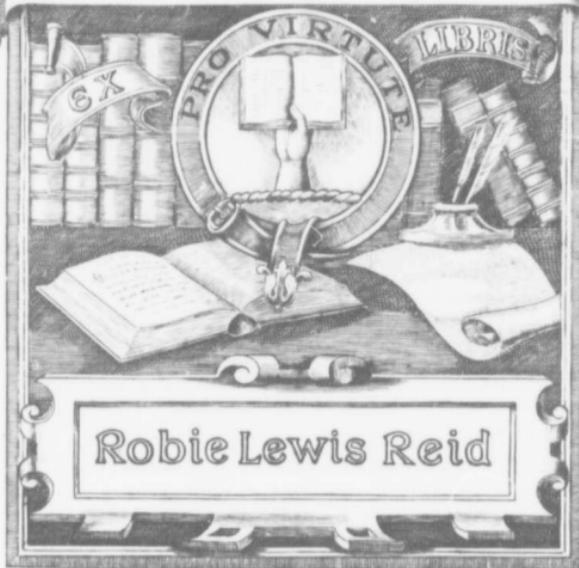


Jason—Nova Scotia

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For him was lever have at hys beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and hys philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithelle, or gay sautrye.



*The F. W. Howay and R. L. Reid
Collection of Canadiana
The University of British Columbia*

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Jason-Nova Scotia

FOUNDED UPON A ROMANTIC LEGEND OF MY
NATIVE LAND.

BY

P. W. E. HART

(PERCIE W. HART)

AUTHOR OF: "THE LUDOVIC ZAM AFFAIR,"

"YE KEY OF YE BROADWAY GATE,"

"FUNSENSICAL TALES," ETC., ETC.

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BY MR. HART

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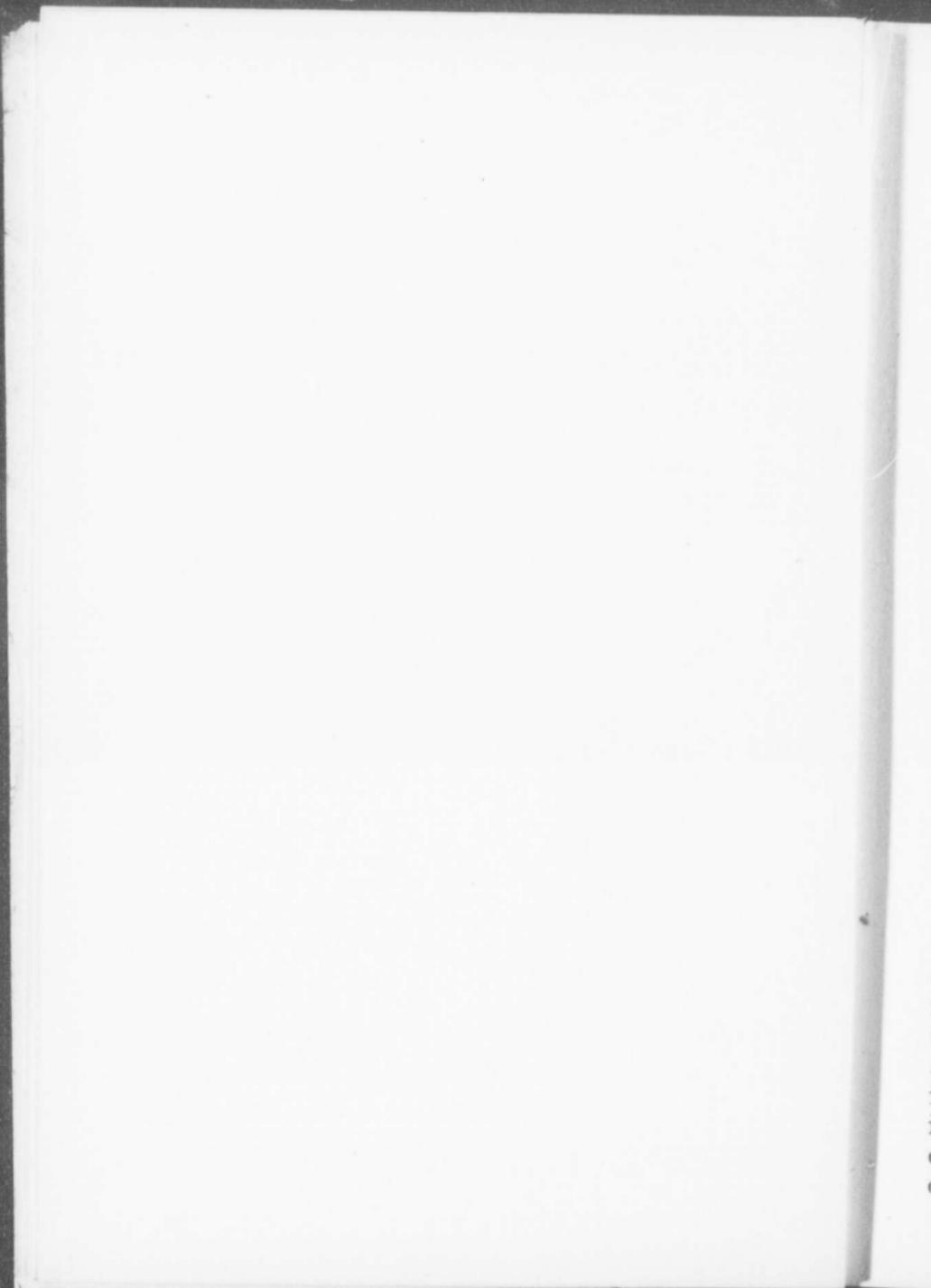
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TO THE
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C H A P T E R I

