

He had given up the house to her and the two Indian women, with Pani for attendant. M. Pontgrave had been a great invalid through the winter, and besought the younger man's company. The *Sieur* often came in and they talked over the glowing plans and dreams of the earlier days, when they were to rear a city that the mother country could be proud of.

He understood why Rose had shunned him, and whenever he resolved to take up this troublous subject his courage failed him. Saved from this marriage she surely must be. In a short time Savignon would return. He had known of two women who had cast in their lots with the better-class Indians at Tadoussac, and were happy enough. But they were not Rose.

He came slowly over to her now. She looked up and smiled. Much keeping indoors of late had made her skin fair and fine, but her soft hair had not shed all its gold.

"Rose," he began, then paused.

She flushed, but made a little gesture, as if he might be seated beside her.

"Rose," he said again, "in the winter you saved my life. I have known it for some time."

Her breath came with a gasp. How had he learned this, unless Savignon had come before the time?

"And you paid a great price for it."

"Oh, oh!" she clasped her hands in distress. "How did you know it?"

"Savignon told me before he went away. He asked