

Mademoiselle Diane's; on her eyes for an instant, and then on her lashes, as she bent her gaze on the ground—as it seemed to him, purposely, and to avoid Dominique's.

"Dominique," said the Commandant haughtily, "you forget yourself; you intrude upon my conversation with this gentleman." His voice shook and yet it struck John that his anger covered some anxiety.

"Monsieur must forgive me," answered Dominique, still with an awkward sullenness. "But it is merely my dismissal that I beg. I wish to return early to-morrow to Boisveyrac; the harvest there is gathered, to be sure, but no one can be trusted to finish the stacks. With so many dancing attendance on the military, the seigniori sufferers; and, by your leave, I am responsible for it."

He glared upon John, who gazed back honestly puzzled. The Commandant seemed on the verge of an explosion, but checked himself.

"My good Dominique Guyon," he explained, "uses the freedom of an old tenant. But here we are at the gate. I bid you welcome, Monsieur à Clive, to my small fortress! Tut, tut, Dominique! We will discuss business in the morning."

Alone with Menchwehna in the bare hospital ward to which old Jérémie as *maréchal des logis* escorted them, John turned on the Ojibway and let loose his indignation.

"And look you," he wound up, "this shall be the end. At daybreak to-morrow the gate of the fort will be opened; take the canoe and make what speed you can. I will give you until ten o'clock, but at that hour I promise you to tell my tale to the Commandant, and to tell him all."

"If my brother is resolved," said Menchwehna composedly, "let him waste no words. What is settled is settled, and to be angry will do his head no good."

He composed himself to sleep on the floor at the foot of John's bed, pulling his rug up to his ears. There were six