# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

### A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

obedient wife to observe the com

was no response.

ran forward.

smoke

Jacques !"

of agony.

Therese.

mew so well.

as too late.

fought.

scarcery has thus somewast render-antly relinquished my precious burden, and as I stood for a moment striving to get the smoke out of my lungs and eyes, a figure brushed past me-a

eyes, a figure brushed past me-a lithe slight figure shrouded from head

to feet in an Indian blanket.

Involuntarily, yet impelled by a potent providence, as I believe, I stretched forth my hand, caught at the cloak, and pulled it away from the vis-

age of the wearer. As I did so, a low exclamation of astonishment broke from me. The fall-

ing back of the mantle revealed the long, plaited black hair of a woman; and the face that looked out at me in

then with a taunting smile slipped away, leaving the cloak in my grasp.

dove soars into the sunlit skies.

before it:

The

haps you know

### BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS FIRE. " Fire ! Fire !"

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The awful cry rang out in the night, breaking the silance with sharp dis-tinctness, and, borne onward by the wind, carrying terror to the hearts of white settlers upon the shore of Le Detroit. There was but one other evil to be more feared, an attack from the savages : and the colonists, aroused from the depths of sleep by the sudden warning, knew not but this flery visita stil tion m ght be a forerunner of a Accor and more crucily releates for. The house of Frere Constantin, where I lodged, was outside the pairsade, the good Father having wished that his cabin and the church might be so that the Christian Indians well as his French parishioners might have free access to this little sanc tuary in the wilderness, and be able to define the same to the tuary in the wilderness, and be able to claim the ministrations of the mission ary at any time. "Fire! Fire !"

The shout of the sentinels quickly The shout of the sentines quere by bed of buffalo pelts. I hastily dressed, and passing beyond the curtain of deer skin that separated my room from the main apartment, opened the door of the cabir

cabin. As I wont out, some one laid a hand npon my arm. It was Frere Constantin in his gray cassock and cowl, calm, but as ever prompt and resourceful, thinking only of hastening to the assistance of those who might stand in need of his services, physical or spirit-

Once in the road, we saw before us bright light, like a become of fame, which proceeded from the centre of the fort, while the air around us was thick with smoke and flying sparks.

Levelaimed It is the manor ?' a frenzy. "I scarce think so," replied Frere

Constantin, "but you may be right. God protect those who are in danger." Together we ran to the gates of the paliside. Seeing us, the guard threw

open the wicket, but no sooner had we entered than he closed and barred it with a swiftness which I noted as an ce that he had been warned not to relax his vigilance at his post even though the heavens threatened to fall

In truth, we had not advanced more than a few paces ere I perceived that all the watches had been doubled. all the watches had been doubled. "What is alre-the house of the Commandant?" I demanded of one of

the sentries. "No, Monsieur Guyon, it is the

small storehouse'' he answered ; " but, alack, the wind-" We did not wait to hear more, but

hurried down the street of Ste. Anne, guided by the flerce light, which, re fected in the heavens, stained them deep crimson. It was as if a blood red cloud hung over the settlement.

Yes, the smaller storehouse aflame, and about it thronged the settlers, some striving to quench the with buckets of water from the wells, many of the more energetic even attempting to bring it from the river, while others stood despairingly idle, lamenting the quantity of corn and grain (more precious than gold) which was fast being consumed by the flery grain (m cormorant.

Inadequate as were the means of fighting the devouring element, so well did the majority of the men work that, had the night been still, I doubt not they would have been able to keep the destruction from spreading.

and the face that looked but at he in malignant hatred was the face of the Indian girl Ishkodah. "Imbecile ! Dupe !" she hissed in a venomous whisper that minded me of But there had been a storm the day before, and a high autannal wind was blowing from the Lake of the Eries. From the burning building the flames the old tradition of viper's honey, and

leaped up in angry defiance of the toil of the workers. Like spirits of Evil, or the furies of the pagan Hades, they fung up their long, cruel arms to the sky, or else, ever stretching out farther farther, grasped at whatever they

give the alarm." All this which I have set down hap-pened quickly. Only three or four minutes had elapsed since I came out of the burning house. There might of her lord to stay at home, even when the rafters are burning over her head,' cried Sans Remission in wonder, as we Cadillac was now the first to reach the door. It was barred, but with the strength

of a great dread and excitement he and I together broke it in before the others self feared no danger; "nonsense would you lose your life for the sake o came up ; and as the heavy oaken bara miserable redskin ?"