A R E C O G N I T I O N

ABOUT ten months after the capture of Port Royal (which name was soon changed to Annapolis Royal in honor of the then Queen) by General Nicholson and his valiant army, or, to be still more explicit, in July, 1711, a xebec or sailing pinnace arrived in the Basin and dropped anchor close under the guns of the great fort. Those were days when Nova Scotia was the centre of warfare and campaigning in North America, and the constant arrival and departure of expeditions by sea and land caused slight attention to be paid to this small stranger. However, in accordance with the usages of naval etiquette, a boat put off from the guardship and prepared to board the new arrival.

Upon the after-deck of the pinnace, in an attitude of physical dejection and gazing mournfully at the huge English ensign which floated triumphantly over the near-by battlements, was a young man of tall stature and noble countenance. Although attired in such rough costume as might fit a coasting sailor, his left hand occasionally wandered to his side, as if in the expectancy of encountering some familiar object. But such

a trifling peculiarity was scarcely needed to assure a careful observer that this plainly-dressed personage was of gentle birth, and, in accordance with the customs of the time, habituated to the wearing of a sword. A few feet distant from him, engaged in directing the group of seamen at their sail-furling and other details of mooring, was an individual of decidedly grotesque appearance. Short of stature almost to the point of dwarfishness, and chunky enough in build to amply make up for the other deficiency, he furnished a living example of the possibilities in human corpulence. And yet his originality did not end here. In quick action and features a veritable Italian, in figure the personification of an ideal English tavern keeper, and in name a seeming Scotchman, Captain Glenbucket was neither one of all these three but an Irish refugee, bred up at the court of France. Moreover, like most men gifted with the extreme imitative faculty, he had acquired some habits in conversation and expression which were apt to astonish strangers.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la," he hummed in subdued accents, marching pompously towards his tall companion. These sounds were intended to convey the marching music of drum and trumpet, and in common justice to the performer it must be allowed that they were as near perfect as the limitations of the human throat permit.

“Remember, Chevalier,” the captain hoarsely whispered, as he drew close to the other, “we are honest men of Virginia, come to barter good tobacco for skins and peltries. I am the sailing-master of the vessel; you, the adventurous merchant. We do not even understand the French language and”——

“Yes, yes,” impatiently interrupted he whom Glenbucket had addressed by a title; “I am thoroughly competent to play the part and only wish my confidence was as complete in your ability. However, we will likely have but scant need of it all in this wild land, where everybody may well be busy enough about their own affairs to keep them from growing inquisitive.”

