

Conjuror's House

"That is well, for she loves you. And," went on the old man, throwing his massive head back proudly, "my people love well! I won her mother in a day, and nothing could stay us. God be thanked, you are a man and brave and clean. Enough of that! I place the *brigade* under your command! You must be responsible for it, for I am sending no other white—the crew are Indians and *métis*."

"All right." agreed Ned Trent, indifferently.

"My daughter you will take to Sacré Cœur at Quebec."

"Virginia!" cried the young man.

"I am sending her to Quebec. I had not intended doing so until July, but the matters from Rupert's House make it imperative now."

"Virginia goes with me?"