## A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER IX.

AT THE INTENDANT'S PALACE. Happy was I to have obtained from mon chevalier" permission to accom-

Although we comed among the pleas ant company at the Chateau, I found pany him to his new post. there little chance of personal advance-ment. At home I missed my mother, who had died two years before, and my father, grown a decade older in sorrow at her loss, was dissatisfied with me, because I did not choose to take the partnership with my brothers which he offered me in his business.

Had I obeyed his wish, no doubt I

be far better off in the matter of temporal provision than I am to-day.

But I was young; and I longed for the stirring adventures of a roving life once more, even though it was like to

to be fraught with perils.

To abandon this ambition and settle down to the humdrum and prosperous ease of a merchant trader of Quebes would be, it seemed to me, like to a man's selling his birthright of liberty the notification of material for a mess of the pottage of material

My temper being out of joint, even the frivolous moods and humors of my whilom childish friend, little Barbe, had chafed and vexed me—little Barbe, now grown into a stately demoiselle whom all the young cavaliers of Quebec whom all the young cavallers of Quebec society were eager to wait upon, whom they sought out at feros, filling her ears with pretty speeches and compliments, until her head was wellnight thread with their cartes. turned with their flatteries.

For a time Barbe had been removed

from aught to distract her from her strom aught to distract her from her studies, by being sent to dwell at the Convent of the Ursulines; and I mean while had been much occupied, both with the papers of my brother De la Mothe, and some accounts that I kept

Mothe, and some accounts that I kept for my father.

In summer, when I went to Beauport, there was always Robert de Reaume paying court to the girl, half in jest, paying course by the finding an evident fascination in her bright eyes and gay repartee.

In the autumn of 1094 my uncle had

taken a house in the town and bidden all his friends to a grand entertain ment therein. Since then Barbe had been as a butterfly, with a taste only for the gorgeous; or perhaps I might better compare her with that tiny crea ture thrilling with the joy of existence, the humming bird, which craves but the sweetness of life, and darts away in affright at the breath of the softest

wind. Pazzled by the change from the merry pranks which she sometimes played upon me in the early days after my return from Acadia, to the shyness with which she now avoided me, I wonvaguely if her fancy had been caught by the fine uniform and polite phrases of the Bestonais officer who ong ago came to demand that the maid

should be sent back to her own people. Again, when I beheld her so spright ly and arch, yet modest withal, toward all the gallants who sought her favor, so ready in reply to the inane sallies that Robert de Reaume passed off as , I made up my mind she was but a llow coquette without heart or feel-

Upon one point I was determined she might have all the world at her feet, that is, our very small world of Quebec, but she should not make sport

Accordingly, on many occasions I let her know I considered her frivolity most unbecoming. Thus, with me she never jested, but, on the other hand, I feared she held my sage advice but lightly, since she continued to do everything of which I disapproved, as if with the special purpose to provoke

Me. Oa the same day that Cadillac spoke to me of his expedition, I began to ents for the journey into the wilderness. The following evening there was a gathering at the Palace of

there was a gathering at the Faince of the Intendant in honor of the fete-day of Malame de Champigny. Although Governor Frontenae and the Intendant de Champigny were dur-ing the greater part of the time at the greater part of odds, their animosities did not create as insurmountable a barrier between them as might be supposed.

The wife of the Intendant was, more-over, greatly respected by every one, occasion society, whatever its political views, came to pay its re

For myself, I esteemed it the more incumbent upon me to offer my devoirs to this good lady, since I was on the eve of leaving my native town for an indefinite period; the opportunity was favorable also for making my adieux to many acquaintances of whom I might not otherwise have a chance to take Then, too, Barbe would be there, and despite the strangeness that had come between us, I wished to tell

when I entered the Palace, my ears were greeted by the melody of the in-spiriting chanson to his Glorious Majesty, composed by Lulli, the King's favorite musicim. I had, however, been too often a guest here to need the guidance of its strains, or of the servants in attendance, in order to find my way to the salon, where I forthwith ed myself.

Madame de Champigny stood at one end of the room, surrounded by a little

group of her friends.