The stout captain, completely undaunted by this rebuff, was about to make some further protestation; but the near approach of the war-vessel's cutter caused him to desist. He contented himself with sounding the harsh cries of the wild geese when in pursuit of food, and so naturally were they rendered that the young naval officer in the stern of the skiff stood up and gazed intently at the sky overhead. He whom Glenbucket had addressed as “Chevalier” was about to order the imitator to desist, but the sight of the round fat face all screwed up and twisted in the vocal effort, was too much for his gravity. He merely smiled indulgently upon his companion's antics.

“Oars all!” came the quick command as the boat rounded alongside of the gangway

and the wet blades rose in the air and tumbled towards the bow with a crisp rattle.

"I have the honor to salute the captain of this ship," announced the officer, ceremoniously raising his hat as he stepped on deck. "In accordance with the usual custom I have been sent to go through the formality of examining papers and cargo."

Returning the speaker a most elaborate courtesy, Glenbucket welcomed him on board, and bowed the way to the after-cabin. The presumed merchant also received the officer's passing salutation in a fashion that caused the latter to examine him more closely. As the lieutenant did so, a look of amazement came over his face (unnoticed by the two adventurers, however), but without another word he followed the rotund skipper down the companion way.

"Here is our last clearance, Monsieur Lieutenant. It is from the port of Boston. Plainly and cleverly written," suavely cried Glenbucket, at the same time producing from a side locker an imposing bundle of documents and a decanter of wine. "Also, the register of my vessel, the 'Sea Foam,' and full list of cargo belonging to Mr. Montgomery, the owner, who you doubtless observed with me on deck. Study them carefully and I wager you find no flaw. At the same time, test the condition of this vintage, which I guarantee to be far and away the superior of"—

"In perfect order, as you so strenuously

insist," replied the young officer, with difficulty restraining a smile; "and your wine of equal proof." But far more of his critical attention was given to the stout captain and the latter's evident anxiety to placate him, rather than to the writings which lay open before them. "As I can readily perceive, you are traders, without articles of contraband or even munitions of war, excepting those necessary for your own protection from piracy."

"Positively, young gentleman," gurgled Glenbucket, "you appear to be one of the most delightful companions I have ever met. I trust that"—

"May I have the pleasure of a few words with—Mr. Montgomery?" interrupted the officer.

"Eh! What!" ejaculated Glenbucket, falling back a step or two in evident consternation. Recovering himself but indifferently, he stutted forth: "Mo—o—st cer—certainly, if you s-so desire."

"Thanks. It is merely a courtesy which I owe him," replied the officer, with a smile and inflexion of voice which were both intended to be reassuring: "I would indeed be remiss in common politeness if I did not salute an honest merchant who has voyaged hither."

Paying but scant attention to these commonplaces, Glenbucket ostentatiously produced a pair of superbly inlaid pistols and adjusted them conveniently in his belt.

Muttering excuses as to his having inadvertently omitted this little formula while making his morning toilet, he hastened on deck, to the accompaniment of his trumpet and drum marching tune. The lieutenant looked askance upon these warlike preparations, laughed outright at the musical burlesque, but made no direct comment. As soon as he was alone, however, he drew from under his collar a small miniature painted on metal, which was suspended around his neck by means of a velvet band.

"No, I certainly am not mistaken," he muttered, after gazing upon the picture intently for a few seconds: "What can possibly bring him hither?"

Warned by the sound of approaching footsteps he hastily replaced the miniature and when the tall stranger, closely followed by Glenbucket, entered the cabin was still apparently engaged in examining the ship's papers, spread out upon the table.

"You wished to speak with me, sir?" commenced the assumed Montgomery questioningly, in engaging yet dignified tones.

"Merely that a humble loyal subject, might befittingly greet Your Highness," exclaimed the young naval officer, bending low and endeavoring to press the hand of the other to his lips.

"There is some mistake here," was the cold answer. "I am but a trader and know nothing concerning 'Highnesses' and such matters."