rier fell, there poured from the in-terior a dense volume of blinding It was Dugue. I shook off his grasp; I was deter mined to make the attempt. But as I broke away from him a woman's cry folse, Therese, Antoine, cried La Mothe, in a voice

lowed me-Normand ! No, no, no ! It is too late ! Oh, my God, I have sent him to his death !"

an agor y of fear for my safety, calling me back. Nevertheless I shut my ear dashed into the house. Observing the same caution-for otherwise of what service could we be to those we hoped to its pleading, for in my heart still thrilled the words she had uttered a to save? I followed him close. We found Therese sunk upon the settle in the salon, her boys beside

her. How it happened that she had not made her escape at the first appearance of the fateful cloud, seemed then inexstantin's silver altar bell, they re-minded me that civilized and savage plicable. Afterwards it was most plain Cadillac caught up his wife, and bat

torture nay, martyrdom itself to save the souls of dying Indian children, is it not meet that I should do my utmost to snatch from the flames the body of this poor little slave, if yet there be life in it? Have the years I spent with the Recollets, the lessons of self-sacrifice and devotedness that they they

illac

the grass with a broken ankle. "I must go, not you, Normand,"

something on the floor. I fell upon my knees; I felt the fine texture of a woman's dress; my hand touched the soft hair whose ringlets said. I thrust him back as he strove to rise. To go in by the main entrance was now impossible; through it the smoke and and shining braids, or cadenettes, I lamo were rolling out in great waves Yes, thank God it was Barbe. My There was, however, still a chance to soul had cried unto Him, and He had reach the interior through a window on the north side, where the fire had not nercifully guided me to where she

There was not a moment to be lost yet made headway. The shutters were barred : Sans Rethe flames broke out around us ; she mission and others aided me to break them in. As the draught of cold outer was unconscious ; perhaps, after all, I Swiftly I raised her in my arms, and air penetrated into the room, a volume of smoke poured forth, driving us back. "You cannot go in, Monsieur Guyon," declared Sans Remission ; "it is folly

essayed to make my way out. The smoke wellnigh overcame me; I stumbled. But-I triumphed over the fury of the element against which I to try." For answer I signed to him to hand I approached the door ; I staggered

me the cloth dripping with water which he had made ready. He oid so, and on-beyond the burning ring of the gallery, out upon the green, and gently laid the lifeless form of the young having fastened it over my face I sprang having instemed it over my face I sprang into the burning apartment. The heat was withering; already my throat felt parched and dry, the smoke penetrated into my eyes and ears and nostrils. Should I turn back? No; beyond was a "poor little child," whom I could not heave to perish. Chatelaine of Chateauguay upon the Chatelaine of Chatelagusy upon the beaver skin which a good woman who had been ministering to the others spread for her upon the grass. Scarcely had I thus somewhat reluct-

I crept along the floor where the smoke was less dense; I fell, and for a second must have lost consciousness. Again I revived and dragged myself on ward. Was the struggie, was this in tense suffering to be all in vain? Alas I could battle against such fearful odds with a moan I sank prone on the floor; I stretched out my arms despairingly, thinking my last hour was come. Truly I believe this would have been my end had not it been decreed other vise. when, as though in an appeal to Heaven to witness that I had done my best, thus flung out my hands, I brought them down upon a small moccasin. I stretched them farther and graspe

a little foot. I had found the child. The excitement of the discovery re-newed my strength. I drew myself along a few paces more, and put an arm around the limp form of the boy; then, Ere I could follow, she had disappeared amid the confusion. "Ha, ha, my pretty cockatrice, perolding him fast, I strove to retrace my way across the floor to the window, being guided by the repeated calls of more of the origin of the men without, though I could not

without from their purpose, they would not listen to a messenger from the skies. You would but throw away your life to rearrief. in fierce warning. n fierce warning. "Osawwanemekee," he said, "if ou tell not the truth, and the whole you tell not the truth, and the whole truth, I will have you torn link from limb, and your body I will deliver over to be burned." "My father, I will tell you the truth," answered the Yellow Thunder. It was only too evident that the

shurch must burn without a hand being raised to save it. Our Sieur quickly adopted his plan o truth, answered the Yellow Thunder. "There are those, my father, who wished to take me by the end of the finger, those that yeu have held by the hand. They would not open the

defence. So unflagging were his watch fulness and the strictuess of the discip-line maintained since he had knowledge hand. They would not open the gates, indeed, but they were not angry line maintained since ne had knowledge that the savages were ill disposed toward us, that even during the con-flagration the garrison had been kept under arms and arcse ready for the Yet were they minded to put our war riors off for a while. Our warriors would not be put off. They found some emergency. Now they received orders not to open

fire upon the enemy until the Indians should be close to the palisade.