As I bout over her hand and murmured my congratulations, she s ' Normand, it is long since we have had the pleasure of welcoming you. I fear you young officers find our evenings passing dull; nevertheless toings passing dull; nevertheless to-night, and she glanced toward a group of demoiselles and gallants engaged in the romping game of Le Pont d'Avignon, "perhaps to night you may

find the time pass pleasantly."
"Madame," I replied with a bow,
"a gathering at the Paiace is always charming, and I shall often recall this scene wherein elegant hospitality and pleasant recreation are so well combined, when to remember will form a

favorite pastime. She looked at me sharply, catching,

no doubt, in my voice a more serious meaning than my words of themselves

"You speak as if you were on the point of leaving us, monsieur," she said curiously, yet with gracious kind

"Yes, madame," I answered, smil-"Yes, madame," I answered, smiling, but of a sudden half regretful too.
"You have perhaps already heard that my brother is to depart a fortnight hence to take command at Michilimac. my brother is to depa hence to take command

inac? I am to go with him."
"The Sieur de Cadillac is to succeed "The Sieur de Cadillac is to succeed the Sieur de Louvigny!" exclaimed Madame de Champigny, and I could see that my information was news to her. "Indeed, it is a well deserved honor," she continued warmly; "an additional proof of the high esteem in which the Governor holds the ability and re sources of the Chevalier de la Mothe. But to set forth in the dead of winter! But to set forth in the dead of winter! Why could not Comte Frontenac suffer Why could not Comte Frontenac suner affairs to remain as they are until the opening of the spring? Does he think his hot impatience will kindle fires along the route for his envoys?"

'Where the welfare of New France is concerned, her officers daily not, nor wait upon a softer season," I responded its a respect of pleasantry, yet with

in a manner of processing and significance.
"True, true," she said, quoting one
"True, true," she said, quoting one
"True, true," she said, quoting one
him; h of our Canadian proverbs, "'A gallant man needs no drum to arose him;' he braves the snows and storms with the courage that he faces an army. Since to go you are decided, I the elements will be kind to you, sieur Normand, and that your sojourn at M chilimackinac may be to your ad-

Thanking Madame de Champigny for her good wishes, I drew back to make way for others who would fain extend to her their fets day congratulations. The intelligence of the appointment of the Sieur Cadillac to the important important frontier post of the far west had. I could

see, created a sensation in the circle about her, and began to be repeated through the salon.

Now that I had leisure to look around me, my eyes involuntarily sought out Barbe, and I presently descried her as she stood, laughing and radiant, among

a mirthful band of young people.

They had been playing "Colin Mail-They had been playing "Colin Maillard," Le Moyne of Chateauguay, the whilom "Colin" had made Barbe captive, and she must needs take his

place in the centre of the ring.
She did not see me, for already held up the scarf wherewith to her bright eyes, and I would have liked to thrust him aside as over-bold when he proceeded to bind it about her brow, awkward fingers lingering over long, I thought, upon her beautiful

However, luckily, he could not lengthen out the task by more than a second or two. When it was done, slipped among the rompers as they joined hands anew, and with ircled around the dainty figure in the

ring. Our demoiselle was a charming pic ture in her robe of gold colored bro-cade, cut, as was then the mode in France, with a long pointed waist, round at the neck and with short sleeves; the skirts being tucked up, was displayed beneath them a there coquettish petticoat of pale blue satin embroidered with silver thread; bordering her graceful shoulders was a frill of soft lace, and about her pretty throat was clasped the treasured linked that my uncle Guyon had brought her from across the seas when she was but a child.

These details of her costume I gleaned from her afterwards-though not without some bantering at my expense.

The white riband that hid her violet eyes showed to good advantage her flower-like English complexion, and ontrasted with the sunny glint of her hair, that somehow made me think the King's golden fleur de-lis above the white glory of the royal banner.

In truth, she seemed, too, a most picturesque symbol of late, as she stood there with darkened eyes, smiling, alluring, yet trammelled, too often catching at nothing, made sport of by the gay world as with merry song it

assed before her.
Of a sudden, and so like fate, too, that I must confess I was conscious of a certain uneasiness, after tapping sharp-ly with her Colin's stick three times apon the floor, thus bringing the play ers to a pause, she advanced a step of two toward me and pointed at me with

the staff. In vain I dodged and made as if to elude it. " Fair play! fair play!" she called,

in warning exultation. Thereupon I was forced to take hold of the end of the stick, as was the rule of the game.

