

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

"Somebody coming? What can it mean," we exclaim; and in less than a minute the dining room is deserted and the whole company is assembled at the riverside.

Now all eyes are directed toward the distant, down-stream point where dances a lantern's light.

"Holà, Holà, vous autres. Quelle nouvelle apportez-vous?"

But mocking echoes are the only answer.

"Holà, Holà," cry the guides again and again, while nearer and nearer flutters the will o' the wisp light, and sounds of steady poling begin to be distinguishable.

Answering shouts are now heard, and finally there reach us with unmistakable distinctness, the four simple words which reveal the object of the expedition.

"On apporte des télégrammes."

With the announcement of the strange skiff's approach, vague fears had fastened themselves on the ever-anxious feminine mind. Fears which assumed the proportions of certainties, during the latter moments of this apparently interminable waiting time.

But it was with apprehensions regarding