All at once, however, the sharp crack of a shot from a fusee above the whizz Cadillac started. Cadillac started. The report was followed by another,

The report was followed by alcohor, and then a third. "Sacre, who has supplied the red devils with powder and ball?" he ex-claimed with flerceness. "There has been treachery within the fort as well as without.'

the Frenchman by witchcraft; her spells were in vain; the white woman The savages were now close upon us Clamoring ominously, they beat against the palisades with their battle axes and strove to force the gates. The shricks of the women and chil-

the woman. She invoked the Red Dwarf; she came to a Medicine Man dren within the enclosure, the spectacle of the burning church now a pillar of flame, the doom that to all appearances of the tribe, and telling him her story, asked what she should do to be rid of awaited the fort and all who were gath ared therein, were enough to appall the stoutest heart. La Mothe remained, notwithstanding,

ndismayed. His anger died away with absolute colness he gave the word

to his troops. A volley of musketry poured down A volley of musketry upon the fees now at such short range. Ere they could recover from their sur prise, for they thought us unprepared, another volley swept through them with excellent aim, we judged, from manner of their falling back.

Unaccustomed as they were to the use of firearms, happily, their fusces sometimes failed them, whereas even their terrible average more to factor their terrible arrows were ineffective before the deadly bullets of our sold

They renewed the attack again and snining hair would taste of the sweet meats, she would sleep; her beautiful body would be consumed in the fire, her soul be carried off by the Blue Spirits of jealousy who came to the aid of the daughter of the forest." ""Fiend !" cried Cadillac, springing me when this areach had been lister again, each time with a more desperate fury. Had the Hurons and Outawas of the surrounding villages joined these disaffected Pottawatomies, doubtless the fate of Le Detroit would have been up when this speech had been inter-preted to him. "So this infernal Red sealed.

But those strange neighbors remained passive and indifferent; during the conflagration that had dyed the heaven with blood, during the pandemonium of the attack upon him by their red brothers, their forts showed not a light.

The strength of the savage besiegers vas broken. Our soldiers still kept up a brisk peppering with their muskets, and in the streets of the little town the women and children knelt and prayed. Frere Constantin, despite his dis abled foot, dragged himself about, abled foot, dragged himself about sustaining the courage of the men; and though an arrow grazed his hair he was not in the least perturbed. "He should have been a soldier," I said to myself; yet, after all, did not his calldemand as great valor as that o

the bravest warrior? With the fine firelock I had brought from France, I blazed away at the red skins as persistently as any of the men. At length, finding themselves worsted they turned and fied to the woods they had counted upon taking us un awares; instead, we repelled and put

them to rout. Our shout of triumph caused the forest to ring again and again, and was a taunt in their ears as they ran-those who were left of them. As a pre-caution against their return in greater numbers, Cadillac kept the men still at their posts.

It was broad day ere he permitted the gates to be opened and the wounded brought in as captives.

come down upon them.'" "And providentially, I supped last Among the prisoners was the Chief Osawwanemekee, Yellow Thunder, who, night with Frere Constantin and you, being slightly disabled, had been aban-Normand,' doned on the field. "You are Osawwanemekee?" ques

an aside to me. Then, turning toward Yellow Thunder, he continued: "You see, Osaw wanemekee, the great Manitou of whom la la Mathe when the warrion

people had married her, she fied from him, and cast herself it to the Lake of Otsiekitah. (Ste. Claire.) 'Tis said that from the depths of these placid waters may still be heard, on autumnal evenings, the sad voice of the unhappy daughter of the forest, by turns wail-

ing, despairing, or repentant; and the answering lament of her Indian lover from the shore. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ONE WHO FAILED.

