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IN TREATY WITH HONOR A Romance of Old Quebec,

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY. Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The

CHAPTER XXI. CONTINUED.

After a drive of an hour with my After a drive of an hour with my friend, we stopped the horse at a farm among the hills. The farmer had just gone out to his barn in the early light to feed his cattle and ponies. Monsieur Droulet briefly told him who I was and he agreed to keep me in hiding. Here the young man left me. As he drove away I noticed with satisfaction that the light snow which was beginning to fall would som cover all tracks of his carriage wheels. There would be no would soon cover all tracks of his carriage wheels. There would be no means of tracing me to this retreat. Half an hour later I was sleeping soundly amid the fragrant new hay in the mow. The next day the farmer brought me food. In the afternoon M. Droulet returned to give me the news. returned to give me the news.

"Ma foi, but there has been a to-do over your escape, Major Adair," he said. "The commandant, Sir James Macdonald, raved like a madman when it was ald, raved like a madman when it was reported to him. He says the de'il may take care of the Yankee prisoners; he has had enough of you. But, for the disgrace brought upon him, every man whose negligence abetted the carrying out of your plot shall sup sorrow. The whole garrison is under arms, the town gates are trebly guarded, sentinels are posted in every street, alley, and lane with orders to permit no one to pass without being examined. The houses of the French are being searched, and many people have been hurried to the guard-house, Pascal among the rest. His ignorance of English was declared by the watch to be 'a d-- suspicion

"Have you heard anything of my companions?" I inquired anxiously. Droulet hesitated, but seeing that I

would not be put off, finally a "Captain Rycerski is still at liberty, but the others have been retaken.
"My God!" I broke out. "Wi

"Hull in a tavern where he went to get food and drink for himself and Culget food and drink for himself and ver who, disabled, was hiding in a patriot's house. The landlord suspected Hull and went out to warn the soldiers. Hull and went out to warn the soldiers. A servant-maid tried to aid our friend. Unluckily ere he got off a party of soldiers came in and recognized him. He was immedia.cly handcuffed and led back to the garrison under a guard of at least a hundred men. Of course he denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of any of you, but Culver was soon found and returned to prison also."

of any of you, the current of any of you, the current of prison also."

"Poor, poor fellows," I sighed. "Well what has happened to them may be our fate before long. What reward is offered for the capture of Rycerski and myself?"

"The regiment has offered a thousand unds and Lord Durham five hundred," pounds and Lord Durham five hundred," answered Droulet, reluctantly. "It was one of the men whom you met in the street who betrayed you. He pretends that but for the lady's pleading he would not have let you go. The soldiers have even forced their way into the convents to search for you, and they would have it that a middle-aged, mascaline-looking sister was yourself in disguise."

"Ho, ho, ho! to think of any one ex-

"Ho, ho, ho! to think of any one ex pecting to find my face under a nun's hood," I laughed. "But what is to be ne now?" 'Remain quiet for the day, major,

since your feet is so much worse. To-night we shall try to take you off in a

Early in the evening Droulet came once more, bringing a French doctor, who bathed my injured ankle, rubbed it with a liniment which, he maintained, with a liniment which, he maintained, possessed marvellous curative power, and bandaged it again. Then they helped me to a carriage and we started for the Beauport shore. The roads being all guarded, we had to take a roundabout route. Through the fields and woods and over sloughs we went, following the started work have never before traing by-roads perhaps never before tralight a vehicle as a gig. After much trouble and several breakdowns, we reached the strand at the point agreed upon, namely, near the house of the curé. But alack, here, house of the curé. But alack, here, where we expected to find the boat, there was neit er friend nor skiff to

"So ne accident must have happened," declared Droulet in distress. "The boat was here this morning; the troops

must have taken it."

Leaving me with the doctor, he posted off to ascertain if the boatmen were any-where about the village. He was gone an hour, and on his return admitted sadly that he could learn nothing of them. We must go back, but how the way by which we had come was so The way by which we had come was be bad that we could not hope to reach the farm again before daylight. We began to meet people on the road going to market with the produce of their gardens market with the produce of their gardens and farms. To avoid them, we turned into the woods. Here we reached the climax of our difficulties. The axletree of the carriage broke down.

