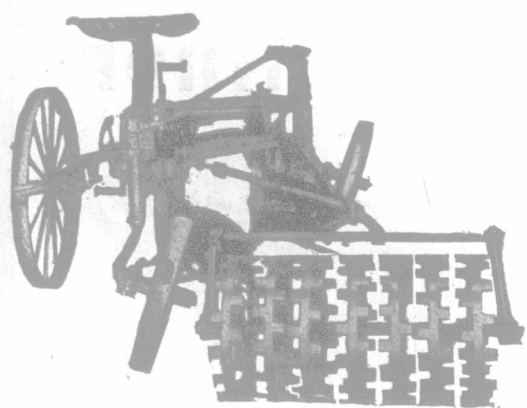


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as they went speeding their canoe down the stream. The turning tide bore them lightly on its bosom, and they chanted a wild, monotonous refrain as their paddles flashed and dipped alternately in stream and sunshine.

"Ah! ah! Tenaouich tenaga! Tenaouich tenaga, ouich ka!"

"They are singing about me, no doubt," said Fanchon to herself. "I do not care what people say, they cannot be Christians who speak such a heathenish jargon as that: it is enough to sink the canoe; but I will repeat my paternosters and my Ave Marias, seeing they will not converse with me, and I will pray good St. Anne to give me a safe passage to St. Valier." In which pious occupation, as the boatmen continued their savage song without paying her any attention, Fanchon, with many interruptions of worldly thoughts, spent the rest of the time she was in the Indian canoe.

Down past the green hills of the south shore the boatmen steadily plied their paddles, and kept singing their wild Indian chant. The wooded slopes of Orleans basked in sunshine as they overlooked the broad channel through which the canoe sped, and long before meridian the little bark was turned in to shore and pulled up on the beach of St. Valier.

Fanchon leaped out without assistance, wetting a foot in so doing, which somewhat discomposed the good humor she had shown during the voyage. Her Indian boatmen offered her no help, considering that women were made to serve men and help themselves, and not to be waited upon by them.

"Not that I wanted to touch one of their savage hands," muttered Fanchon, "but they might have offered one assistance! Look there!" continued she, pulling aside her skirt and showing a very trim foot wet up to the ankle; "they ought to know the difference between their red squaws and the white girls of the city. If they are not worth politeness, we are. But Indians are only fit to kill Christians or be killed by them; and you might as well courtesy to a bear in the briars as to an Indian anywhere."

The boatmen looked at her foot with supreme indifference, and taking out their pipes, seated themselves on the edge of their canoe, and began to smoke.

"You may return to the city," said she, addressing them sharply. "I play to the bon Dieu to strike you white—it is vain to look for manners from an Indian! I shall remain in St. Valier, and not return with you."

"Marry me, be my squaw, Ania?" replied one of the boatmen, with a grim smile. "The bon Dieu will strike out papooses white, and teach them manners like palefaces."

"Ugh! not for all the King's money. What! marry a red Indian, and carry his pack like Fifi Perotte? I would die first! You are bold indeed, Paul La Crosse, to mention such a thing to me. Go back to the city! I would not trust myself again in your canoe. It required courage to do so at all, but Mademoiselle selected you for my boatmen, not I. I wonder she did so, when the brothers Ballou, and the prettiest fellows in town, were idle on the Batture."

"Ania is niece to the old medicine-woman in the stone wigwam at St. Valier; going to see her, eh?" asked the other boatman, with a slight display of curiosity.

"Yes, I am going to visit my aunt Dodier; why should I not? She has crocks of gold buried in the house, I can tell you that, Pierre Ceinture!"

"Going to get some from La Corriveau eh? crocks of gold, eh?" said Paul La Crosse.

"La Corriveau has medicines, too! get some, eh?" asked Pierre Ceinture.

"I am going neither for gold nor medicines, but to see my aunt, if it concerns you to know, Pierre Ceinture! which it does not!"

"Mademoiselle des Meloises pay her to go, eh? not going back ever, eh?" asked the other Indian.

"Mind your own affairs, Paul La Crosse, and I will mind mine! Mademoiselle des Meloises paid you to bring me to St. Valier, not to ask me impertinences. That is enough for you!" Here is your fare; now you can return

MAPLEINE

TAPIOCA PUDDING

One cup of tapioca, the yolks of two eggs, a small piece of butter, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, one cup of milk and one teaspoonful of Mapleine.

Have the tapioca well soaked in water or milk and cook till bluish in color, then add the milk, eggs, sugar and Mapleine.

Mapleine is the new flavoring better than maple. It is sold by grocers everywhere, 50c. per bottle. If not send 50c. in stamps to the Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wash. for a 2-oz. bottle and recipe book.

to the Sault au Matelot, and drink yourselves blind with the money!"

"Very good, that!" replied the Indian. "I like to drink myself blind, will do it to-night! Like to see me, eh?"

Better than that go see La Corriveau! The habitants say she talks with the Devil, and makes the sickness settle like fog upon the wigwams of the red men. They say she can make pale faces die by looking at them! But Indians are too hard to kill with a look! Fire-water and gun and tomahawk, and fever in the wigwams, only make the Indians die."

"Good that something can make you die, for your ill manners! Look at my stocking!" replied Fanchon, with warmth. "If I tell La Corriveau what you say of her there will be trouble in your wigwam, Pierre Ceinture!"

"Do not do that, Ania!" replied the Indian, crossing himself earnestly; "do not tell La Corriveau, or she will make an image of wax and call it Pierre Ceinture, and she will melt it away before a slow fire, and as it melts my flesh and bones will melt away, too! Do not tell her, Fanchon Dodier!" The Indian had picked up this piece of superstition from the white habitants, and, like them, thoroughly believed in the supernatural powers of La Corriveau.

"Well, leave me! get back to the city, and tell Mademoiselle I arrived safe at St. Valier," replied Fanchon, turning to leave them.

The Indians were somewhat taken down by the airs of Fanchon, and they stood in awe of the far-reaching power of her aunt, from the spell of whose witchcraft they firmly believed no hiding-place, even in the deepest woods, could protect them. Merely nodding a farewell to Fanchon, the Indians silently pushed their canoe into the stream, and, embarking, returned to the city by the way they came.

A fine breezy upland lay before Fanchon Dodier. Cultivated fields of corn, and meadows ran down to the shore. A row of white cottages, forming a loosely connected street, clustered into something like a village at the point where the parish church stood, at the intersection of two or three roads one of which, a narrow green track, but, little worn by the carts of the habitants, led to the stone house of La Corriveau, the chimney of which was just visible as you lost sight of the village spire.

In a deep hollow, out of sight of the village church, almost out of hearing of its little bell, stood the house of La

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