This is the story of two men, one good, the other bad. It is a true story, and the events happened many year one to do their bidding. A daughter of the forest had given her heart to the ago. What impresses one most, perhaps, in the tale, is the curious, com-plicated moral it possesses, and the evidence it furnishes of the fact that, of the forest had given her heart to the white chief of the sure aim (Dugue.) But the white chief scorned her for the sake of the woman whose check is like the red and white of the blossoms in the the set for the blossoms in taking it all in all, there is a certain law of compensation in this world.

Charles Edell was an American scalpor who had lived all his life in Rome He was a good man; strictly honest, thoroughly moral, untiringly industri muttered under my breath. "Ishkodah, the Fary," repeated Osawwanemekee, albeit my lips had ous, a practical Catholic, a diligent scarce framed the name. , "The maid tried to win the heart of student, and a man of sweet and even He was a staunch friend, and temper.

no one's enemy. Now, that man's life, from a worldly standpoint, should have been crowned standpoint, should have been crowned by success. The very opposite was the case. He was a dismal failure. He lacked talent even, and no amount of steady perseverance or industry seemed able to make up the deficiency. Perhaps he was the round peg in the square hole. The probabilities are that the flower faced woman with shining hair. The Medicine Man was in the counsels of the warriors. He put her he might have been a success had be chosen some other occupation, but as a sculptor he was a failure, utter and off, saying he would consult his Mani-tou. He told the braves what he had learned, and they commanded him to bid Ishkodah set fire to the fort. complete. All his friends knew it, admitted it to themselves, but never to him, and the pathetic part was that, as Fary, he was well advanced in middle age, the suspicion of his incapacity began to was not satisfied ; the woman with hair like the silk of the maize might escape. The Medicine Man knew Ishkodah often dawn upon him when it was too late to choose another profession. The heads went to the kitchens of the white men's lodges with berries and plums for their and figures which he turned out in clay, and afterward laboriously fash-ioned in more enduring marble, were He gave her a powder made from the leaves of the poison blossom and bade her spill it in the dish of commonplace and worthless. No one ever thought of buying anything by sweetmeats the Pani woman is wont to prepare for the table of my father-Edell. Happily, he had a small income which kept him alive, and enabled him strange powder that causes heavy sleep. The fair faced woman with shining hair would taste of the sweet now and then to purchase a block of marble to spoil.

It happened that one night, as he labored late, some one fell against the door of his studio, which, not being too securely fastened, burst inward, and a mar; staggering forward, tumbled at the feet of the startled sculptor.

Edell was greatly alarmed. If he had been more of a man of the world he would have recognized that his in the last stages visitor was merely of intoxication. He rapped on the wall to arouse his next neighbor, also a sculp. tor, and asked him to run for a doetor, but the friend, instead, came around to Caddide proce into a narsh haugh. "Chacornacle, have search made again for this Nain Rouge. We will show the savages promptly that he is no more than human," he said. Ma foi it he is expect to a second to be a set of the second to be a the second to be a second the open front door, to see what was the touble. "It's all right, Edell," he said, as

he stood over the prostrate man, with h's han's in his pockets; "you need not send for a doctor, I know this fellow. He is a young scapegrace who has been loafing around Rome for the last month or two. He is drunk, which is his normal condition. Take my ad vice, and turn him out into the streets. If you keep him here, he will try to borrow money of you in the morning, so that he may get drunk again; or, failing that, he will steal whatever can lay his hands on. He is utterly orthless.

Edell was deeply pained at the cynic-

ism of his friend. "I cannot turn this man out to die in the streets," he said. "I shall make a

the streets," he said. "I shall make a bed for him here in the studio." "As you please," replied the other, shrugging his shoulders. "I am sure I wish you luck of your new tenant."

were left alone together. The sculptor fastened the door, gathered together some rugs and matting, placed them be-side the fallen man, and rolled him

Charles Edell now, for the first time, saw the face of George Penfold. It was the face of a young man premature-

As it turned out, he was everything that Edell was not. There was not a

ecause we wished to open the gate

the ' Mcon of Flowers.'" "The forest maid was Ishkodah,"

was a greater enchantress than she. Ishkodah resolved to take revenge on

"But with this alone

vomen.

preted to him.

Strait,"

And

girl.

again."

Dwarf is one of your Medicine Men ?'

perturbably. Cadillac broke into a harsh laugh.

