

By this time Julie de Châtelet had returned to consciousness, and enquired in a faint voice where she was, and where they were conveying her."

De Belmont, although his heart misgave him, assured her that she was among friends, and was on her way to a place of safety.

Kondiarak directed de Belmont to cause the girl to lie down in the bottom of the canoe, and cover her with a couple of buffa o robes. The young man obeyed.

"And now, young warrior, you will remain in the bow and keep your eyes fastened on the Abenakis canoe, while my brother and I are at the paddles," said the Huron. "If we get alongside, he and I will leap aboard, kill the Serpent and afterwards take our chance; you will remain in the canoe, with the girl, and, no matter what happens to us two, you can bring her to a place of safety."

"I will stay with you to the last," said de Belmont. "I detest the Serpent as much as you do. The coward! He was in the stone house with us to-night, and two hours before it was fired, he skulked away by a door in the rear, loaded with plunder. He is worse than an Iroquois."

"You know him at last," drily observed Kondiarak. In the meantime the canoe of the Huron, urged by the vigorous arms of him and Tambour, went flying through the water; and, from time to time, de Belmont, from his post in the bow, reported that the skiff of the Abenakis was still in sight.

After about an hour's hard work at the paddles, the Huron who, at first, had trusted to the lightness of his canoe to overhaul the more heavily laden craft of his enemy, came to the conclusion merely to keep the Abenakis in sight until daybreak; for he saw it was useless to try to come up with them.

At length the East began to show the signs of dawn; and, by degrees, the stern, and afterwards the entire length of the enemies' canoe became visible, better than a quarter of a mile ahead. It carried five of the Abenakis.

At a signal from the Huron, de Belmont left his post of observation at the bow, and took Tambour's paddle, with which he managed to keep stroke with the unyielding and unwearied Huron.

Tambour went forward to the bow, raised his rifle, and, just as the Abenakis canoe rose on a swell, fired. A yell followed the report, and when the fresh morning breeze blew the smoke aside, there was one paddle less on board the canoe of the enemy.

Kondiarak, with a proud smile on his expressive countenance, looked towards Tambour and said "Brother of the Hurons, you have done well."

Tambour loaded the gun, and then relieved the Huron of his paddle. The chief went forward to the bows, and, leaning his rifle on the gunwale, aimed straight for the Indian who worked the hindmost paddle. A loud shriek of agony arose, and the next moment, the stricken Abenakis fell headlong into his grave beneath the waters.

Having loaded the rifle, the Huron advanced

and took the paddle from de Belmont; and the chief and Tambour, redoubling their energies, were gratified to find that they were gaining upon their enemies.

The Serpent, finding that he was losing distance, suddenly turned his canoe and headed for the South shore, with the intention, if he gained it, of escaping into the woods. But the Huron, who penetrated the design the instant its author attempted to put it in execution, put forth a tremendous effort, and got between his enemy and the shore. The Serpent, cut off from this means of escape, formed a desperate resolve. Bringing the head of his canoe on a line with the flow of the current, he made straight for the Lachine Rapids, intending to gain the City of Montreal; whither he knew his enemy would not care to follow him.

The Huron instantly comprehended the motives of the Serpent's resolve, and directed Tambour to sit down in the bow, and de Belmont to take a seat in the middle of the canoe; and bade Julie not to make a single movement as she valued her life. Taking the paddle in his own hands, Kondiarak headed his skiff for the rapids. It was a terrible venture, but the spectres of his kindred, slain in cold blood, and in treachery, by the hand of the Serpent,—and the memory, too, of Isanta urged him on with an impulse which set death, fear and prudence alike at defiance. And Tambour also partook of the Huron's hatred of the murderer of Isanta; and hesitated at no peril which presented the faintest prospect of revenge.

Under the eagle eye and iron hand of Kondiarak, the skiff sped through the thundering and precipitous waters with the buoyant velocity of a bird.

At the foot of the rapids, the Huron closed with the canoe of his enemy, and bounded aboard, tomahawk in hand. The Serpent sent his tomahawk at the Huron's head. The weapon missed; then uttering a yell of disappointed rage, the Abenakis chief, taking his knife between his teeth, leaped overboard, to swim to the shore, not over a quarter of a mile distant. Kondiarak, burying his tomahawk in the head of the Indian next him, also placed his knife between his teeth, and plunged into the river after the Serpent. The latter, looking behind, saw that Tambour and de Belmont had boarded his canoe, and overpowered the three remaining Abenakis. By this time, the Huron was close to him; and the Serpent, finding escape impossible, turned to bay.

"Dog and coward; I have you at last," roared the Huron as he closed with his mortal enemy. They both went down, locked in each other's grasp, and each brandishing his knife in his right hand.

Tambour and de Belmont rowed to the place where the chiefs disappeared, and which they could discern by the rising of the death bubbles. Anxiety was on their faces, for they supposed that both had perished. But it was not wholly so. One chief rose to the surface, and in his right hand was a knife which he wav-