"Who goes there?" she demanded gayly. "Your cavaller," I answered, imit ating the voice of Le Moyne; and right well, too, I trow, for a ripple of

laughter went round, and the handsome emoiselle next to me whispered Cleverly done."

Barbe, however, was not deceived. to the sound of my voice she relaxed er hold of the staff, so that between us ell to the floor.
'Normand!' she exclaimed, tearing the bandage from her eyes and looking

up at me archly—in sooth, a very charming picture of blushing confusion and surprise—"Normand! Why, how you frighted me! And no wonder, sir," she went on, su monning a mischievous sprightliness to hide her discomfiture, no wonder. Who ever thought to ehold Sir Gravity playing to Colin Maillard, or to see him made captive by Folly?"

And thereat she made a deep curtsy.

The jest was against me, but I said, with the best grace I could muster— "En bien, mademoiselle, since I have played the fool for your sake, I claim a reward; will you not take a turn or

two with me about the room? These games are so vastly heating—"
"What is seldom is wonderful and, monsieur has condescended to since our frivolity, I will humor his staidshe assented, half mockingly.

ess," she assented, half mocking After I had served my turn as

mimicry, I accordingly led Barbe away, not to make the tour of the salon, however, for that had been but a ruse. Instead, I led her to an ottoman set over against one of the doors; and if the resistion was considered. the position was conspicuous, I was too busy with my own thoughts to notice

e fact. ment, Barbe, and rest after your romp ing?" I said. "I have something to tell, and something to ask of you." She gave me a roguishly demure yet apprehensive glance, and then obedi-ently sank down upon the velvet ently sank down

"Barbe," I continued abraptly, as seated myself beside her, "our Sieur is ordered to the command at Fort Michilimackinae, and I am to go with

How incomprehensible are the nerve and emotions of these demonstrate, who this announcement of mine Barbe, who this announcement of mind book was that taken such pains to show me that my presence or absence was a matter of no moment to her, gave a little cry, lost color, and leaned back against the wall, truly, I thought she was go-

ing off in a faint.

Her exclamation attracted the attention of several offisers who stood chatting near by, among them the same young Le Moyne, and Sabrevois, who was still a ladies' cavalier.
"Is mademoiselle ill?" inquired the

latter, springing to her side.
"The heat of the room, perchance,"

"The heat of the room, perchance," ventured Le Moyne.
"May I bring a cup of water? or if mademoiselle would but touch with her lips a glass of red wine, I prophesy it would revive her," urged Sabrevols, while I remained staring at her, too astonished to have my wits about me.

"Tanks, messiours, I an not ill.
At least, so crowded is the room that some one in passing trod upon my foot, and without thinking, I cried out, 'Twas childish of me, I admit," she

Glancing down at the little high

heeled slippers of yellow satin which peeped from beneath her gown, Le Moyne said gallantly—

"Ah, mademoiselle, fairy feet are too often invisible. The poor offender is scarce to blame that he did not see thems. et al. of the land of them; still offender he is, and did I but know his name, I would challer ge him forthwith. Then I am glad you do not know it

aud no more do I, yet I am beholden to you for your championship," replied Barbe with realy repartee, notwith standing her recent discomfiture. The gentlemen turned away with a

laugh, and now, apparently quite re overed from her sudden distress, Barbe eaned toward me, saying—
"See that pleasant corner over there

in the shadow of these branches of ever-green wherewith Madame de Champigny as had the salon decorated; let us en sconce ourselves there: thus, uninter-rupted, you can tell me what you wish We crossed the room and took posses

sion of the little recess.

"And are you really glad to go to Michilimackinac, Normand?" Barbe

sked with sympathetic interest.

asked with sympathetic interest.

"Yes," I answered; "for although
'tis a desolate post, Monsieur de Cadillac looks upon it in the light of an advancement, and he has promised me
that whatever helps his fortunes shall that whatever helps his fortunes shail help mine. Moreover, I have grown discontented here; so much has combined to vex me—even you, Barbe—."
"What, I!" she began in well-feigned surprise, and then relenting, said in tones like her old sweet self, "Ah, Normand, I never meant to really vex

you!"

