

hardy *voyageur*, having with him his wife and daughter, and no sooner had the clerk's eyes fallen upon the latter than he said to himself with an exultant chuckle: "Heck! Donald, lad, but she's a braw one. It's doing your best to get her you must be," and with his customary promptness and resolution, he set about the business forthwith.

Donald's enthusiasm was not without good cause, for Virginie Latour possessed no ordinary share of beauty. Her father, Jean Baptiste, as was very usual at that time, had taken him to wife the dusky belle of a Cree encampment, and she had borne him this one child, in whose face and form were happily united the best qualities of both parents. As fair of skin as her father, she had the regular features and lithe graceful figure of her mother, while in her character were blended the child-like buoyancy of the *voyageur*, and the grave dignity of the Indian. Arrayed in her picturesque buckskin costume, richly adorned with beads and spangles, and bearing herself as proudly as though she were a princess, Virginie would have made a marked impression in any social circle, and to the warm-hearted Donald, longing for the grace of feminine society, she seemed a veritable vision of beauty.

His wooing was short, but satisfactory. Shrewd Jean Baptiste fully recognized the advantage of having the head of a fort for a son-in-law, while