"There is no help for it," said Drou-

let, "we must ask shelter from M. Gudbout, who lives near here. He is a magistrate, but he will not be so inhuman as to turn a sick man from his door, nor so base as to betray one who has lost all in an effort to help his coun-

The young man and the doctor drew the gig farther into the wood, unnar-nessed the horse, and mounted me upon

his back. Then we started once more, they walking beside me.

How my weary limbs and aching ankle were tortured by the ride on that hard-trotting steed! Dressed as a French Canadiaa in a blue surtout and toque, a woolen sash and deerskin moccasins, with my face slightly browned by walnut juice, I was a faithful picture of "un hon habitant".

When we came to the place, the doctor waited in the road while Droulet and I turned in at the gate leading to Gudbout's house. My friend's knock house. My friend's to the door a s, stout little man, short. Gudpompous, stout little man, Gud-bout himself. Taking him aside, Drou-let told him who I was and what we

What! Shelter an escaped prisoner in my house!" exclaimed the magistrate charrette which was in readiness. Slow.

in a trepidation that I should have found laughable under other circumstances. "My oath of office forbids; it would be against my honor, and what stances. "My oath of office forbids; it would be against my honor, and what have we, monsieur, so dear as honor Still, I will tell you what I will do," he went on, darting a keen glance at me. "About a mile back in the woods there is a hut which is used only in the spring at the time of the sugar boiling. No at the time of the sugar boiling. No one ever goes that way. Your friend will be entirely safe there and may stay as long as he pleases. Stay, I will give you a loaf of bread for him."

While he was gone I begged the others to obtain from him minute directions how to get to the sugar camp. Presently he reappeared, bringing a large loaf which he handed to Droulet.

which he handed to Droulet.

"Go now," he said. "Take the path through the woods, the one yonder by the big maple. "Viel messieurs, go!"

Opening my lips for the first time during the interview, I thanked him profusedly. We took the way he pointed out, but as soon as we got fairly into the wood again. I wined in the horse.

wood again, I reined in the horse.

Sacre, I see myself going to the sugar
camp," I cried. "That fellow would lead the searching party straight there be the searching party straight there be-fore noon. Gentlemen, it is now broad day. You are only compromising your-selves by coming with me. You would better go back to the city. I can shift better go back to the city. I can shift for myself. The magistrate's loaf may not be very palatable, but it will keep me from hunger, and any ditch will supply me with water. I will remain hereabouts all day and come out by the house of the curé to-night again. Perhaps by that time you will be able to get a boat to take me across to the Ile d'Orleans."

The doctor, after some demur, went The doctor, after some demur, went back, taking his horse with him, but, Droulet would not leave me. Eager to get me away from the neighborhood, he hailed a market cart and offered the habitant who drove it half a crown to bring us to a farm he named. Between them they lifted me into the cart them they lifted me into the cart.
"I am taking you to friends of whom

did not think until now," said my guide.
"The man is timid, but his heart is with us. His wife is a true patriot and she will presently have half a hundred plans for keeping you safe, for the time, while I go and inquire why the boat was not at hand this morning."

When we reached the house we found that the tracket of the house we found the tracket of the house we found that the tracket of the house we found that the tracket of the house we found the house we have the house we found the house we have the hous

that the master had gone to town of business Madame welcomed us with great cordiality, however, gave us a subtantial breakfast, and concealed me in the garret of the mansion, where, thoroughly tired out, I slept a good part of the day. Droulet returned in the afternoon with much news.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, as we sat on chest in the loft, making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. "This morning old Gudbout went straight to the town major and told went straight to the town major and told the whole story of our call upon him last night, just as you predicted he would. He even declared you were at the mo-ment in the hut at the sugar camp and demanded that a posse of soldiers be sent out to capture you. Luckily for you though, Adair, so many stories about you are current in the city, and so many seconds claim to have seen you and have you are current in the city, and so many people claim to have seen you and have led the searchers on a wild-goose chase, that the old fool was not believed. I will not deny, however, that the government are vigilantly taking their own way to secure your capture. No vehicle is allowed to pass the gates without s allowed to pass the gates without

being thoroughly examined. The bakers carts have been stopped in the streets by the guards, and all the loaves thrown out, in the hope of finding you hidden under them. Loads of hay, grain, and even of manure have been over-hauled, and I myself saw a soldier thrust his bayonet into a wagon full of straw, with the design of finishing you, if you should happen to be concealed beneath

should happen to be concealed scheausit. To cap the climax, a funeral procession slowly winding its way toward the cemetery was halted by the military and the coffin was opened to see if, perchance, you might be trying to get away

by passing yourself off as a corpee."
"Surely this was unnecessary," said I, grimly. "Had they followed the coffin grimly. "Had they followed they and seen it duly buried they might have and seen it duly buried I was then done for dead or alive. But what of the boat?