"The Red Dwarf is the Demon of the

if he is so great a curiosity, I will send

him as a present to Onontio. Perhaps

he may stir up troubles among my enemics at Quebec which will prevent

them from meadling with me and my affairs here. As for this girl, see that

she be apprehended with all speed. She shall be flayed alive ! She shall

be consigned to the stake and suffer

worse tortures than those she designed

shall have no soporific to deaden them. A fury indeed she is, thus to seek to

ingly did harm to her nor to any one.

and children her victims as well

La Mothe stopped short: the extent

La Mothe stopped short, the of the plot was truly appalling. "Yes, my father," proceeded the chief, reading his thoughts; "the chief, reading his thoughts; "Our

will be heavy with sleep, and cannot

Osawwanemekee, divining the orders of Cadillac from his gestures. "The

There

of Cadillac from his gestures.

muraured my brother, in

order the French soldiers when we

braves whispered together. 'C father too will fall under the power

the dream blossom,' they said ;

she

for Madame de Chateauguay, since

destroy a lovely lady who never

A fury ! she would have made my

rejoined Osawwanemekee, im

• The

## MARCH 24, 1906.

ly at the c -with vic astonished to grow un cinated, v until Pen covered i

no lack of "When again," h this bit o is yours. And so he said. Edell's upon the had been "I bel said to th is a bit o and Edel "By J ment. thing the year—or Do you n did this "Yes, short spa

about g irritated " If I would h Galotti get that man can The t

turns.

back, an

face and

ly. No. ing his one who mistake I am ill die. I place to This and th Penfold fever. streets The tender but are The out of an Am "Eo " TI sea vo Edell. lish lin Ede resour Every and h to pay He Naple saw h mone; Per small lowin for w

be tri legen fever a Ne dies. poiso touch drov stop stre who, beer E

And so Edell and the drunken man ver upon them.

ly aged.

no avail.' I the burning nouse. There might still be time to succor the boy. I sprang for ward, but some one sought to restrain me. 'Nonsensel' cried a man who him soll (meand no

Our Sieur wrapped his scarf about his head to escape sufficient, and dashed into the house. Observing the It was the voice of Barbe-Barbe, in

moment before : "Oh, the poor little child ! Oh, the poor little child !"

Like the sweet tones of Frere Con

are alike before the Infinite. "A life is a life," I said to myself tling through the smoke, carried her inte the open air. I followed with young Antoine; and Frere Constantin, who

"A life is a life," I shat to mysen as I sped away. (How much passes in the mind during a few seconds !) "If my friend, if Pere Marquette and others have braved privation, hardship, Antoine; and Freie Constant, the had pressed in close beside us, brought little Jacques. No sconer had I transferred the stupefied older boy to Sans Remission, the Lorence Compared that whom I met as I was coming out, than whom I met as I was coming out, thus, having inhaled a good breath of the clear atmosphere, I covered my head again and rushed back into the house, groping my way as best I could toward the roours farthest from the entrance. "Barbe ! Barbe!" I called. Barbe!"

taught me, been utterly wasted !" "The small Pani slave," I cried, as I reached the house again—" he is with-Not the faintest sound came in anwer, and a great fear for her clutched

at my heart. Alas, if I should not be able to find her ! Confused in my dark groping, I was d I made for the door. 'Hold ! it is madness," shouted Cad-

coming back, not knowing which way to turn to seek her, when I tripped over Frere Constantin had sunk down on

could reach, their hot breath a menace of death to those who would restrain mysterious fire tha of !' I muttered to myself, and would have cried out to prevent her  $e_{\pm}$  cape among the throng, but at this moment them, their touch a seal of ruin and desolation.

Within a few minutes a brand cast high into the air from the caldron of fame fell back upon the larger struct-ure called the King's Storehouse, there tender hearted Francoise, my sister's little waiting maid. where was kept the main quantity of grain garnered for the winter. Here was indeed an appalling mis-

fortune.

they speak of Barbe ? I drew near the group, feeling that I must needs chal-lenge and combat with death for her as How the Commandant, officers, cur and people toiled to arrest the ruthless havoe which threatened the very exis-tence of Fort Pontebartrain 1 I had fought with the fire. "Poor lady, she is breathing her last sigh," continued the affrighted

Monsieur de Cadillac was here, and there, and everywhere. Father del Halle worked with the strength of a warrior, encouraging his people by his brave hopefulness, his tireless energy, his promptness to see and seize upon any position whence the flames might be fought with the best chance of success.

