

was. They were all drunk that day, and he knew not whether he fought man, woman, or child, one or one thousand of them."

"My God!" breathed Carlisle, swift anger overwhelming the vibrant thrill that Richelieu's first words had sent pulsing through him. "You did that?"

He loosed his grip from Wayne, and oddly enough the surge of wrath in Carlisle left Wayne quiescent. He was a man of stone once more with one hand pressing on his rifle-barrel, the other hand passed around Joan's waist.

Carlisle leaned over Richelieu, his face contorted with mingled emotion, righteous indignation, horror, disgust, suspense.

"My God, man—you did that?" he repeated.

"*Oui*," and the head nodded feebly, "but I knew his life would not be worth a franc while Wayne knew he was alive, and I had blood enough on my hands. So I smuggled him away till the heat of the day had died out of him, and then I told him what he had done."

"You incarnate fiend!" choked Carlisle, for into his mind rose the vision of his father as he had known him—tall, straight, handsome, the pride of his boyish eyes in the dashing uniform of a captain of the Rangers.

"Just so! He knew he would not have his life long if he stayed. And who could face his friends or his own flesh with that stain upon him? He disappeared, and one day a priest came into the post of Niagara to care for his boy."

"Who, pray?"