

They threaded their way carefully to the citadel. The guard nodded and they passed. An Indian woman was bringing in a basket of vegetables and there was a savory smell of roasting meat.

"Now you are safe," he said. "The *Sieur* would have transported me to France or hung me on the ramparts if any evil had happened to you."

He gave a short laugh as if he had escaped a danger, but there was a gleam of mirth in his eyes.

"A thousand thanks, *M'sieu*. Though I can't think I was in any great danger. And another thousand for the sweet little girl. I must see a good deal of her."

The room she entered was within the double fortification and its windows were securely barred. The walls were of heavy timbers stained just enough to bring out the beautiful grain. But some of the dressed deerskins were still hanging and there were festoons of wampum, curiously made bead and shell curtains interspersed with gun racks, great moose horns and deer heads, and antlers. Tables and chairs curiously made and a great couch big enough for a bed.

But the adjoining room was the real workroom of the *Sieur*. Here were his books, he brought a few more every time he came from France; shelves of curiosities, a wide stone fireplace, with sundry pipes of Indian make on the ledges. A great table occupied the centre of the room and all about it were strewn papers,—maps in every state,—plans for the city, plans of fortifications, diagrams of the unsuccessful settle-