By permission of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers

IN TREATY WITH HONOR. A Romance of Old Quebec.

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY. Author of "A Daughter of New France," "T.
Heroine of the Strait," "Love Thrives

CHAPTER IV.

A HOSTAGE OF FORTUNE.

"The eyes of a wolf! And I dropped my dagger on the floor of the cellar and forgot to pick it up," muttered Ramon. "Possibly a lynx has chosen the cave for his lair; a wolf loves the woods better than a hole in the ground," I re-sponded. "I have my knife, and if we cannot drive the creature away, we to-

cannot drive the creature away, we to-gether can grapple with it."

We kept on, therefore, since to turn about and retrace our path would not only evince a lack of courage but give wild creature an opportunity to fas ten its fangs upon us. Always face your enemy, say I. To do so shows a wise as well as a brave spirit. A bold

front has cowed many an adversary.

Opening my knife, I held it between my teeth and crept forward. Still those my teeth and crept forward. Still those terrible eyes glowed through the darkness, growing more menacing the neares we approached. Now there seemed but the distance of a few rods between us

Fortunately, as we proceeded, the above us grew gradually higher. We were able to get upon our

feet.
"The passage is only a fissure in the rock," announced my comrade, looking up. "The roof here is but a tangle of up. "The roof nere is but to boughs, and through the foliage I see a

But I dared not turn my gaze ever for a second from the burning eyes. All at once there was a stir, a low gurg ling sound, and it seemed to me that I felt the creature's breath upon my

face. "Have a care, the beast is making ready to spring upon us," I cried, and with my knife in my hand I dashed forward.

Ramon followed close; but when we reached the spot where the intruder had been a moment earlier, there was still an intervening space between ourselves and its fierce gaze. Yet we had not put it to flight, for it continued to glare us with unblinking steadfastness. As I ran, the walls of the cave appeared suddenly to fall away on every side Instead of being shut in by the rock, found myself surrounded by bushes Before my feet was a pebbly beach, be yond which flowed the surging flood of the Richelieu, and over my head wa

only the starlit sky.
"Where is the wild beast that con fronted us in the cave?" cried my friend beside me. "Ha, ha! Those terrible beside me. "Ha, ha! Those terrible eyes were nothing more nor less than two lights in a farmhouse on the opposite

side of the river."
"Yes," I said, "and the sounds w heard were the rippling of the current and the voice of the wind through the trees. The breath of the beast was the breeze blowing back the warm air of the

We would have laughed aloud had we dared. But to be apprehended by the redcoats now would suit us less than ever, and would in addition brand us as cowards in the estimation of Mademo elle Jacquette. For were we taken, how would she ever be brought to believe otherwise than that we were trying to escape, in spite of our protesta-tions that we would stay to guard her. Though forced by circumstances to restrain the merriment that convulsed us, we chuckled mightily to ourselves.

After an interval, getting the better of our mirth, we looked about us, scanning the place where we were and the beyond the current

"Let us search for the canoe," said Ramon.
We soon found it among the bushes,

light strong little craft. In it lay two paddles and a hamper.

I picked up one of the paddles and alanced it in my hand.
"It is a good one, and has been s

lected with care for a long voyage," I

As I replaced it my fingers touched soft texture like the coat of a tiny mole. caught up the little object. It was a

ha, monsieur ! this time I am more fortunate than you," I declared in a low tone, "I'll wager this glove belongs to Mademoiselle Jacquette. I shall keep it to prove to her that we have been here, and have voluntarily returned to aid in the defence of her castle of St. Denis, as well as to strike

a blow for the freedom of her country."
"Then instead of loitering we would better go back by the way we came, suggested Ramon, almost sullenly.

It did not take us long to retrace our

path. When we re-entered the semi-darkness of the cave, the lantern we had left in the cellar guided us truly, and before long we regained our place of refuge, all the cheerier for our amusing The next morning Dr. Nelson came

and released us.

"Since you have made your choice gentlemen, we can at least furnish you with more comfertable quarters," he said, and brought us to his house.

