

reflectively, "but the Huron was here lately, and he says that the English get the stronger and that the Company will send men through here before long."

"What does he know about it?" she cried, reassuringly.

"Ah! The chief was at Ville Marie, and he has a sad heart for a young brave. He feels bad. The French always treat the Indian well, but the English are rude, and want everything for themselves."

"Well! what does he say they are going to do? They are not going to eat us, I suppose."

"Yo do not know the English," said her father, reprovingly. "They would ill-treat you if they dared," and the old man's eyes flashed wickedly.

"I can go away."

"Chut!" said Black John, warningly, as his ear caught a sound. There was a step at the door, a low knock, and the Huron entered.

"Ha! Huron, welcome!" cried the free-trader, excitedly. "I have just spoken of you. Take a seat."

The striking figure of the Indian chief drew itself up to its full height and his bright eyes glistened with pleasure as Marcelle came forward and extended her hand to him, smiling.

"I am glad you have come, Huron," she said. "Papa is gloomy. He says you told him of the English robbers. I say you will take care of me, if need be. Won't you?"

"The Huron's eyes always look for the Fawn. He will be like the eagle for her sake," said the Huron, earnestly.