Her gentleness encouraged me to say
that over which I had felt some mis-

giving.
"I believe you, dear Barbe, and therefore, since we are to set out this day fortnight, I am going to beg of

"Yes," she murmured, as I hesitated. "I am going to beg of you not to be so gay and pleasure loving while I am way," I concluded gravely.
"And wherefore not, sir?" sh

quired, drawing back, while all the radian e died out of her face.

Unaccountably, I felt as one upon whom a ray of sunlight has shone for a green and them has passed beyond moment and then has passed beyond him, leaving him alone in the shadow. "Wherefore?" I blundered on. Because it is unbecoming that you should coquet first with one and again with another. There is Chateauguay did you not note the mirth it caus when, in the Colin Maillard, I named him your cavalier? His devotion to you is most marked; 'twere more gener ous of you, I think, to either marry him or let him alone. Indeed, it is a matof some comment. You seem in no haste to keep the pledge you made to Governor Frontenac that you would

take a husband in Quebec. I fear me after all, you fancied the English Normand," interrupted the girl, springing to her feet, and to my sur prise, I saw that she was angered, although why, I cannot even now imagin Normand! Enough of this! you have only fault to find with me, I would thank you to tell Robert de Resume that I am ready to go home, since I came hither, under his escort and the next time you have news family interest-I mean like this contemplated departure of Sieur Cadillac which is of such moment to Therese and so to all of us-the next time you have intelligence of this kind to municate to any one, let me advise you to choose some other occasion than a social gathering. As for your counsel in regard to my behavior, sir, you have no right to take me to task, nor are you ever like to have. Therefore do nos, I pray, harass your thoughts over my conduct, nor my settlement in life, since neither concerns you. There is Robert now. I will speak to him my-

" My faith, Mademoiselle Barbe, I did not mean to put you out of humor, I called testily, as she started away. But ere I had finished the sentence, she was gone to seek her fur mantle and hood preparatory to the walk home in the starlight with De Reaume, in company with a merry party of you and made prisoner the vivacious neigh-bor who had commended my powers (f Place d'Armes, where stood the new

house of my uncle Guyon, on the opposite side from the Castle.

Thus we parted, and this was the last I saw of pretty Barbe for many a day. When the time of our setting out for Michilimackinac came, the tantalizing maid was absent beging control. ing maid was absent, having gone to a seignoury on the St. Lawrence to visit her friend Madeleine de Vercheres—the same beautiful Mademoiselle Madeleine who, the year before, with such deterwho, the year before, with such determine 1 courage and clever feminine ingenuity defended the fort against an attack of the froquois, and kept the enemy at bay antil the arrival of the soldiers sent for the protection of Vercheres by Monsieur de Callieres, Government of Montreel. ernor of Montreal.

Our departure was hastened by

several days, to be sure, and it may be Birbe intended to return ere the date first fixed upon. Nevertheless, I was forced to leave Quebec without a chance to speak any further words of adieu to her, and much offended was I that she took my going with so ostentations a show of indifference.

show of indifference.

It was necessary that our Sieur should hasten his expedition, in order that his energy might prevent the English from entering the country of the Indians.

I will not dwell upon the intrepidity wherewith, in the depth of winter, our wherewith, in the depth of winter, our gay Gascon, the Chevalier de Cadillac, led his small party of militia, coureurs de bois, and voyageurs three hundred leagues across the frezen wastes to the Strait of Michilimackinac, which in those days commanded the great fur trade of the North-West.

The feet has been sat down as one of

The feat has been set down as one of the most remarkable in the annals of New France, and many times since have I marvelled that we lived to reach the dreary and isolated post where we were

fated to remain for some time.

As a description of this place I will transcribe a letter which I writ at our ieur's dictation soon after our arrival. "This village" (he bade me set down)" is one of the largest in all Canada. There is a fine fort of pickets and sixty houses that form a street in a straight line along the Lake of the Harons. There is a garrison of well-disciplined soldiers, two hundred of the best formed and most athletic men to be found in the New World, besides other persons who reside here during a part of the year. Fish and smoked part of the year. Fish and smoked meat constitute the principal food of the inhabitants. The villages of the savages, wherein are six or seven thou sand souls, are distant about a pistolshot from ours; the lands are clear for about three leagues, and produce sufficient Indian corn for the use of both the French and the savages. Michili mackinae is very advantageously situated, for the Iroquois dare not venture in their sorry canoes to cross the Strait of the Illenese Lake, which is two leagues over, while that of the Lake of the Hurons is too rough for such frail Neither can they approach us unperceived by land because of the and marshes. ure of the fort are the chapel and the dwelling of the missionary, who has an onerous charge in the spiritual care, not only of the aborigines, but of the scarcely less tractable white men of

