

What Became of Biencourt.

BY E. CAMBERWELL.

In after years they told the story of the quarrel differently for when it happened, Imbert was drunk and Biencourt dreaming of a certain black-eyed maid of honour, neither of which facts would have pleased Annette.

Imbert had been drinking for hours from a stone jar filled with Holland gin, which he had by chance discovered in the ruins of the storehouse, and the liquor had made him quarrelsome. As for Biencourt he was smoking placidly enough but the black-eyed vision floating through his brain made Imbert's noisy drinking-songs jar upon his nerves. At last as the singer gave vent to a sudden discordant howl, France and the maid of honor disappeared, he came with a sudden shock, back to the Acadian wilds and saw Imbert's scarred face looming sullenly at him through the smoke.

"Well, what now?" he asked sharply.

"Its always the same," grumbled Imbert, moodily balancing his sword upon his vast palm from whence in the course of his speech it fell clanging to the floor. "Nothing to do but smoke and think. No cards, no dice, not a comrade to sing a catch with, nothing but the English robbers marks to look on."

Biencourt began speaking of the future of the colony, but Imbert rudely interrupted.