

chief. "What's become of Grosbois, I wonder? Grosbois! Grosbois!" he shouted.

But Grosbois was far away, following what he thought a trail through the woods. It took him up the river. Meantime another voyageur had picked up the trail of Grosbois and brought the news back to the chief.

"He must have found Peter or his track," said Vincent. "I'll follow, too, sir, if you'll allow me. I have to go to Kelly's Crossing, anyway, and I may as well try to get to the Armstrongs' to-night."

About three o'clock that afternoon Mary Armstrong was giving Eliza Jane and Ann Susan a "piece." She stood with her back to the cabin door, when Ann Susan suddenly cried, "Peter! Peter!" and held out her hands.

"Peter's here!" cried Eliza Jane, coolly.

Mary turned. Peter, indeed, staggered up the path. His face was covered with dry blood from many scratches, his shirt and trousers were in strips, his feet bare and bleeding.

"Mother! It is Peter! Peter's come back! He's not dead at all," cried Mary, running out into her brother's arms.