

THE GOING OF

"Her God and mine was with me."

Bagot's eyes blazed. "Why didn't you offer rum—rum? They'd have done it for that—one—five—ten kegs of rum!"

He swayed to and fro in his excitement, yet their voices hardly rose above a hoarse whisper all the time.

"You forget," answered the priest, "that it is against the law, and that as a priest of my order I am vowed to give no rum to an Indian."

"A vow! A vow! Son of God! what is a vow beside a woman—my wife?"

His misery and his rage were pitiful to see.