We breakfasted with him, but to my

disappointment Mademoiselle Jacquette did not make her appearance. That Ramon missed her presence also, I knew from his absent air.

There was much to be done, however,

and he presently aroused himself from his abstraction to enter with me into plans for the defence of the house and its environs.

It was agreed that I should watch before the house door. To Rycerski was ssigned the duty of officer of the guard. The doctor himself was to be commanderin-chief, and would be found wherever he might be most needed. As so many of the habitants and their families had

was the only lady in the house, though

here were several woman servants.

Dr. Nelson had some time before sen his wife and children to "the States" for their security. Not knowing of their departure, Jacquette, the orphan chate-laine of a seigneury down the river, had come to visit them, and her return home

was now cut off.

Even at this eleventh hour the doctor tried to shake our resolution. 'Gentlemen,' he said, "to-morrow you

shall conduct mademoiselle and her maid cross the border."

Fortunately the girl helped us out of the dilemma by sturdily refusing to be

"Uncle," she said, "if I cannot, like these gentlemen, fight to defend your house, I can encourage the women and children who have taken refuge on the estate. Besides, you have not yet appointed a quarter-master. You will need some one to look after the supplies and give rations to your volunteers.

"Bien, bien, have your way, cherie," yielded the doctor at last. "It is easier to rout an army than to contend against woman. From this moment, my lass you may consider yourself commissary

Since this evening might be the last opportunity to rest that our host would have for some time, we prevailed upon him to retire. But I took up my position on the gallety, and Ramon posted sen-tries in the village. The night was overeast, portending a storm.

The whitewashed cottages of the ham-The wintewasned cottages of the name is seemed like a company of ghosts in misty winding-sheets, and beyond their thatched roofs the woods were masses of mysterious shadows. A half score of men were on the watch like myself, yet the neighborhood was so quiet it might have been a wilderness. Only the occasional hoot of an owl broke the

My occupation was monotonous enough but I had one subject for meditation that kept my mind interested and wakeful, the thought of Mademoiselle Jaciui, the thought of Mademoiselle Jacquette. As the hours passed, I performed prodigies of valor while defending her not only from peril, but from the slightest annoyance at the hands of the military. I amused myself by conjuring up more than one scene during which thanked me with tears in her beau tiful eyes for the services I had render

ed her.
"Mademoiselle," I answered, "the greatest privilege of my life is to be permitted to do anything for you."

Ah, how glad I am she is here at St Denis," I mentally ejaculated, as I paced eneath the window of the chamber where she was perhaps dreaming sweet aiden dreams

Again, as I thought of what might with her friends in safety. A line of leaden-colored light, the

first sign of dawn, appeared in the eastern sky. The river changed from black-to gray.

I was aroused from my reverie by

far off sound like the beating of a horse hoofs upon the highway from St. Ours. the rider French or British, friend bringing warning or a soldier upon some secret errand?" I asked myself as I listened intently. He came "Halt!"

The cry rang out crisp and sharp. It was the challenge of the sentry at the outpost. But the hoof beats kept

on. "Drat the stupid habitant-sentinel! Is he going to let the stranger get away without giving the watch-word?" I muttered, starting forward. No! a musket shot cut the air; it was followed by another; horse and rider were stopped.

I discharged my own weapon, as

signal that at the house we knew what was taking place, and eagerly awaited developments. In a few minutes Rycerski appeared, accompanied by two of our men, between whose levelled nuskets walked a redcoat who bore himself gallantly.

The misfortunes of a brave man and a

gentleman always appeal to one's sympathies, so as he stepped on the gallery, saluted him. It was just light en for me to see that his face brightened at this unexpected consideration. He was young, a handsome fellow, and self-pos

essed as if he were going to a wedding.

As the party reached the house door it was thrown open, and there in the hall stood Dr. Nelson, fully dressed and

Ramon touched his cap in military fashion and reported, "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that the sentries have just arrested this gentleman, who refuses to account for his presence in the neighborhood at this hour."

The doctor bent his keen eye upon the prisoner, the eye of the physician accustomed to the study of human character as well as of human ailments.

I regret, sir, that I am compelled t

intercept your journey," he said.

