

punishment. Public opinion would support the act of vengeance and of retribution. Nothing would restore the equilibrium of the public mind unless it brought with it the satisfaction of the Bishop and Beauharnais.

"If, then, the Indian is shot—"

"Then Marcelle is mine again. It is simple; it is plain. If I consent, then naught remains—"

"That is true, Philippe. If you consent it is as if a necklace had been stolen and recovered, or some such jewel; nothing more."

"Yes, Your Excellency," said Beauharnais, with delight.

"But if the Indian lives?"

"Then the crime is black as night, and Marcelle is lost to me. Her love for him will remain. At the first opportunity she will leave me."

"Yes; there is but one way for it—the Huron must die. His death is expiation, and that alone."

"Then he shall die, Your Excellency?"

"Yes. Tell Colonel Dumont that I wish to see him."

"I am Your Excellency's most devoted and grateful servant."

"Your Excellency sent Major Beauharnais for me?" inquired Colonel Dumont.

"Yes, Dumont, and it is as well that you did not bring the Indian. On reflection, I think I shall have to give up my romantic ideas regarding this affair of the heart and treat it as a plain matter of business or of policy. Would not that, after all, be the safest and the best plan?"