"Our friends were here with the canon last night, as they promised, but the tide being low they were forced to keep out from the shore. The boats of the of-war at anchor in the river kept cruising around, and as we did not come on time, our boat-men feared to remain waiting longer, lest thus they might cause you to be captured. To night they will try again. When they have taken you into the canoe they will keep along the shore until they are able to elude the sentinel boats in the darkness. Then they will make straight across to the island. You will not be suspected of being in that vicinity, and once there you can remain or not as you like. They will so disguise you that you will be able to take all the exercise necessary for your health.

"How do they mean to disguise me?" "Have you any objection to wearing a

"Decidedly. Rather than don petticoate I would aimost rather be taken.

Forgetting that I was in hiding broke into a peal of merriment, but quickly controlled his mirth.

"And how about a priest's gown?" "That is better, though I fear I should

nake a sorry curé."
"You shall have a chance to play the role. Our men will be here at o'clock. Until then, au revoir."

I made ready to go, but when Droulet returned he looked exceedingly down-"Our plan to get you to the Ile d'

Orleans is discovered, Adair," he said dejectedly. "This neighborhood will be searched to-morrow. The only thing to be done is to boldly take you back into

The project seemed the acme of rash-The project seemed the acuse of raising ness, yet there was no choice. Besides, for anything like "bearding the lion in his den," I was always especially ready. Danger invariably aroused in me a spirit of elation and bravado.

The young man had brought me the dress of a curé, which I now put on. At pine of lock steeling down from the

nine o'clock, stealing down garret, I made my adieus to my good hostess, and was assisted into the French

reined in his pony.

"The boys ought to be here," he said,
"and other friends have arranged to be
crossing the bridge at this time, so as to
deaden the sound of the oars."

Almost as he spoke two men emerged from the shadow of a building and camtoward us. I drew my cloak tighter around me, so as to somewhat conceal my features. Droulet leaned forward. "Souez pret." one of the strenger pret," one of the stranger

"Soyez pret," one of the strangers said softly.

My guide breathed a sigh of relief.
"It is all right," said he.
The men, after grasping my hand in token of their friendliness, lifted me out

of the cart and carried me between them to a boat a few yards distant. They waited until by the challenge of the sentinel we knew our friends were on the bridge. Then, assured that the sound of their horses feet and of the carriage wheels would prevent him from hearing our boat, dipping their oars with as little noise as might be, they rowed across the river. On the opposite side a man had led his horse to the water's edge as though to let him drink. "Soyez pret," he said as we approached.

"Soyez pret," answered Droulet.

The men lifted me on to the horse's

"Take these," said my friend, thrust ing a brace of pistols upon me. "I will walk shead at some distance and you walk shead at some distance and you must ride after alone, until you see me stop at the door of a certain house. Rein in your horse then, also. I have arranged that you shall be sheltered

there for the night."
With one of the pistols in my hand, and the other in my belt, I rode after the carriage which had just crossed the bridge, and onward along the very bridge, and onward along the very streets through which so rigorous a earch was being made for me.

CHAPTER XXII.

OFF FOR THE BORDER.

It was nearly morning when we stopped at a house in the St. John suburb. Here we found a supper prepared, and much kindness, but just as we were sitting down to the meal a messenger, who proved to be none other than Pascal came running in.

"It is not safe for m'sieur to remai here," he cried in French. "The soldiers have been through the Faubourg St. Roch and on the Cote St. Genevieve As I came along I saw a band of then As I came along I saw a band of them overturning the flower-pots in the window of an old bourgeoise near here. They thought m'sieur wight be under them, I suppose," added the old fellow with a grin. "But the woman valiantly with a grin defended her posies with a broomstick and, by Ste. Anne, I'll wager more than one clown got a broken head."

Further inquiry led us to the disco ery that a party were searching the houses in the very street where we had

The cart had been brought around over the bridge, and Pascal now con-trived to get it to the door at the rear of the house. Having been lifted into it, I drove away, Madame St. Germain's nephew going on afoot as previously.