As an officer of her Majesty's service, I protest against my unwarrantable apprehension and demand to be immediately released," exclaimed the young

man haughtily.
"This I cannot grant," answered our host, "but, except for the restraint upon your liberty, you will not find my house a dreary place. I must insist, however, npon knowing your name and why you were riding through the night?"

The calm dignity of the doctor was not lost upon the stranger, and thinking it better to accede to the request he re-"I am Lieutenant Weston of the phied, "I am Lieutenant Weston of the Thirty-second, and my mission may be known to any one. Troops have been sent up the river to put down in this district the disaffection of which my arrest is an instance. When they left Montreal I was absent on leave from my regiment. Having set out an horse my regiment. Having set out on horse-back to join it, I reached Sorel after the expedition had left the town, and coming on, I must have taken the wrong

"Yes, there are two roads from Sorel, which converge some four miles from St. Ours," affirmed the doctor. "With more for in all liary instinct than the commander of them had muskets, others were armed with farm implements. All counted there were about a hundred farmers.

In the evening we were rewarded for our toil by being favored with the company of the lady of our dreams, who

The lieutenant with a sigh resigned himself to the existing state of affairs. I recognized him as the younger of the two officers whom I had met on my way to St. Charles.

St. Charles. - Sir, though I am heartily sorry you "Sir, though I am heartily sorry you are my gaoler, I congratulate myself upon having so considerate a host," he returned, in a milder tone. "I hoped to breakfast with my fellow-officers; but since fate has decreed otherwise, I thank you for your hospitality."

He bowed to the doctor, who beckoned in old man from among the group of ser vants that, by this time, stood gaping in "Pascal," he said, "show the gentle-

an to the south chamber, and furnish him with every comfort the house can supply.

Pascal, shuffling forward, led away the

prisoner-guest.
"Now, my friends, you too must take a short repose," said Dr. Nelson, turn-ing to Ramon and myself. "Since it is daylight I can both keep watch over the house and perform the duties of officer of the guard." Nothing loth, my comrade and I sought the room that had been given us. Throwing ourselves on the broad feather-bed that with difficulty was restrained within the limits of the high four post-bedstead, we were soon sleeping the sleep of those who have kept a long and anxious watch.

At 8 o'clock we were punctual in the breakfast-parlor. During mealtime only could we be sure of seeing Mademoiselle Jacquette, although I had noticed the day before, with a pang of jealousy, that she afforded Ramon sevents, the state of the second part of eral opportunities for a few moments' conversation with her. On this morning, as she sat behind the

burnished coffee-urn, she looked as fresh and fair as the bouquet of holly with which she had adorned the centre of the table. Glossy as its leaves was her abundant hair, that curled so prettile over her graceful head; and scarlet like the holly berries was her trim blouse tied with a silken cord at the throat and

"Good morning, monsieur le capi-taine," she called to me with rallying coquetry.
"Good morning, mademoiselle," I an

swered, following her humor.

Then I fell to wondering whether the bit of red silk or a blue ribbon looked

better against her creamy neck — I who until recently had seldom noticed a oman's dress! Perhaps Ramon was deciding in favor

of the ribbon, for when he greeted her his gaze lingered overlong upon her face and the picture she made. Or was it that, like me, each day he found her more charming, and every geegaw she wore seemed the more perfectly to set off her peauty? The latter had its effect upor the lieutenant, too. As he came into the room his face clouded, but when his glance fell on the young hostess his brow

glance fell on the young hostess his brow cleared and his eyes lit up with interest.

"Mademoiselle de Rouville, I present Lieutenant Weston," said Dr. Nelson, from the foot of the table.

Jacquette without rising, held out her little hand.

"Monsieur le lieutenant, I hope you

have rested well," she said.