"You fear to trust me," exclaimed the young officer, evidently perturbed at this repulse; "and yet, the Farquharsons have shown more times than enough, that they are willing to shed their last drop of blood for your family. Chevalier de St. George, as you are called by your French friends, Prince of Wales and rightful heir to the crown of England, as you should be more truthfully termed, I cannot be mistaken in"—

"Well, well, so be it. I am that unfortunate James Stuart;" petulantly interrupted the disguised prince, in a species of bravado. "Go on; but take heed for yourself. I am not one to be made an easy prisoner."

Great beads of perspiration gathered upon the forehead of Glenbucket. With a ludicrous gesture of despair, he drew both pistols from his belt and handed one of them to the Chevalier.

"There seems no present need of these weapons, Your Highness," remarked Farquharson placidly. "The sound of their discharge would merely bring my boat's crew about your ears and make serious trouble where there need be none. My father followed your sire's ill fortunes and sacrificed both life and estate in the good cause. On his death he gave me a miniature, by which I recognized Your Highness almost at first sight. He bade me ever wear this portrait close to my heart. While I am in the service of your sister Anne, the present sover-

sign of England, I hold you to be her true heir and thus give you due allegiance. Order what you will of me, and without need of compulsion I shall cheerfully obey."

Completely overpowered by this affirmation of loyalty from an entirely unexpected quarter, the prince was too affected to speak for a few moments. Glenbucket made no secret of great joy tears, at the same time performing all manner of subdued imitations, varied by filling a huge measure of wine and quaffing it down to the health of himself and those present.

"Gallant Farquharson," said the prince at last, "your words come like a sunbeam to brighten our clouds of despair. Believe me, if it were necessary, I should secure your aid in our present enterprise. All we need, however, is to be permitted passage into the interior, exactly as if we were what we assume to be, traders looking for commerce with the natives. Of one thing you can rest assured, and that is, we meditate no communication with the rebellious Acadians. I wish that I could be still more explicit, but my whole future rests on this secret; and I fear to even breathe a word of it aloud, lest mayhap the vagrant breeze should echo some of its meaning."

"I would not presume to encroach upon confidence," hastily spoke the lieutenant, as the prince came to a perceptible pause. "Your papers and those of the vessel are perfectly regular, and will carry you through

without a question. But, if you will pardon such a poor thing as advice from me, which, however, I tender in all good faith as touching possible success, both you and your companion must better conceal good breeding. Those who wear humble cloaks should most assuredly fit their manners to the goods, else perchance some one less easy of conviction than myself may lead to your complete undoing."

And with a grateful smile, as the young Pretender at last cordially extended his hand, the lieutenant pressed it fervently to his lips, and started to return upon deck.

"I do not wish to lose your aid when greater enterprises will be in progress, gallant Farquharson," said the Chevalier. "Before the Elector of Hanover shall usurp our throne, we expect to lead an army into England. The present is no mean service which you have rendered us, and the title of Lord Annapolis will but slightly requite it, when we shall have come to our own."

"I trust to fight beneath your banners with the rest of my brave clansmen, when the proper time arrives," huskily answered the young lieutenant, and in a few moments he had left the little vessel.

"And what title does Your Highness reserve for me?" grumbled the puffy Glenbucket, as soon as they were left alone. "If we go on at this rate there will be nothing left worth having."

"A title for my Glenbucket!" laughed the

careless James. "And what fitting one can I offer? If but a thousandth part of this treasure prove true, you, with your own portion, will be able to buy kings and kingdoms almost as great as mine."

Glenbucket made no specific reply but his face took on an expression of keen content which accorded well with his rubicund visage.



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C H A P T E R I I

The Diplomacy of Glenbucket

WHEN all had been made snug aboard the "Sea Foam," Glenbucket departed for the mainland on a species of reconnaissance. He had insisted upon this with all the appearance of cunning, as being absolutely necessary, and the assumed Montgomery made no vigorous objections. However, the latter could not refrain from a few words of counsel before they parted.

"I am well assured of your faithfulness, my dear Glenbucket," he said to him, "but I want you to bear in mind the parting advice of Farquharson. I fear that neither one of us is any too proficient in the thorough acting out of our disguises."

