

The evening of the next day her father returned. He did not speak to her of where he had been. But Baptiste told her of the long, fruitless journey, how they had found the encampment deserted, not even a fur of any value left to pay them for their trouble. Many were the conjectures as to how the Indians could have known of their intended attack, but no one suspected Madrine. The storm and high tides had carried off much property, and this accounted for the loss of her canoe.

The old moon quickly wore away, and all else was forgotten in the preparations for the coming wedding. All the village was interested in it, each one of his own stores, according to the custom, giving a portion, to provide the household with food for a twelvemonth. No one thought of the Indians, and great was the surprise on the day of the wedding, as the gay procession wound its way from the Parish Church to the new house on the hill, to see on the steps in front of the door, Madrine's canoe, filled with valuable furs and useful ornamental articles of bark and wicker work, with only the Micmac totem on the bow to show from whence it came.

Why the Indians should, at such a time, send presents of such value, and how they could have found the missing canoe and known of the wedding, no one could tell but Madrine, and she kept silent.

Years after, when peace was concluded with the Indians, and the old friendly relations renewed between them and the Acadians, standing at her father's door one evening, with the blue waters of the Bason before her, her husband beside her, and her father within the porch, she told it; all the years that had intervened, and the long silence she had kept about it; making

it seem almost as much of a wonder to herself as to the two men, who, for the first time, knew why the encampment had been found empty, and why the canoe had been sent as a wedding gift.—*Youth's Companion*.

DOMINIQUE.

MORK had stopped on all the Acadian plantations in St. Mary's and Vermilion parishes. Was not to-morrow the first day of La Carême, when all fun and dancing and feasting must cease for forty days? Was not to-day Mardi-Gras? The excitement of the great carnival at New Orleans could not reach these remote, solitary parishes, but in all the isolated farm-houses scattered among the bayoux, the Acadians made ready to celebrate the *fete*.

There was to be a grand pic-nic in the live-oak forest, near to Louis Des Vaches' plantation, and in the evening a dance at the Widow Bernard Baudry's. Everybody went to early mass, and then gayly-dressed troops, on foot, on horseback, or in rickety calèches, began to cross the country to the Plantation Des Vaches.

It was a sunny day in March. The innumerable bayoux, streams, and ponds that covered the flat, green country glittered like silver in the sun, as the wind swept over them from the Gulf, rolling in heavy purple clouds of mist now

and then, which blotted out the landscape for a while, and then rose in trailing fragments of wet brilliance. A heavy mass of shadow in the distance showed where the forest of live-oaks stood. Everybody pressed towards it, chattering and laughing and singing.

In the woods young Dominique Baudry was busy helping the Des Vaches family make ready for their guests. True the *fête* was to be at his mother's house that evening, but Dominique had enough energy and fun in him to start a dozen balls and out-door *fetes*.

The Des Vaches had no hesitation in asking him to come over and help them arrange the trays on the grass, which were to be heaped with bread, cheese and little sugar cakes, and the glasses and cups for Nisette cordial and coffee. The Acadians of Louisiana are as simple in their tastes as their French ancestors, and find as keen delight in little pleasures.

The scattered groups all gathered at last under the enormous trees, while the long waving moss made a spectral, uncertain shadow overhead. The elder women sat apart and sipped their neighbor's cordials, gave each other recipes, and petted the babies, throwing a gay joke now and then to their husbands, who were busy talking of the coming rice crop. The young people strolled away in couples, and brought back masses of roses or purple flags.

Everywhere, as they all remembered after-

