

"There!" exclaimed Marcelle, triumphantly, a blush of pleasure overspreading her sweet face. "What have I told you, papa? The Blessed Virgin will protect me always. Men forget that. They think to protect themselves. Eh, Huron?"

"The wind will tell if the wolf comes, and the Huron is swift."

"Vraiment! The Huron is swift and strong. The English will do nothing," laughed Marcelle, gaily. "Will you eat?"

"I come from the mountain since the sun rose," said the Huron.

"What! More than twenty leagues? Have you had nothing?" she exclaimed.

"No! Not hungry," answered the Huron, placidly.

"Nonsense!" cried Black John. "That is always the way with you Hurons. You are never hungry, never thirsty, never tired. You are too proud. The saucepan, Marcelle. A good friend and a good supper go well together."

"Take the deer's horn or the willow-reed and smoke," said Black John, pointing to the mantelpiece.

The Huron obeyed, and the two men sat before the fire while the ragout steamed and Marcelle busied herself about the house. Presently she brought in more candles, but the blaze of the fire made them look dull.

"I don't know what to think of it at all," said the free-trader, musingly. "If the English get the better they will drive us out unless I can pay them for a privilege. But they hate us, and you, too, Huron."