"As well, mademoiselle, as a prisoner can rest," he replied cheerfully, having

can rest, he replied cheering, having clasped her pretty fingers, with unnecessary warmth, I thought, when he seated himself in the place assigned him, "yet a prisoner is seldom so fortunate as prisoner is sel-Where had the Englishman learned

his manners? They showed nothing the brusqueness of his nationality. The meal was hurried; we had muc

to do during the morning. The storm had come, a downpour of hail and sleet " Ma foi, Jacquette, are you wearing a scarlet coat in compliment to ou inquired the doctor with guest?" laugh, as he surveyed his niece's attir Jacquette flushed almost as red as her blouse as she answered, "Ah, Uncle Wolfred, you know scarlet was loved l our Canadian seigneurs, and they de lighted to wear it. I will admit, how ever, that though I am French with all my heart, if need arises the lieutenant

Weston's color mounted high and his countenance wore a frank smile as he bowed in acknowledgment of the cordial

'Mademoiselle, when a woman graciously offers a man her friendship, for-tune holds out a helping hand to him, he said. "I foresee that Fate will soon set me at liberty. If I am ever granted a chance to serve you, be sure I shall renember your kindness.'

As we rose from the table, Dr. Nelon beckoned to me and at the same time, called the lieutenant to join us in

time, called the lieutenant to join us in the recess of a window.

"Sir," he said, addressing the young Englishman, "in an hour your regiment will be upon us. If I keep you here and the fight goes against us, I shall be powerless to protect you from the des-perate anger of our people. For your safety, I am about to send you to St. safety, I am about to send you to St Charles in my calèche. Your own horse

will be restored to you later." "Dr. Nelson, put me under guard if you will," objected the lieutenant strenuously, "but let me await the outcome of the skirmish. If you are worsted, as pardon me, seems most probable, possibly I may be of some service to—the

lady."
He stopped short, but his glance fell upon Jacquette with respectful admiration.

The doctor was not to be moved.
"I regret to send you out in the storm but the measure is necessary," he said.
"The calèche is at the door. Here, wrap yourself in my cloak. No habit-ant of the Richelieu will insult the physician's old gray cloak of 'etoffe du

The lieutenant shook it off. "If go I must, I will not go to prison disguise," he declared. "Good-bye

in disguise," he declared. "Goodsir: I thank you for your kindness." Then crossing the room to

"Au revoir, lieutenant," I said at ! But a moodiness had settled upon

him.
"Good-bye," he replied gloomily.
"I would rather die than be sent away,

even though is be through the kindner Cheer up, we shall see fighting enough," I cried with gay abandon.
"I wish you an unadventurous ride up

He struck his forehead with his hand and murmured something I did not catch. The driver whipped up the shaggy horse, and the caleche, lumbering down the road, disappeared from view.

CHAPTER V.

"The redcoats will be upon us within two hours," exclaimed the doctor, as I returned to the dining-room. "We will place a guard here, but it is the disillery and the stone house of the Widow St. Germain, near by, that we must fortify. I sent word to madame by Jacquette last evening."

Another surprise was in store for us Scarcely had our host uttered the last words when the door of the room was thrown open and there entered a stranger, of whose presence in the house both Ramon and I had been until He was a large, broad-snouldered man

head, regular features proud mouth that drooped at the corners, and dark, fiery eyes. His long frock-coat was of black cloth with wide apels, his vest and stock of black satin, and his shirt bosom was stiffly starched fter the new fashion. Papineau!" I involuntarily ejaculated, under my breath while my com-rade made a futile attempt to conceal

his astonishment.

The guest was indeed Monsieur Papineau, and our spirits mounted as we realized all that his presence at this crisis might mean. The great spokes-man of the patriots, he whose eloquence in the assembly had aroused the provce to insurrection was there, ready to lead us in the coming engagement, ready to give his life, if need be, for the cause of his country, as he had repeatedly pro-claimed his willingness to do.

"Monsieur Papineau," said our host "Count Rycerski and Mr. Adair are two gallant free lances who have joined their fortunes with ours."

The guest acknowledged our saluta tion with an abrupt nod, bowed with shade more of ceremony to Jacquett and seated himself at the table.

It seemed to me as if the barometer that hung near one of the windows must have suddenly fallen still lower, and the day grew darker outside.
For the great man was not calmly

confident as we had seen him at St. Charles, and as befitted the leader of a cause whose first faint glow he had his manner was nervous and distraugh as of one who had lain awake long in the night striving to determine upon plan of action. His dress was dis-ordered, as it hastily donned, and when he spoke his voice was sharp and be trayed irritability.