the post."
The Indians were allied with all the tribes of the Lakes. Among them we found two powerful chiefs, the Rat and the Baron. Our Sieur soon discovered that the Baron was receiving peace belts from New York, and the people of Orange had agreed to build a trading house upon the Lake of the Eries, better known to our coureurs de bois as the Lake of the Cats, from the num ber of wildcats or panthers that infest

These messages and peace belts had been sent hither secretly, the Indian envoys being brought in under the guise of prisoners taken from the

Hurons Would that I could shut out from my memory a certain day when sever Iroquois were thus brought to the beach. As they landed, some of our men suspecting treachery and deter ned to be forehanded, attacked

killed two of them.

A tumult followed, the Indians of the place defending the others until, find ing themselves like to be worsted, they gave up one of the pretended prisoners and our soldiers and traders, mad with rage at their deceit, invited our Hurons and Outawas to "drink the broth of an Iroquois.

For not having prevented these can nibal doings, our Sieur has since been much blamed, but I know of two other instances where similar means availed of to strike terror to the hearts of the savages. At all events the Iro quois came no more to Michilimackina

as emissaries of our scuthern foes.

Meantime Madame Cadillac was neglectful of our comfort. Early in the first summer of our stay at the fort, she sent us a large quantity of goods and provisions by a band of voyageurs Ville Marie, in charge of Dionne, and at the same time she writ that she had agreed to pay him for year's service the sum of 300 livres, together with an Indian blanket, four shirts, two greatcoats, and a gun.

Again, in September of the same year, she sent us supplies through the merchant Francois Hazeur, to the amount of 2291 livres, 6 sols and 4 deniers-for which payment was made twelvementh afterwards, when our voyageurs reached Montreal with their Indeed, she ever took advantage of

the open season to provision us for the winter; my good sister was become an voman of business.

delicacie Sometimes, among the delicacies which we found in the boxes that came direct from Quebez—the compotes of cherries and pears and apples, the richly spiced cakes, stuffed Spanish citron and raisins, the meats of nuts candled in sugar from the maple-trees -frequently in the tastiness of these pleasant reminders of old-time fetes l thought I recognized the skill of Barbe, a deft hand in the pre who had ever a deft has paration of such confits.

It was not until long afterwards, however, that I learned I had surmised aright, for during all my stay in the wilds I had no word from our English demoiselle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## WIGWAM GULCH.

(By Courtesy of The Family Friend. Copyright, 1905)

When Gillian came into the old family When Gillian came into the old ramity lawyer's office that soft June morning, that astute gentleman discerned at once that something unusual was the matter. The beautiful young face was quite white and there was a gleam in the blue eyes that was not good to see.

"My dear child," exclaimed the senior member of Benedict and Carroll, rising to grasp her hand, "what is

Gillian took a seat opposite. ter enough," she replied in a hard tone. "Mr. Benedict, I've come to tell you that it is all of no use. Stephen and I will have to separate. Why should we try to pall together?" she added. "He cares no longer for me I am convinced. If he does, his actions run counter to it. If it isn't his club, it's converted to the state of the state it's an appointment after dinner. He is never at home, and I—I can't eat my neart out longer in such loneliness. wouldn't say a word, but it used to be Oh, the beautiful eyer were full of tears. "Why do men lead us to believe that the honeymoon will only fade into deeper joys. It's so cruel to us. "No," she went on, "we rarely spend a moment together nowadays. If I plan an especially nice nowadays. dinner, he never comes to it. At breakfast he is deep in his paper. His

evenings are spent away from home.

"Mr. Benedict," the rich young voice faltered, "I grew up in your household. You've always stood to me in the place my own dear father would have occupied had he lived. I come to you first in my unhappiness. I tell you frankly, if this is what married life means, I will have none of it.

