

his knees. Why man, at Hochelaga he doffed his plumed hat to every fair savage who attracted his eye. If I get a chance to go again I will find him, though I have to search every hole and corner in France."

"I am much afraid you will have some trouble in finding him. The last report I had of him was, that he was seen lying in the streets of Paris with several daggers gracing his breast. He was my friend, as you know, and, despite his foolhardiness and follies, the only man in whom I could ever have perfect confidence. I had always expected he would meet just such an end; but I have shed more tears for him than I ever thought to shed for any man."

"Charles de la Pommeraye dead!" exclaimed Cartier. "I cannot believe it!"

"Neither can I!" interrupted a sturdy voice that made both men leap back and lay their hands on their weapons. "Neither can I! And if any one doubts my word, here's my sword to prove it!"

"La Pommeraye!" cried Claude. "Where in Heaven's name did you spring from?" and the two men seized the hands of the young giant who, in the attire of a fashionable gallant of the day, with gay-coloured doublet and hose, richly plumed hat, and surtout trimmed with gold lace, stood laughing before them.

"Paris, where I was seen lying dead in the streets. How long is it, Claude, since you have had such a poor opinion of me? I have been put to strange straits in my day, but I have never yet slept in the streets. Be thankful I did not leave the two of