In my character of curé, I proceede slowly once more, following my conductor through many lanes and by-ways. Thus more than an hour passed. I was tardy in realizing that there was a reason for these many detours besides the necessity of avoiding the searching party. At last, however, the truth dawned upon me. Droulet did not know party. where to take me. He dared not ven ture to ask any one to harbor me; and yet, brave and true friend that he was,

would not desert me.
The sun had risen two hours before and my hunger, sharpened by the fact that we had been forced to go supper-less, told me it was breakfast time. Driving a little faster I caught up with Droulet and told him the plan that

"I will go to Devereux," I said. "Although a government official he is a countryman of mine and he will not we me up."
My friend protested; but I was re-

solved, and he finally agreed to take me to the house, since nothing else offered. We soon came to it. With difficulty I got down from the cart and he took my place therein. "If you will come for me to night.

most faithful of friends, perhaps I can

get away," I said. He promised, and after nodding an au revoir to him, I-limped around a cor-ner of the residence of the man into whose keeping I was about to entrust my life. Climbing the steps of a verandah I found myself before a door. Should I knock? No, that would be too great a risk. The servant who might respond to the summons might suspect who I was and give the alarm. Or per haps a poor country curé would be denied an interview with the master. Turning the knob, I pushed open the door and walked into the hall. As I stood for a second, undecided which way to turn, the sound of a girl's gay voice floated out from the room beyond, and

presently a man's rich baritone answered a bantering fashion. "Come well, come ill, here goes, I said

to myself, and striding forward, I entered the parlor. Here at breakfast were seated a middle-aged man, a handsome matron, and two young ladies, one of them a pretty little m id in her early teens. For a moment the party were unconscious of my intrusion. If any one among them heard the noise of the opening of the door, it was evidently supposed to have been made by the servant who

waited upon them.

The older girl, whose merry laugh had been my guide, was seated facing the eatch sight of me, as she turned her bright eyes from the master of the house who had evidently been playfully teasing her. When her glance fell on me she started in alarm, and I in turn stared at her in incredulous astonish ment; for this lady whom I encountered thus so unexpectedly was Phebe Fos-ter. The sweet English girl, who had twice already befriended me, now twice already befriended me, now quickly recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Devereux, here is a French curé who apparently wishes to speak to you," she said.

Droulet in desperation knocked at the door of a Frenchman, who took me to his stable.

Devereux turned abruptly and, per Devereux turned abruptly and, perceiving me, said to the other girl, whom I recognized by her resemblance to him to be his daughter, "Aileen, since you are our French scholar, tell the good or our french scholar, tell the good are the good and the good are the good are the good are the good and the good are man to come to my office later. Or if he is collecting for a church or a hos-pice, I'll give him a dollar and let him

Rising from her place, Aileen came toward me and repeated what he had

said.
"Thank you, mademoiselle," I replied in the same language. "Money I have managed for several days to do without, but I am sadly in need of food and

shelter."
Then approaching her father I added resolutely in English, "Sir, as a countryman of yours I come to you for aid trusting in your honor. I am a prescribed and hunted man; my name is Nich Addi." Nial Adair."

Before he could answer Phœbe turned to her host. "Oh, Mr. Devereux, you will protect him?" she cried eagerly. "I protect him?" ave-met Mr. Adair before.

Aileen, meanwhile, hastened to set chair for me.
"Sir, be seated," she said with pretty dignity, "we bid you welcome if father does not."

father does not."

Devereux, aroused from his blank astonishment by her independence, leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Ha, ha, traitress," he protested, "do you not know this gentleman has been convicted of high treason and it is a great risk to harbor him?"

"Nevertheless, I feel sure my hus-band will not refuse hospitality," interosed Mrs. Devereux, serenely.

Devereux exchanged a glance with her, rose, locked the door of the room, her, rose, locked the door of the room, and wheeling about stretched out his hand to me, saying, "Sir, since you are here, you may rely on me. I cannot shut my eyes to the injustice of many of the men now prominent in affairs in the province, nor my heart to the appeal of one from my own country who needs my help. Draw nearer to the table, sir, you have not breakfasted."

