

there upon upland and shore, until finally they rested upon the island.

"And what is that little white house standing among the trees?" she asked.

"That is our magazine," said Harold, who stood hand in hand with his wife. "The little citadel that guards our bay."

"And that scaffolding down at the water's edge. It looks as if they were putting up the masts of a ship."

"So we are," said Captain Payne. "The war is over, and we may never have to fight again, but in memory of a great chief and brave warrior, we are building the *Tecumseh*."

"And you see that pretty cottage," said Beaumont, gently taking his wife's arm and pointing towards it. "That is our own little home. *La bonne madame* has made it ready for us. Won't you come to it, darling; you need a rest."

"Yes, Henri, I shall be glad to; I am very happy, but very tired."