the Outawas.

"Jean le Blanc, Kinonge, and the other chiefs know the promise you have other chiefs know the promise you have made me," he said. "Onaske, Kouta ouiliboe, listen while Otontagon tells you the result of the councils, that you may deside what to do may decide what to do. Have pity on your children who have eaten grass all summer, and for whom you have felt summer, and for which you were willing such tenderness that you were willing to risk your life by coming here." Otontagon then related the domand

of my brother, and the promise the Outawas had given him.

"Otontagon, my nephew," answered naske, "Le Pasant is your flesh Onaske, "Le Pasant is your flesh; Kinonge is also your flesh. But if our father demands the life of Le Pasant, mer. As yet no visitors had been bid-den to "Sunny Rest," the first arrival it must be so. It is just that this dog who has bitten both of us to the bone should be destroyed. Who can effect anything in my nation but me? I speak in the hearing of Manitouabe,

head. "It is well," he said. "But re-

member, Onaske, if you fail to fulfil your promise, you will fall into greater misery than before. I shall have dull ears forever, and will never again entertain thoughts of peace. Tell entertain thoughts of peace. Tell your people that peace will be con-cluded only when the satisfaction I de-mand shall be rendered. Until then they must come here no more. After Le Pasant has been given up to me, you war all come with a high head. I will may all come with a high head. I will

smooth the way. Thus the council closed, and the following day the chiefs departed for

heart was displeased and I said 'I will cut down this tree, I will root it out, I will reduce it to ashes.' But afterwards I said, 'Why destroy this anger, was determined to avenge the

OUR LADY DOWNSTAIRS. He was a straight-limbed, square-

the coloring of the smooth Eve apples that garnished a far-away Irish orchard where this same little lad had laughed

and gambolled for the first half-dozen years of his young life. Now on this lovely morning of waning May a very

different playground was his-the broad

graveled avenue sweeping in careful curves to the door of a handsome coun-

try house not more than twenty miles removed from great New York. Here,

social queen of the capital came early

to recruit from the strain of the fash

ionable season and make ready for the

house parties and week end outings that would mark for her the full flush of sun-

outside the household proper being the

one portly matron, who on this May morning occupied the Wrexham broug-

ham on its leisurely way from the coun

As Mrs. Wrexham's mother, whose

As airs. Wrothan's included, which comings were always timed to avoid the fashionable companies in which her daughter delighted, this morning's comer was not considered a "guest" in the conventional sense; therefore, little

Arnold Ford had received no warning

"Who is the child, Philip?" Mrs.

Dobson addressed her daughter's coach men in the interested manner which

was always hers when desirous of pick-

ing up the threads of household and

captain so's she wouldn't have to go

home to fetch him here. You know, Mrs. Wrexham thinks the big house

mansion

"I see you are learning Arnold's his-tory, mother," she said. "Come Arnold, let this lady see you. Have you been asking Brown for some flowers for untie?"

Obedient to her gentle call, the boy turned shyly from the path leading to the courtyard and kitchen entrance. His glance sought the face of the His glance sought the face of the stranger, and reading at once its message of kirdliness, the ready smile flashed back to lips and eyes. "I didn't ask them, ma'am. Mr.

"I didn't ask them, in a market Brown often gives me some. They're not for auntie 'zactly; she let me put Our Lady in the pwetty room, and the white flowers are for our Lady." white flowers are for our Lady."

"The pwetty room," Mrs Wrexham interrupted pleasantly for the listener, 'is a room down stairs, where Bessie " is a room down stairs, where Bessie sits to sew in the afternoons here, and Arnold has a picture of some pretty lady I suppose among the souvenirs of his old home. We shall come some time soon to see your pretty lady, Arnold. Now let us go in Mother, so you may rest." rest.

"I am not in the least fatigued, dearsuch a short ride, you know. Tae little fellow wishes to speak again, I see.

Vehicle wishes to speak again, 1 see What is it, my boy?'' "Its only about our Lady, ma'am; our Lady downstairs. She is not a pic-ture; she's a 'statue,' lovely an' white like the one in Kilbanon chapel, only there she has the little Lord in her come Ora Lady downstairs has her arms. Oar Lady downstairs has her hands like this;" and forgetting for moment his natural shyness and the lessons of self-effacement taught him by Auo Bessie, the child stood, outstretch-ing his little arms until his plump fin-rare touched the alementing folds of Mrs. Arnold Ford had received no warning "to keep out of the way of the com-pany," an injunction with which he had grown familiar during his four weeks' previous stay in the stately New York ers touched the simmering folds of Mrs. Dobson's gown.

That lady turned more directly to-ward him, while her daughter, though looking slightly bored, paused again to answer. With her artistic knowledge answer. With her artistic knowledge she had of course no difficulty in com-prehending the child's description, nor prenending the child's description, nor did she choose to pretend any, rather to the surprise of Philip, who seemed to experience unwonted difficulty in guid-ing his well trained bays around that accustomed circle which diverged into neighborhood gossip. "Oh, that's Bessie Byrne's little nephew, ma'am; the master had him brought to her in care of a White Star accustomed circle which diver the straight road leading stabl "So you have a statue of the Virgin, Arnold, and she is to be known as our

could not run without Bessie." Arnold, and she is to be known explain Yes, Mrs. Dobson knew that, and quite agreed with her daughter whose further when we come to see Aunt

speak in the hearing of Manitouabe, of Koutaouillboe, of Sakima, and of Nanakouena. I am strong. I thank my father for having declared to me his thought. I thank you, my brothers, for the promise you have made to him. We must either keep it and live in peace, or die." Monsieur de Cadillac bowed his