"It has come to this. I cannot longer bear Stephen's indifference and populate."

neglect. Help me to get away from him and—it."

The old lawyer rose and paced the floor. His fatherly kind face had upon it a look of pain.
"Oh these poor rich people," he ex-

claimed. He stopped to lay a hand on Gillian's shoulders: "My dear child," he added, "I would help you if I could, but don't you see that even if you should be free, the old life can never be restored? Stephen may negnever be restored? Stephon may acg-lect you, I suppose he does, yet you are his wife. Gillian," he went on, "if Stephen and you had both been poor, it would have been a thousand times better for each of you. Money gives you license to go your separate ways that poverty renders impos The young mechanic who comes home Saturday night and lays his weekly earn ings in his wife's lap, is, after all, a man to ings in his wife sispis, after all many be envied. His chance of happiness is far better than that of the man whose future, so far as finances go, is assured. There is no talk of "affinity" there. When he has a half holiday, he spends when he has a hair honday, it with his family on the porch or on a trolley. His Sunday is his paradise, his wife his good angel, his home his heaven. Well, well, perhaps Providence, in the divine order of things, has decreed it. At any rate the divorce court doesn't pass in judgment upon the poor as it does upon those of the higher

"Gillian," he asked suddenly what are you planning for the sum

"The Rossiters want me to join then at Old Point Comfort," returned Gil-lian listlessly, "but I haven't really

"And Stephen?"
"Oh Stephen," said Gillian with a bitter smile, "imformed me yesterday that he had planned to go for a wo hunting trip up to Wigwam This is the first of June. If I nonths' Gulch. g) with the Rossiters I dare say we will ot meet until the last of September.

The old lawyer regarded the pretty unhappy young face with all a father's Wigwam Gulch! Isn't that the

place Stephen bought a year ago !" asked suddenly.

hunting there?"
"The best; that is why Stephen

keeps it. When he first bought the place he did ask me to go over with him and spend a month, but I was engaged at the Atwoods' who were at White Sulphar Springs, so I could not."

"That is just where you young wives make the first fatal error," went on the senior partner earnestly. "My dear, do you know the only recipe I give to young wives, to preserve the peace in the family? It is this. Make yourselves indispensable to your husbands. Never let any thing interfere or take you from your husband's side. If you do, the rift widens imperceptibly at first, but afterward it be comes an impassable gulf.

"Gillian, will you do as I ask in just

hundred if you say so," re-

turned Gillian, springing up. "Dear Mr. Benedict can I ever forget what you have been to me?' " And I want to be more," was the

almost solemn reply. "I want to save you from future misery if I can. I am convinced, too, of one thing. Perhaps you do not realize it yourself, but Gillian, you still love Stephen, therefore, my child, if I could arrange a separation, it would only make you more un happy. No, my dear, your lot is east with his. Bear with him until it is dis solved by the only tribunal that can sever it.
"I'm a poor advocate of divorces

Gillian. Nine cases out of ten the evil can be remedied, but young people are apt to demand much, to give little to grow restive and consequently as the day must follow the night, the relations between them become strained.

" No my dear, I can see no deliver ance for you. And now for my request. I want you to ask Stephen to And now for my re light if he will take you with him on this hunting trip over to Wigwam Gulch.'

"He would refuse," replied Gillian

with bitterness.
"Never mind, ask him again," was the old lawyer's reply.
"And it's ten miles from the post office and there are absolutely no privileges," protested Gillian.
"So much the better.

been surfeited with privileges, Gillian.
Too much money again. If Stephen
were a poor man and you were obliged
to solely depend on what he could earn
for you, you'd be living in accord this

"You always were a housewifely little soul, Gillian. Don't you remember the little cakes you used to make see when you were a little girl, and the see when you were all the girl, and the see when you were all the see when your lives. cup custards too when

Gillian's eyes filled with quick tears, I remember it all," she answered, and I would live to do things for Stephen now if it were necessary. Do you know I often long to go into the kitchen and mess around just as I used to years ago."
"You can turn the talent to account before and isn how best wiff tith

ber greas dis

lis

on this trip then," smiled the old lawyer, "and listen, Gillian. You go with Stephen on this trip, and if you find, after a month's trial that you are really of the same mind, I'll agree

help you."
Gillian rose slowly. "Agreed,"
she said. "For your sake Mr. Benedict I'll humble my pride and ask
Stephen to take me with him. If he
refuses—"
"Let us pray he will not," returned

the old lawyer solemnly. "Now if you must go, good-bye, and God bless you. Mr. Stephen Brandon looked across at his wife that evening with unusual interest. She wore an evening dress of some soft white material, but she had taken off her jewels. Save her wedding ring, the beautiful hands were devoid She looked singularly of ornament.

sweet and girlish.