ss. For me, what I did in the beginning I scarce know, but I trust I was not be-hind in my duty, and afterwards many le Moyne is not dying; the cool air and the freshness of the wind are grickly reviving her." of my efforts in terms of praise. spoke All at once, however, from struggling

on with mechanical earnestness, I was recalled to a strange acuteness of all my mental faculties by a cry that went ear me. up n

Another fire has started ! Now it o rise. is the manor ! See the smoke issuing from the house of the Commandant!" would come," she faltered, as if for-sooth no one but I could have rescued

Therese—her children—Barbe 1 With a shout I led the way to rescue her.

creature who slept outside my door ?" I knelt down beside her. "What-whom do you mean, dear them. When called out by the alarm, our Sieur, had, it seems, enjoined his family to remain within, deeming them safest baneath the shelter of their home roof, Barbe ?' I inquired anxiously. "Oh, the poor little child !' she sobbed, and turning away put her Barb for at this time the manor was in no hands over her face as though to shut out from her mind the picture that danger from the conflagration. fire had been this second

That kindled separately and was the act of arose before it: '' Madamo means the little Pani 's Aadamo means the little Pani 's aro, Jales, who pesters her with his childish affection and is wont to bring with the panel of the panel '' Madamo means the little Pani '' Madamo means an incendiary, was proved by the blaz ing mass of straw which we found piled against the walls of the kitchen.

against the walls of the kitchen. The straw had communicated its flame to the thatch of dried grass, stealing along on the under side so that its ravages had not been apparent until in a light cloud of smoke and dame it broke out above. his mat of rushes and sleep every night before her door," volunteered Fran-coise. "The servants are safe; they slept in a separate cabin. I had a bed in a room beyond that of Madame le Moyne. I discovered the fire and havme it broke out above. "Verily, Madame Cadillac is a most flame it broke

reply to them.

At the present, of a truth, I cannot tell how I accomplished the terrible journey. In the end, those who were near the window must have pressed forwas a commotion among the " Madame is dying," wailed the

ward and drawn us out. This is all I know - I am still alive and the Pani is alive. And, albeit, he long ago received his liberty, he per-My heart also ceased to beat. Did long ago received his indersy, no per sists in regarding himsell as my slave, and as my major down here in Louisiana guards my interests like a faithful watch dog. For the foolish fellow says, to me belongs the life I gave him be by bringing him out of the fire at Fort Pontchartrain.

last sigh," continued the anighted maider, compassionately. Miladi lay upon the pelt, her head pillowed upon the breast of an older woman; truly it seemed as if her gentic spirit was about to wing its way to the land of the hereafter, as a white With the laying of the manor in ashes the disasters of the night were not over. While the house of Cadillac was yet while the noise of cathlac way yee burning, another cry arose; the church was in flames. And scarce had the realization of this catastrophe come home to us, when a blood curdling whoop resounded above the din and conwoman, who gently chafed the lady's hands and wiped her brow, was not disfusion of the scene. The disaffected Indians of the neighborhood had comquieted, however. "Chut, chut," she said ; "Madame bined to attack us. "I will go out and bid them disperse

I will go out and bid them disperse; I have ministered to them, they will heed my words," announced Frere Con-stantin, boldly. "Besides my duty to you, my people, I must do my utmost to save the church." Happily it was so; the next moment Barbe opened her sweet eyes. Her glance fell upon me, and she struggled

But, even as he spoke, the pain of his 'Normand, Normand, I knew you uld come," she faltered, as if forbroken ankle caused him to sink down upon the bench outside the barracks, whither I also had been led, weak and " And did you save also the little dizzy from the smoke of the fire and my late exertions.

Another savage yell rent the air, and a rain of flint headed arrows pelted

against the palisade. "Pardieu, my good friend, in face of such a storm, how many paces do you think you would get from the fort, though you were as swift as Hermes?" " Rest a returned Cadillac, grimly. "Rest as sured, though your feet were shod with wings and you were gifted with immor tality, I would not open the gates for you now, nor for any one, unless it were to admit some unfortunate French

to admit some unfortunate French settler who found himself on the wrong side of them and yet stood a chance of yne. I discovered the fire and hav-called to the ladies, rushed out to for your hope to dissuade the fiends

was led before him The Yellow Thunder sadly bowed his

head. I am Osawwanemekee," he replied haltingly. "If you will provide me a faithful interpreter, I will tell you what-ever I know that may be of service to you; my people abandoned me, I will have vengeance upon them."

