

"I think, then, that he must have had time to slip out before we knew of it. There are many Indians here who woul' help him; but a few of them can be trusted, I think, to join the search. Major d'Orvilliers left me with only a handful of men. It will be difficult to accomplish much until he returns. I will post a sentry at the sally-port; we shall have to leave the bastions without a guard. I think it will be safe, for the time."

"Very well, Lieutenant."

The Lieutenant saluted and hurried away. Menard closed the door, and turned to the table, where were scattered the sheets on which he had been writing his report. He collected them and read the report carefully. He removed one leaf, and rolling it up, lighted it at the candle, and held it until it was burned to a cinder. Then he read the other sheets again. The report now told of his capture, of a part of the council at the Long House, and of the escape; but no word was there concerning Captain la Grange. Another hand had disposed of that question. Menard sighed as he laid it down, but soon the lines on his face relaxed. It was not the first time in the history of New France that a report had told but