

gazing upon him from time to time, in astonishment mingled with pity.

In due course, after long marching through the virgin wildwoods, they arrived back at the cairn of rocks where Gaspard D'Etrincourt lay sleeping his last sleep. The Chevalier paused and reverentially bared his head. The cavalcade came to a stop. After depositing their heavy bags of raw metal in a neat pile upon the shelving strand, the squaws turned in their tracks and went back the way they had come.

Glenbucket planted himself on the top of the treasure heap and spread both hands over the outlying portions. He kept darting malevolent glances at Farquharson and muttering imprecations beneath his breath. The lieutenant threw himself upon an adjacent grassy bank and gazed into vacancy after a wistful fashion. The Chevalier had not completely recovered his usual good spirits and stood with folded arms, occasionally regarding his companions with an air of disquietude.

"What next, Your Highness?" queried Farquharson at length, rousing himself from his fit of abstraction with an effort.

"That is just what I should like to know," returned the Chevalier, in perplexed tones.

The stout captain glowered from his perch, but no remark, not even an imitative attempt, came from between his lips.

"How now, companion-mine, who never before in our by no means brief acquaint-