

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 childlike 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 recognised the advantage of having the head of a fort for a son-in-law; while Virginie on her part had not to look long with her splendid brown eyes upon 'Big Donald' to make up her mind that he was immeasurably superior to any of the young *voyageurs* or *bois-brûlés*, who, in the ordinary course of things, would most probably be her fate.

So they took one another for better for worse, the marriage service, after Scotch usage, in default of a minister, consisting of Donald acknowledging Virginie to be his wife in the presence of her parents and of his subordinates. The union proved very happy. Donald grew increasingly fonder of his wife; and if Virginie did at times betray the quick temper that she got from her father, or the tendency to sullen sulking that came from her mother, when she could not have her own way about something, why, the big Scotchman just thought to himself