

was not a public house in the sense that it was open to the clamor and riotous misconduct of wayfaring rascals and freebooters. Black John had a good idea of his own dignity and of the respect due to Marcelle, although physically he was not such an one as most men would be afraid of.

The French and the English had been fighting for more than half a century for control of the continent, and the scattered inhabitants of the immense region in dispute were always at daggers drawn according to their nationality. The Indians played one against the other with considerable astuteness, although there were many cases of sincere friendship and attachment on their part for either side.

"I don't know, Marcelle, but I will give up this job for your sake," said the old coureur, as he sat by his huge fireplace, the glancing light gleaming here and there about the room as it fell upon a polished axe-head, gun-barrel, trap, or dagger, for the beams and walls were hung with a large variety of weapons and hunting implements. Marcelle stopped in her work of making a hunting-cap.

"Mon dieu! Why would you give up for my sake?" she exclaimed, in astonishment, for she had never complained of the life they led.

"Ah, my child, you see the people that come this way—bad, bad! I cannot take care of you like I used," replied her father, dejectedly.

"What does that matter? I am not afraid," she said.

"No, you may not be afraid," mused her father,