

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE INTENDANT'S PALACE.

Happy was I to have obtained from "my chevalier" permission to accompany him to his new post. Although welcomed among the pleasant company at the chateau, I found there little chance of personal advancement. 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.

no doubt, in my voice a more serious meaning than my words of themselves conveyed. "You speak as if you were on the point of leaving us, monsieur," she said curiously, yet with gracious kindness.

ministry, 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 position was conspicuous, I was too busy with my own thoughts to notice the fact.

house of my uncle Guyon, on the opposite side from the Castle. Thus we parted, and this was the last I saw of Barbe for many a day. When the time of our setting out for Michilimackinac came, the tantalizing maid was absent, having gone to a seignior on the St. Lawrence to visit her friend Madeleine de Vercheres—the same beautiful Mademoiselle Madeleine who, the year before, with such determined courage and clever feminine ingenuity defended the fort against an attack of the Iroquois, and kept the enemy at bay until the arrival of the soldiers sent for the protection of Vercheres by Monsieur de Callieres, Governor of Montreal.

WIGWAM GULCH. (By Courtesy of The Family Friend. Copyright, 1903.) When Gillian came into the old family 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.

been snuffed 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 moment.

TO BE CONTINUED.