

"The young woman has met with great happiness. The Lord has been full of kindness to her," answered the priest, quietly, "and she is deeply grateful. The manner of your speech is scarcely becoming, but I will let that pass. Of course there can be no more question of your . . ."

But Curran no longer heeded him. In his exasperation he roughly pushed the old man to one side and dashed up to the tent, throwing the flap wide open. For an instant he recoiled, for he was faced by Mashkaugan who placed one of his long, gnarled hands on the agent's breast and held him back.

"Thy place is not here," said the hunchback. "Keep away!"

The chief agent grasped him and would have flung him aside, but he could hardly budge the half-breed. Father Gregoire, who had swiftly followed, also laid a powerful hand on Curran's shoulder.

"Peace!" he said, gravely. "I will not have any brawling on this day, which is to be kept holy. Loosen your hold, men! I order that you keep peace among you. Mashkaugan, stand thou