Dr. Nelson, eager to be gone that h

might make his position impregnable vas, I think, as astonished as ourselves at the imminent collapse of his friend while Jacquette, as she poured coffe for the late-comer, stared at him in open amazement.

Monsieur, you are not we she zarded, her timidity conquered by hazarded, her kindly solicitude.
"Truly I am not, child," he answered

mopping his face with his handkerchief. Having breakfasted hastily he rose from his place, tipping over his chair in the act, and turning to the doctor broke out impetuously, regardless of our prescence:

"My God, Nelson, what shall I do?" "The only course for every man here is to fight," I was on the point of interposing indignantly, for this singular behavior had speedily overcome my awe of

Our host raised a warning hand that checked the words upon my tongue. A smile half incredulous, half scornful played about Ramon's handsome mouth as he turned to the window. Mademoiselle had run out of the room.

"You know, my friend, I am not a soldier," continued Papineau. "My mission is to proclaim our rights in the Assembly and houses of Parliament, to brave public opinion and block all business of the colonial government until our demands are recognized. If I fall in the melee here, who will battle for New France in the council halls?"

There were tears in his eyes as he concluded, and his voice shook with emotion.

Dr. Nelson was equal to the occasion The idol of the people was indeed showing himself to be of poorer than ordin ing nimself to be of poorer than ordinary clay. A man with so little stamina at the head of the habitants of St. Denis in their struggle with the military would mean speedy defeat and loss of many lives. Yet it was now too late for them to make their submission. It was to de fend their lives and hearthstones they

"As you say, Monsieur Papineau, you are not a soldier," he rejoined with a tinge of irony. "Your place is not in

"Then you advise me to go away at queried the statesman precipitately. "This is a time when every man must

decide for himself," doctor.
"I will go to St. Charles, I will tell the habitants of the bold stand you are making, and encourage them to follow your example,' repeated Papineau, as he paused in his pacing of the floor and then had

ne paused in his pacing of the noor and turned to Ramon and me, and then back to the doctor for assent to his decision. "The roads will be desperately bad, and the sleet is coming down in tor-Ramon remarked. "My dear sir, I care nothing for the

weather," protested the uneasy visitor, anxious only to be gone.

Dr. Nelson crossed the room and pulled the bell-rope that dangled on the

Pascal appeared forthwith. "Pascal," said the master Monsieur Papineau's horse. Do you

The servant retreated, gaping in

Ten minutes later the so-called liberator of Canada set off without formal leave-taking. The last we saw of him was the glimpse we had from the window as he urged his beast forward through of mud where the road

"A sounding brass,' I muttered angrily as we watched him; "yet the name of this man has been mentioned in the same breath as that of Washington. "Gentlemen, let us make haste," in-terposed Dr. Nelson. "This delay may cost us dear."

Arming ourselves, we followed him to the stone house, in whose cellar were hidden numbers of the women and children of the village.

The place was being garrisoned, but Madame St. Germain refused to relinquish her own room, and Jacquette took up her station with the lady, the same who had borne her company on the day of the husking festival at St. Charles. All points of defence had been pro

visioned, and since the habitant is al ways happy when he has the certainty of being well fed, the throng who crowd-ed the house from cellar to loft—save only the sleeping room of madame— were as cheerful a company of brave fellows as if they looked forward to a fete instead of a fight. The majority were clad in "etoffe du pays" and wore rude moccasins and home-plaited straw hats, but with many this was an affectation, the habitant costumes being recommended in the re-solutions drawn up at St. Charles.

Not all the men of the vicinity who had pledged themselves to the cause were present, however. At the call to arms many had fled up the river, across the plain, or to the woods. Of thos who remained only a few had muskets good or bad ; the rest were armed with pickaxes, pitchforks, and cudgels. Of ammunition, I noted with concern, there was only a small supply.