Mrs. Devereux now poured coffee for ne, and Aileen busied herself in waiting upon me, while Phœbe smiled in friend-

content. When I had amply testified to my appreciation of the comfortable meal, my host conducted me upstairs to a little suite of apartments kept for his own use and, pointing to a couch, said, "Mr. Adair, you need rest. After you have Adair, you need rest. After you have slept, your luncheon will be served in the adjoining study, and my wife, my daughter, and their guest will assist you, with their chatter, to while away the afternoon. I must hasten to my affairs but I shall be at home again by six cleek." six o'clock.

When he had gone I threw myself or the divan and for some hours knew the blissful unconsciousness of slumber. Awaking at last, I bathed, dressed with more neatness than I had been able to do for some days, and passing into the study took up a book in an endeavor to divert my mind from its anxieties.

Before long a pleasanter distraction presented itself. There was a light tap on the door. I opened it, and beheld oretty Aileen standing before me holding a well-laden tray. Taking it from her, I laid it upon the table. Mrs. Devereux and Phœbe now appeared also, and the three ladies set themselves to entertain me while I lunched. Phœbe had, clearly, told her hostess

and Aileen something of the circum stances of our acquaintance. I now gave them my version of the story, re-lating with enthusiasm and thankful ness how she had aided my escape to American soil and how, once again, she had helped me with her kindly sympathy

the Strait.
"Ah, Phœbe dear, I always knew yo

were a heroine," exclaimed little Miss Devereux, embracing her friend. Later, mother and daughter slipped away for a few moments, leaving me to a tete a tete with their charming young visitor. It was then I learned how she

happened to be in Quebec.
"My father, having finished his round of inspection of the forts, came here to make his report to the government, and begged him to bring Phebe said. "He and Mr. Devereux have long been friends."

After some beating about the bush I asked for Captain Weston. The dear girl's answer was a deep flush, which led me to rally her a little on the sub-ject of the handsome captain. She finally admitted to me, with a fascinating confusion, that she had given her troth to the worthy officer, and they planned to be married during the complanned to be married utiling winter. Thereat I, on my part, told her of Jacquette, and my hope that before long I might claim my darling.

After this Alleen came back. She and Pheebe had been at a party on the

evening of my escape from the citadel, and the lively demoiselle now described for my benefit the consternation of the young subalterns who were their danc-ing partners, when the flight of the

"The dusk of the October day was gathering when Mrs. Devereux, entring the room quickly, said, "Mr. Adair, a man is lingering about the house; I think he must be one of your friends.

"If it is some one for me, he will re-peat the watchword, soyez pret," I nswered, starting to my feet. Aileen flitted away and soon returned accompanied by Droulet.

"I have brought you a new disguise," he said hastily addressing me, "We must be off at once." I went into the chamber, changed my

clothes, and came back, again dressed as a habitant. The ladies laughed when they saw me thus ready for my new role. I thanked them with profound gratitude for their goodness, expressed to Phebe my best wishes that she might soon be a happy bride, and might soon be a happy bride, and begged Mrs. Devereux to tell her husband I would never forget his generosity in harboring me. Then, after entrusting to pretty Aileen a letter which she promised to deliver safe to Jacquette, I took leave of these true friends.

was a hunted man. For a second time was the boat in which I hoped to get away captured by the authorities.

"There is a hollow under the floor of the horse's stall, sir," said the habitant.
"If you wish to lie concealed there you

vill be safe." "Danger makes strange bedfellows. I

have no choice but to try it," I replied, "since the soldiers are upon my track." The horse was already bedded down or the night, but we took him from the stall, cleared out the straw, and raised the planks of the floor.

"There!" said my new host, pointing to a cavity like a grave.

I had no time to hesitate, for, the door of the stable, we could hear the voices of the searchers and see the light of their lanterns. While the men light of their lanterns. While the men fastened it, Droulet threw down a buffalo robe, and I cast myself prone in the follow. He and the owner of the barn then replaced the boards above me, brought back the horse, and left me, for the nonce, to the solitude of my

Luckily for me the stable was built of squared logs and upon a rising ground. The earth was consequently dry. The floor was also raised about sixteen inches. and through the chinks between the logs, as well as in places where the plaster of the foundation wall had worn away, the wind blew, making a current of air. Notwithstanding my rest at the home of Mr. Devereux, I was so fatigued by my many wanderings I found the home of Mr. Devereux, I was so fatigued by my many wanderings I found the buffalo robe comfortable enough. Feel-ing that my pursuers would never think to seek me beneath the floor of a horse's stall, I soon feel asleep, and rested as comfortably as though I were already across the border and had found repose

across the border an upon a bed of down. Late that night Droulet and my host came to the stable, disinterred me, and brought me into the house. As I entered the living-room I saw a habitant standing before the fire with his back to me. At the sound of my footsteps he wheeled around and came toward me with outstretched hands and a smiling

It was Ramon disguised, like myself With what joy I greeted him I need not say. While we supped he told me of his many and perilous adventures since we were parted. Gladly I would set them down in these pages, but they form

another story.

