

going to be a short job. I'll kill a hundred or so," he said aside to a subordinate officer, "and then come straight back." Then he put himself at the head of his column, and swooped towards his prey.

So when Little Poplar, on the morning after the rescue of Captain Stephens, met the two maidens, there was great sorrow in his face.

"I have to fight your friends," he said, "but there is nothing else left me for choice. Beaver and his men are at this moment marching towards my reserve, though all my braves went back to peaceful occupation upon the assurance from English officers that no harm would come to them; but, as I have already stated, Beaver and his young men want to kill a lot of Indians, and return home great heroes. But they will make a grievous mistake. I shall lead them into a defile of swamp and bush tangle, where every one of the number will be at my mercy. I believe that this foolhardy man regards my followers as a band of dogs, whom he can kill as they run. But my men know not what fear is." Then kissing Julie, and bowing sorrowfully to Annette, this chief went away.

That very day, when midway upon his march, Captain Beaver was joined by two Cree scouts, one of whom besought him for a moment's interview.

He had no time to waste; but if the scout had anything very important to communicate he would listen.

"Then, Monsieur," Annette began, "my advice is that you call a halt of your troops. Little Poplar is in strong position upon his reserve; the swamps approaching his ground are quagmires; the bush is a tangle through which the rabbit may scarcely pass. The chief's men are numerous, and war is their occupation. They will destroy Monsieur's force."

"Indeed, I am at a loss to know why I should be an object of such solicitude to an Indian scout, whose sympathy and interest must be with those savages, against