

ride after, and demand why she had left him to flounder through the water here, while she could have given a hint of the ford above?

However, there was something she had shown him, whether she would or no: the opening through the wood, which elsewhere closed in, impenetrably thick and matted.

Kendal had ridden down into the hollow, beckoned by a thin wave of chimney-smoke from the house to which he had been called to visit a new patient.

A starveling signal, to be flung out from the high-sounding De Landremont homestead. But Kendal had been long enough in the Madawaska region to look for nothing on a larger scale than the trim cottages of the *habitans*. With their quaintly sloping whitewashed roofs set in ruddy buckwheat patches, or yellowing strips of late-ripening grain, they spread along the natural terraces of the river St. John, and up into the skirts of the forest, whither the old Acadians fled, a century ago; or such among the old Acadians, as Evangeline's compatriots, as happily escaped the English ships that would have carried them into exile. In this safe refuge, on the summer farms or in the winter lumber-camps, the years went by: in Acadie, as the *habitans* dreamed, until one day they woke, and found that Maine had reached her boundary-line, and drawn some of them