

There was a large round table in the middle of the floor and a great abundance of the home made candles about the walls on tiny shelves. Soft rugs served for carpets and strange foreign relics stood about for which D'Anvergre had no doubt paid in blood, and confronting them on the mantle was some of Annett's own handiwork — two Indian warriors done in coloured beads. It was all very pleasant Bieucourt thought, after the lonely room he had left. The wall were not scarred like those at Port Royal, the many lights rained a yellow glamour through the air, and to crown all Annette sat near him, her dimpled hands demurely clasped upon her lap, a soft flush coming and going on her cheeks. She had told him of the dreadful night Pierre Euston had boarded their vessel and how her father had been killed, and then of the life the three had lived in this wilderness till her mother's time had come. After that D'Auvergue always sullen and silent had betoken himself to prayers until at last worn with fasting he too had died and left her all alone with his ill-gotten treasurer, its silks, its gold pieces and its blood. And then a silence fell upon them.

Annette was looking steadily into the flames, feeling her cheeks flush hotter beneath his gaze, and growing angry at their redness. This Monsieur de Biencourt must be very impulsive for he had kissed her at the door before his comrades' arrival and his long curls had rested a brief instant on her neck!

"Annette," said Bieucourt rising and approaching her chair.

Annette rose too and counted the lace-points on the ruffles of his doublet which seemed the only thing to do. He looked very gallant this young French explorer and for years the Indians had been