

over the table for his tinder-box and struck a light. The door was slowly closing; Teganouan had gone.

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Another sun was setting. A single drum was beating loudly as the little garrison drew up outside the sally-port and presented arms. The allies and the mission Indians were crowding down upon the beach, silent, inquisitive, — puffing at their short pipes. For half a league, from the flat, white beach out over the rose-tinted water stretched an irregular black line of canoes and bateaux, all bristling with muskets. The Governor had come. He could be seen kneeling, all sunburned and ragged but with erect head, in the first canoe. His canoemen checked their swing, for the beach was close at hand, and then backed water. The bow scraped, and a dozen hands were outstretched in aid, but Governor Denonville stepped briskly out into the ankle-deep water and carried his own pack ashore. A cheer went up from the little line at the sally-port. Du Luth's *voyageurs* and *coureur de bois* caught it up, and then it swept far out over the water and was echoed back from the forest.

In the doorway of a hut near the Recollet