The night we passed in the house, but in the morning, before the children and servants of the family were awake, our host took us to the stable. We made the hollow under the floor larger, and

my comrade shared with me the shallow, subterranean chamber.

Here we remained for days, being brought out at night, but returning to our tomb at dawn taking with us a loaf of bread and a bottle of water. Droulet could no longer come to speak to us in the daytime and not always at night, for a sentinel was posted at the house of Madame St. Germain, and two others were in the neighborhood. At last, he brought us word that for the third time a boat was ready to take us across the to Point Levis, and arrangements had been made to start us on the Kennebec road for Maine.

It was the third of November. At seven o'clock in the evening we ventur-ed forth. Ramon still wore the blouse ed forth. Ramon still wore the blouse of a habitant, I a long overcoat and broad-brimmed hat, the costume of the priests of the seminary of St. Sulpice. I was now able to walk fairly well with the aid of a cane and, as I leaned upon my staff and upon the arm of our host. I sought to maintain the dignity of the role I assumed.

My comrade walked on the opposite side of the way. Several of our friends

side of the way. Several of our friends were designedly in the street to lend us their aid if necessity should arise. But, although we passed several soldiers we reached the beach near the Queen's woodyard without adventure. T indeed, was the boat manned by sturdy rowers. With joy we took our places in the little craft. Gathered about a boatload of hay next to us were ree carters.
"Do you know, sir, what has become

of the man who owns this hay?" one of them called out to me.

"It has just changed owners and the

to the bargain," I answered, pointing to

a cabaret near by.

The master of our boat now stepped aboard; the boatmen shoved off, and at last we were away from Quebec. We dared not hasten however, for we were ostensibly, a band of habitants coming from market. We kept down the river outside the place where the men from the man-of-war were accustomed to row, and thus, under cover of the dark-ness, were able to land at Levis, near the little church.

Having drawn the boat on the strand our friend and the boatmen led the way up the sacent. At the top of the height I waited while the others went to get the horses that had been ordered for us. Within a few minutes one of the party brought my horse. I mounted and, riding down the road, joined Ramon and the owner of the boat, who was to go with us for some distance.

Through all the night we rode, and at daylight arrived at a clearing in the Here was a tavern almost a rude as the trappers' hut at which the coureurs de bois were wont to stop in the old days. The master of the inn-s smuggler whom Droulet, who was a young advocate, had once saved from mprisonment—had a meal prepared for s. The impression had been conveyed to him that we were gentlemen pecuni arily embarrased who must get away from Canada. Scarcely had we breakfasted when we

saw a horseman riding up to the place Ramon and I made a hasty retreat t the woods, but were presently sought out by our guide. The newcomer was Droulet, who brought us a change of disguise and money.

It had been arranged that the keeper

of the auberge should conduct us to the border, but toward evening he began to make excuses, adding as a final argument that he had no horse.

"You will be back to-morrow, and you may take my pony," replied Droulet.

Straightway I again realized that I was a hunted man. For a second time you may swing for it before I help you way captured by the authorities.

may take my pony," replied Droulet.

"If you do not go with these gentlemen you may swing for it before I help you out of any difficulty with the government officers again."

Thus silenced, the smuggler agreed to go. He and Ramon and I mounted our horses. As I was securing my pistols and covering them with my cloak Droulet came up close to me and in a voice trembling with emotion,

"Adair, farewell, we may never meet again. God bless you. Do not let yourself be taken. If they get you I shall be tempted to throw myself into

the river.' "Oh, no, no, whatever happens, re-member I shall feel to the end that you left no opportunity untried in order to help me to my freedom. No harm must come to you, my friend. But I'll be hanged, if I let them take me! Au re-

voir, au revoir."