"I suppose you're slated for the Rossiters," he asked, carelessly.

Gillian flushed. Now was her time,

"No," she said, "I had planned to "No," she said, "I had planned to go with them, but I've changed my mind. I think—if you will agree to it, Stephen, I'll go with you on that trip to Wigwam Gulch. You asked me o you know? (with a pitiful little sm Stephen Brandon looked at her.

did ask you," he answered cooly, "bat that was before you had learned to dis pense so easily with my society."
Gillian flushed hotly. "There a
two sides to that Stephen," she replie You threw me on my own resources, leaving me alone as you have, but we won't go back of things, only this once,

don't refuse me."
"On your own head be it then," re turned he, turning to his coffee suppose you are aware we go by wago camping out five nights on the roa and that the house is only a two roomed cabin? You will have to take a cook." "I'll take no one," returned Gillian decisively. "I'll do the cooking my.

"Whew," whistled Stephen looking at her again. "Well then I'll be as generous as you. I'll leave my man But don't take too much plunder, it's a

But don't take too much plants," mountain road and luggage counts." "I'll remember," said Gillian, "and "Can Stephen?" (Rising may I really go, Stephen?" (Ris and standing wistfully by his chair.) "If you must, but know this, Gillian, whatever comes of it, it is your own

planning."
"I'll not forget," she replied, as Stephen rose and left her.

any to camp for the night," remarked Stephen as he drew the horses to a halt. It was a few days later and this was their first night out on their way to Wigwam Gulch. "Hold these lines while I reconnoitre a little. Yes," while I reconnoitre a little. Yes," after a few moments survey, "this will do finely. Sit still and I'll soon have a fire going."
Gillian clad in a blue percale dress

and white linen hat, watched the tall athletic figure until a clump of trees hid it from sight. A little feeling of pride stirred in her heart. "How handsome he is," she thought involun-tarily, "and after all he is mine,

He came back in a monent laden with burning.' What shall we have for supper?"

"Cold beans, rolls, ham, preserves, oney and I'll make coffee," rejoined honey and I'll Gillian interestedly.
"Good," was the answer. "Come
my girl." He lifted her lightly from the seat, and the impromptu feast was

spread.
"Did ever coffee taste like this?" said Gillian with a sigh of content, sipping hers from her china cup. "It's the air," Stephen answered. "Do you know, I've always rather envied old Abraham, living in tents the

way he did. If I had my own way to make, I believe I'd be a cattle man, changing my tents to suit the pastures. "I wish you did," thought Gillian almost involuntarily, and with a sigh. What's the matter?" demanded her husband, regarding her with a keen eye, "Sighing for the Rossiters?"

eye, "Sighing for the Rossiters?"
"I hadn't thought of them," she replied. "Here, Stephen, let me give you some more coffee."
"A few minutes later darkness began to close them in. The fire died down to a bed of white ashes. Gillian gave a tired sigh. "I really believe I'm sleopy," she said, smiling a little. "It's strange, too. I'm used to late hours. If you don't mind, Stephen,

I'll creep into the wagon.' "The air again," rejoined her husband, "and don't mind me in the least."

She hesitated a little as she stood beside him. Somehow the great world of nature lying about them drew her to-wards him. "Kiss me good night, S ephen," she said shyly as she stood there, and Stephen drawing her to him,

pressed his lips to hers.
"I shall sit here for a while and write," he said. Wnen he, too, came into the wagon a half hour later, her regular breathing showed him that she stood in need of an early rest. The lantern was burning dimly, suspended from aloft. By its uncertain flickering glow he could see the beauty of the periest features. A forgotten wave of tenderness swept over him as he stood over her. wonder what put it into her heart to come with me?" he mused. "And I

always thought she did not care."
"Well," said Stephen a few days
later, as Gillian surveyed the cabin at