

## CHAPTER XLI.

"It is you, Beauharnais," said Frontenac, looking up. It was near the hour of midnight, and within but a few more hours of the time set for the Huron's execution. Frontenac had continued much depressed since the Council meeting.

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"You look to have travelled far."

"I have come from the mountains east of the Nipissing country, and Colonel Dumont had left word that immediately upon my arrival I was to appear before Your Excellency."

"Yes; that was the direction which I gave. Sit down. You look travel-worn, but not tired. You have heard of Marcelle's return?"

"Yes, Your Excellency. She is now in the Château, I am informed. The Indian—"

"Has been doomed to die. What think you?"

"If ever there was a just sentence it is one," exclaimed Beauharnais, with a burst of passion.

"You, then, think he should die?"

"No moment is too soon. But perhaps Your Excellency thinks differently?"

"Yes, Beauharnais, I do—but it shall rest with you. You have been wronged, but not by the Indian alone.