

others, a white-browed warrior lay sleeping. With his hair tossed back from his forehead, his arm thrown carelessly over his head, he lay wrapped in profound slumber.

See! in that midnight darkness a hand lifts a corner of one of the skins, and a savage face peers in. Then, with a step as light as the fall of autumn leaves, Black Wolf enters.

For a moment he scans quietly the face of the sleeper. Then he bends forward and lays his hand on the white man's heart. Still no stir. Was there ever a surer mark for a knife? and he knows just where to strike deep and sure. And then there will be an end to that life which he hates with all the hatred of his savage nature.

"Ah," he mutters, "only for you I would have taken more scalps. I would have captured Sainte Marie and so gained the prize for which my heart craves. Now my followers say your life shall not be taken. They shall see.

A knife flashes through the gloom. The chief's right hand is raised aloft ready to strike.

But, lo! the sleeper turns, and murmurs in his sleep the word, "Elimere."

Was a gentle chord touched in that grim chief's nature? Or did the name recall the words, his "fangs are dripping with innocent blood." The knife is lowered, his hand drops by his side, and as he turns away he whispers, "Not yet."

A few days later, Black Wolf met a stranger looking for Eugène d'Aillebout, who, he said, had fallen heir to an estate. His return to Quebec was anxiously looked for by a large retinue, who were waiting to accompany him to France.

It was not the chief's purpose to tell the messenger that he had *Sieur d'Aillebout* in captivity. So he sent him to another nation. In the meantime he would mature his plans and carry them into effect.

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Summer had come again to the lake region, and preparations had been made by the priests to establish Fort Sainte Marie at Choendoe (Christian Island). In a few days the remnant of Hurons would begin their journey to the new mission.

A great longing seized Elimere to see the little lake before leaving. Not till its calm beauty burst upon her view did she fully realize the utter desolation of the country. In a voice of deepest anguish she cried:

"Oh, my people, you have been hunted like the hind in autumn; like the hind of the forest you have been captured and slain, and in all these months where is Eugène? Like the firs among the leafless trees of winter, so is my love among our nations. He was brave as a lion, gentle as a doe, yet he was seized by men more fierce than wolves at evening.

"Blow, O north wind! Waft a message to my love, and tell him that by the lake of water-lilies Elimere waits alone.

"Our lodges are desolate, and our gardens become a waste. When the snows melted in spring the streams ran blood. The maize waves no longer in the breeze. The grass has withered and the summer fruits have failed."

"Elimere!"

With a glad cry of surprise she turned and stood face to face with Eugène.

"Oh, Eugène, did you come at my call? I was so lonely I cried aloud! I thought there was no ear to hear but the pines."

"I went to the fort and they told me you had come here, so I followed."

"But where have you been so long?"

"I was taken captive with some others that fearful day. We were made to carry all the baggage, and when we arrived at the Iroquois towns my companions were brained. I waited for my turn to come, thinking every hour would be my last. But the weary months crept on, and one day I was surprised at the plan which