Ramon in turn took leave of him, and sad to part with so true a friend, we rode away. Never, indeed, did I meet Droulet again, but even now, after the lapse of many years, the very mention of his name stirs my pulses with a warmth of gratitude for the services he rendered me, and the risks he ran to save my life, during those days when I was a fugitive. This self-sacrificing generosity I appreciated all the more because, later, I learned he a ted as he did not only through friendship for me, but because he loved Jacquette. Finding it vain to woo her for himself, he, with Droulet again, but even now, after ing it vain to woo her for himself, he, with the spirit of which heroes are made, devoted all his energies to insure her happiness, even though his success would give her to a rival. Ah, there nobler men than this young

Canadian patriot!
When we had ridden some miles our guide, the inkeeper, again essayed to go back, but I showed him the purse with which Droulet had supplied me and offered to give him two golden eagles at the end of the journey. The promise of this reward kept him silent for an hour or more. Then he again faltered.

It is now plain enough to us that he knew who we were and feared arrest if he were found conducting us. Reining in my horse, so that Ramon involuntarirode ahead, I thus got between him the tavern-keeper and, turning quickly in my saddle, levelled my pistol at the man who would have so basely deserted us.

You will guard us to the States." I aid peremptorily, with my finger on the

rigger.

"Oh yes, sir, yes, yes, I will. Oh, put up your weapon, I beg of you!" he stammered in a tremor of fear. "Remember I have a wife and family. I had no idea you were in such a desperate strait, sir, Of course I will go with

Wasting no words further, I motioned to him to ride before me, which he has-tened to do. Pistol in hand I followed, but we had no more trouble with him.

Thus Ramon and I pressed on through the guarded bridges, passes and barri-caded posts which we were able so suc-cessfully to avoid. We had journeyed about ninety miles when, on the second morning from the time we set out from Quebec, a little after dawn, our guide said, pointing to a frame building a short distance before us on the road,

"You see that house sirs?"
"Yes, what of it?" I answered care-"It is the frontier inn, and is built

right on the boundary line."

As we rode up to the door he directed our attention to the signboard swinging from a post before it. On one side of this sign were painted the lion and the unicorn, and beneath them the words "Lower Canada." On the other side was an eagle with outspread wings, above him a circlet of stars, and below,

in large letters, "The State of Maine."
When in this wild spot we looked upon the emblem of our adopted country our hearts leaped with joy, and we cheered so lustily that the guests of the tavern must have been startled rom their slumbers. Putting spurs to our horses, we galloped on.
Half an hour earlier we had been so

fatigued we could hardly sit erect in our saddles. Now we were so jubilant at being at last upon American soil we could have cantered on for half the forenoon. Several miles farther ahead, nowever, we came to a long low loghouse.

"The people here will provide you with refreshments and you can rest if

you choose," said our guide.

I paid him the gold pieces and thanked him for his trouble, although he had served us sullenly. The clink of the coins restored his good-humor. Well, sire, you are all right now," cried. "Good-day and good-luck he cried. "Good-day and good-luck to you." He then rode back, but I heard afterwards that poor Droulet

never got his horse again.

When we entered the house we found an elderly man, two young fellows, whom we rightly took to be his sons, and his wife, who was preparing breakfast.
"You are from Quebec?" asked the

father as he invied us to take our "Yes," I said tersely.

"Perhaps," put in one of the boys,
"you can tell us something of the American prisoners who so boldly escaped from the citadel. Were they captured?" places at the pine table.

"They were still at liberty when we left Quebec on Saturday," declared my comrade. "God be praised!" exclaimed the

mother pausing in her work of frying griddle-cakes over the fire. " May He guard and lead them out of danger."

"They are friends of yours, madame?" I saked with a smile.

"No, sir, I never saw them," "but I hope they will not try to come to the States by this road."

"Why, would they not be safe if they were here for instance."

were here, for instance?' were here, for instance?"

"As safe as three good rifles could make them," interrupted the younger of the bear, with enthusiasm. "My the boys with enthusiasm. "My mother means they could hardly get here, the roads are so closely guarded

"Do you know where they are, sir?"
queried the old man.
"They are now in the State of "They are now in the aine," announced Ramon.

The woman raised her eyes to heaven and murmured a prayer of thankfulness.

"Did they cross at Houlton?" inquired the older son.

"No below on the second of the second of

quired the older son.

"No, below; quite near here," said
I; "in fact this gentleman and I are