De Lorme was accordingly called, and through him the Commandant addressed the old chief as follows :--

"Yellow Thusder," he inquired with frowning sternness, "how is it that you have forgotten the obedience you

pledged to Onontio, your great father at Quebec, by many necklaces; that you have forgotten the branch of porcelain you brought to me as a peace offering not long since? Had you no Bright Bird does not stay to be cap-tured; it flies away over the woods pity upon the women and children of your tribe? Now your life is in my hands; your furs must be given up to me; your children shall not have so as a bone to gnaw.

glances she cast at the man. He has taken her began the wily Osaw-"My father," began the wily Osaw-wanemekee, "I am so filled with shame, I know not if I shall have strength to speak to you. Have pity on me, father, for I am in despair at the bac conduct which I have committed. I have risked everything, but I will die by the hand of my father. My people have field from his anger, and from the anger of Onontio. They abandoned me because I am old, but I will show them I am not too old to take vengeance will tell my father everything. him seek out and punish those who have offered him necklaces with one hand and drawn them back with the other.

Know then, my father, this attack on the fort of our white brothers was

of the cure, and the church. long planned. "But our great chief Mawkwa, the Bear, needed an ally inside the fort, for the palisades are firm as the trees of the forest, and the gates are strong. Some one the warriors needed to create erceive his disaffection toward our Sieur, and they had counted for success upon this lack of cordial relations between the Commandant and his capa confusion like the dicing of Yen ad dizee, the Storm Gambler, within the tain. no trace of the handsome but malicious nd then when this conflict should fort, a Ishkodah. It was afterwards reported be at its height to open the gates to s." that having been carried away beyond that having been carried away beyond the woods by the brave to whom her

trace of honor or of modesty in his whole composition. Yet those who knew him in Rome believed that Pen-Father Constantia has told you guards and protects me. The charms and herbs of your Medicine Men are power fold had in him what Edell so conspiculess against me. They could not harm the fair faced women of our fort, be usly lacked-genius. In the morning Penfold was grateful cause the hearts of these women are

white as the snows of the wilderness in to the stranger who took him in. gladdened Edell's simple heart with winter, not black with hatred, like to a apparently sincere promises of reform. He had neither friends nor relatives, he nest of serpents in a noisome hole of the iens, such as is the heart of this said, and no one on earth to take the Chacornacle, have search made slightest interest in him. If some one for her at once; she must be still in had given him a friendly or a helping hand, his condition would not now be hiding within the fort, for how could she escape?' "You may search, my father, but you will not ind her," interposed what it was; but the world was callous and selfish, and all were down on the

under dog. He ended by borrowing That night he entered the studio again about the same hour, in very much the same fashion, and then Edell did not call for help, but sadly made

it will mate in another country. There is a young warrior who loves the beau-tiful Fury. He like not the love him comfortable. And thus the strange acquaintance French ship of two dissimilar men went on. No other man in Rome would have her away he would kill her rather than let he stood the growing impertinence of the return to look upon this white chief youthful drunkard. He bullied Edell,

imposed upon him, acted as if the studio Thus was the plot laid bare. There were his own, and his benefactor his could be no doubt that Monsieur de Tonty if not directly implicated, yet How Edoll managed to dependent. How Edell managed to live when his slender allowance was be was not averse to any uprising of the Indians which would cause the ruin of the post. True, it is probable he was ing absorbed by this man, who had no claim upon him, is a mere matter of conjecture. Many suspect that in those anxious to stave off the attack until the spring, when his wife and children days he starved. Yet he always be-lieved there was some good in Penfold. So he was untiring in his efforts to rewould be on their way to Montreal. whither he intended to send them for a time. And assuredly he did not deform him, and get him to work even for a few hours a day. Once he offered to sign the destruction of his own house, which was burned to the ground as well give him instructions in modeling, and Penfold looked at him for a moment in as the manor of Cadillac, the residence amazement. He was sober that morn-Bat he had allowed the Indians to

ing and in a nasty temper. "You fool !" he said to Edell. "you offer to give me lessons ! What do you know about modeling ? Who ever buys any of your inanities ?"

Then he laughed sneeringly, and said :

As for the Indian maiden, we found "I'll show you what modeling is." Edell made no reply, but turned with a sigh as Penfold put a blouse over his clothes, and began to work feverishhealik ica and tha for tiv pa Pe ne to th gr ge

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