Jacquette, warned by the doctor's remark at breakfast, had laid aside red blouse and now wore a frock of gray homespun. With Madame St. Germain, she was engaged in distributing rations

May I help you, mademoiselle?" I asked as she appeared, laden with a great basket. ' Alas, you must deal out powder and

shot," she sighed, and passed on.
All the while the rain was pouring down as if the floodgates of heaven were open. Providence was apparently with us in the matter of weather.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Jean Baptiste, the scout, brought in word that the troops had disembarked at Sorel, their steamer

being too large to ascend the Richelieu.

"As they marched up the cote, I crossed their path at St. Ours and hailed them to say that the bridge over the Ruisseau des Plantes is away," he continued. "They thought me a peaceful habitant who had gone to the village to sell a pig. The mud was up to their book-tops, and the wind cut like a thousand piercing arrows amid the sleet, but they kept on by the other road. Their rations must be nearly gone. They will fight to the end, for

hunger makes wolves of men."

Quarter of an hour later we descried them, pressing on up the river road, which then was a highway at the foot of the bluff.

"They are coming to arrest Dr. Nelson, our friend in sickness and trouble, but we will never let him be torn from shouted one of our habitants, and the others took up the cry. The cavalry came first. Then the

foot-soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, a long line of redcoats with formidable muskets and a howitzer. In the stone house Dr. Nelson seeme

everywhere at once.
"Remember, boys, not a shot is to be fired until I give the word," he directed "We must hoard our powder and bullets until the moment when they will serve us best.

The men nodded and in silence waited

at the barricaded windows. With music of fife and drum the troops took possession of the abandoned buildpresently came a rai of flame and the whizz of bullets through the sleet. To it we promptly responded in kind,

and we had the grim satisfaction of see-ing some of the enemy fall back from their position. Anon there was a flash as of lightning, and almost at the same instant the stone house was struck as by bolt from the skies.

It trembled like a living creature, and

ome of our habitants, unused to the horrors of war, poor fellows, dropped the weapons from their hands.

"Courage, boys," cried Ramon, to whon the sound was inspiriting as mar-tial music. "It was only a ball from he howitzer." "But it has made a breach in the wall of the house," yelled Jean Baptiste, the

scout. "It recoiled like a hand-ball," shouted in turn. "The walls are as thick as the bastions of Fort Chambly." Finding that the missile had rebounded without injuring any one, our men took heart once more and fought with the

stoicism of Indians. Before long a shell from the howitzer, penetrating the barricade of a window, exploded in the main room, killing five of the most gallant defenders of our position and wounding several.

For a few seconds consternation reigned. Thinking the enemy would effect an entrance to the house, I sprang toward the room where the ladies were,

resolved to defend them with my last breath. The door stood ajar and they had fallen upon their knees. As I approached, however, Jacquette, seeing that all danger from the shell was past,

rose to her feet.
"Bring the wounded in here! Madame St. Germain and I will care for them," she cried, and the more quickly to give them aid, would have rushed out into the place where such dreadful destruction had been wrought.

ly, interposing myself in the doorway; "the wounded will be brought in. I fear you will have much to do during the remainder of the afternoon."

Closing the door after me, I went back to my post.

So the fight went on for an hour, when party of redcoats led by their captain esuing from the buildings in which they had intrenched themselves, surrounded the stone house, charging and firing at intervals in a resolute attempt to carry

our position by storm.

But our leader held it valiantly with sharp return fire, and the English tain fell, so badly wounded that they were forced to drag him off the field

The assailants were thereupon recalled, Toward 2 o'clock we, on our side, beheld a force of habitants marching do the river road from the direction of Belceil. They were men from St. Hilaire come to our assistance.

What a shout of joy went up from the

stone house as we saw them attack the besiegers, hurling themselves upon a band of soldiers who had been harassing us from behind a barn!

"Alas, Nial," said Dr. Nelson, coming over to where I stood peppering the enemy through a small window, "they enemy through a small window, "they can keep up the firing all night, while we have only enough powder to last about an hour longer. Jean Baptiste If we had it, our victory would be as sured." says there is more over at St. Antoine.

