

Virginie on her part had not to look long with her splendid brown eyes upon "Big Donald" to make up her mind that he was immeasurably superior to any of the young *voyageurs* or *bois brulés* who, in the ordinary course of things, would most probably be her fate.

So they took each other for better or worse ; the marriage service, in default of a minister, consisting simply of Donald acknowledging Virginie to be his wife, in the presence of her parents and of his subordinates.

The union proved to be a very happy one ; Donald grew increasingly fond of his wife, and if Virginie did at times betray the quick temper that she got from her father, or the tendency to sullen sulking that came from her mother, when she could not have her own way about something, why, the big Scotchman just thought to himself that it was the way of women-folk to "gang a-gley" now and then, and, instead of giving back hot words, closed his lips firmly over his tongue, and went away. And then, so sure as he did, when, perhaps, he was sitting at his desk, poring over his ledger, or consoling himself with a pipe in a quiet corner, there would come a gentle step behind him, which, although his keen ears heard it well, he pretended not to notice, and presently a little brown hand would be laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice would murmur pleadingly in a quaint patois, half-French, half-Indian :