"I will row across the river and bring back a supply of the powder in less than an hour," I cried with rashness. "Impossible! Before putting off

man," returned our leader sadly.
"Not so certainly," I cried. "Look" Our reinforcements soldiers from behind the barn, and the rushed to their support. The doctor

from the shore you would

"You know where to find the canoe," he said. "Take it, and if you will go, may God be with you."

I nodded and slipped away, stealing out of the rear door of the house, which was on the side of the water. The redcoats had more than they could do for the moment. Crouching below the bluff and protected here and there by shrub and by the shadow of the buildings, ran several hundred yards, and unob served reached the spot where Ramon and I had come upon the canoe.

It was there among the bushes still, Searching about, I found the paddle also and with no loss of time put off from the beach.

beach.

As I did so a yell from the enemy showed that I was discovered, and a volley of shot followed me. A bullet disabled my right arm, another pierced my cap, but, thanks to a merciful Providence, my journey was not prevented.

The little cance, as if endowed with expectiving of the brave spirit of the

something of the brave spirit of the ady who had placed it at my disposal for a very different errand, dipped into the current with the confidence of a river bird. The driving sleet added greatly to the difficulty of my attempt, for the wind lashed the water into tempestuous sea, and the keen frost stiffened my limbs and caused my woun arm to ache savegely.

Nevertheless I blessed the storm,

since it formed a curtain between me and my foes. Probably they thought I was done for, because they stopped firing after me.
As I sped on, I thought how different-

ly the scene had appeared on the morning Ramon and I came to St. Denis. Up the river to my left, set like a jewel in a silver chain, lay the He aux Cerfs, or Island of the Stags, and the white-capped waters broke upon its strand like the waves of the sea upon strand like the waves of the sea upon the shore. The beautiful wooded isle itself was now shrouded in a winter's mist which the country-people were wont to call the "veil of Madame de Montenac," to whose seigneury the lands belonged. Belwil, the great solitary mountain that rises from the plain above St. Hilaire, was entirely cealed by the fog. At my right current swept away to St. Our Rouville, and thence to join the

tide of the St. Lawrence at Sorel. From St. Denis, on ordinary days, we ould hail the habitants of St. Anto Although a fair stretch of water lies between the two villages, never before had the river seemed particularly broad at this point. But now, when I realized nean to the besieged patriots, I found

the voyage long.
As I gained the shore and, with the aid of my paddle, ran up the cance on the frozen strand as though it were a sledge, a peremptory voice called out of the mist in French,— "Hold! Who goes there?"

Stumbling out upon the ground I found myself covered by the musket of a thick-set habitant in blanket coat and red cap, the very counterfeit present-ment of an old-time coureur de bois. ment of an old-time coureur de bots.

"I am a messenger from St. Denis,"
I cried. "Your friends there are in
desperate straits. If you have any
powder here, in the name of heaven,
give us a share of it for our defence."
Helemand his research and religid me

by the arm. "You have crossed from St. Denis," he repeated supporting me up to the bluff. "Come and tell our people what is going on there. Are our friends being shot down by the troops? Helas, helas! Powder and shot of course you shall have if it were our lost raund.

He lowered his weapon and seized me

When we reached the top of the bank
I saw that the villagers had erected barricades for their own protection, not knowing how soon they themselves might be attacked by the soldiers.

They crowded around me to hear my news, resolute, swart-skinned, wiry men, armed with firelocks and farm imple-

ments; sturdy women who, if need should come, could defend their homes with the courage and strength of men; children who seemed not to "The troops are being driven back toward St. Ours," I shouted. "Give us but the means and we will rout them

The good souls generously gave me a keg of their powder.

"Let me wrap it in a blanket to make entirely.

sure of keeping it dry," said the bluff sentinel who had challenged me.

Carrying it down, he deposited it in the stern of the canoe.

"God bless you for good neighbors," the return "You must not go there," I said stern-

"God bless you for good neighbors,
I called back as I started on the return
trip. "If you need our aid, be sure we
shall be more than ready to render it.

Had the redcoats suspected my errand,
II could never have reached St. Denis

the st brace Wh been beat mome welco until,

beach more

scare for m back doct

away Our how ther