"Chevalier," replied the stout captain, "I own that I did but poorly in the first encounter. Yet that was merely what one might call the usual fright of an actor when making his first appearance on the stage. From now until the end of our own play, Your Highness may well take pattern after me; for no colonial trader will be more rude and uncouth, and at the same time keen for a bargain in merchandising. Faith, the very atmosphere of Virginia permeates me

and I can hardly myself believe that I ever saw the court of France.”

Arrived at the little dock of the town proper (as distinguished from the military landing-place) Glenbucket leaped ashore with an agility well-nigh remarkable in one of his bulk, and bade the boat's crew return to their vessel until further orders. Almost the first person he met while on his way to the little collection of log houses which then composed the town, was an officer of the English garrison. Glenbucket immediately assumed a suppliant air, and thus accosted him:

“Voulez-vous avez le”— Here he stopped half choking, and began again: “I mean, that is, will you kindly tell me to whom I had best apply in order to make a good sale of some Virginian tobacco?”

The officer looked at him curiously and waving a hand in the direction of the town, passed on without further reply.

“Oh-ho!” crooned Glenbucket to himself. “We are not nearly so polite as the navy. Well, well, I am sorry that I bothered with him at all. Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la.”

A few moments later he entered the warehouse of a merchant. Behind a rude counter stood a middle aged individual of prosperous appearance. Glenbucket at once addressed him: “Can you inform me as to the whereabouts of an individual named Master Rodrick Windham?”

“That is my name.”

“Eh? What? Well, well. Struck it first charge, have I? Rest assured, Monsieur Windham, that it gives me huge delight to greet you?”

Glenbucket shook the merchant's extended hand most cordially but the latter was by no means so effusive.

“You will doubtless be delighted to hear,” went on the stout captain urbanely, “that my name is one, not I trust completely unknown to His Most Gracious—I mean, rather, that I am but a plain Virginian and Her Majesty's governor of that extremely loyal colony puts every confidence in me.”

Somewhat gratified in the fact of the merchant's attention having been distracted by a clattering of goods in the rear of the warehouse, which prevented him from giving due attention to this wordy slip of Glenbucket's, the latter vowed inwardly that it should be a sufficient lesson, and continued in more deferential accents :

“My name is Glenbucket—er—Gabriel Glenbucket, very much at your good service.”

“And I think I heard you mention something about Virginia. You must excuse my inattention as I have so much to look after. What with supplies for the settlers, and”——

“No apology is necessary, my dear sir. On the contrary I was delighted—I mean that being a merchant myself—at least, the com-

panion of a merchant—I can well appreciate your position.”

“Then if you are merely the companion of a merchant what business can you have with me?”

“Ah, I am quickly coming to that. My name is Gabriel Glenbucket and I am only a Virginian”——

“You have already said as much, several times over.”

“Then here we come to new matter. Know, that you were mentioned to me, or rather to my companion, who is the merchant, as one capable of assisting in a venture. This merchant whom I represent is not far distant, and bears the name of Montgomery. A charming fellow and looking as if he might be a very nobleman, and yet I do most solemnly assure you that he is simply a Virginian citizen like myself. Moreover, he is well up in book-learning and able to string you verses pat to every occasion, as well as”——

“But, if you will pardon me, I fail to get your exact drift?” interrupted the merchant sarcastically. “Verses are all very well in their way, but scarcely in excessive demand with us. You might hardly believe it, but I would not give one yard of cloth for a hundred quatrains; nor an ounce of tobacco, for a”——

“Ah! Now we come to business,” interrupted the fat captain in his turn, at the same time slapping his hands together vivaciously.

"That is precisely my view of it. And so enough of small talk. Know then, that we have on our ship the 'Sea Foam,' just arrived, not ounces but huge bales of the very finest tobacco that Virginia or any other colony ever grew. This we wish you to handle, in exchange for peltries, skins, or anything else by which we may doubly profit upon our return. We are but plain Virginian traders, who have come through great perils on our coastwise voyaging in order to reach this new market; where profits should be far greater than in our own worn-out settlements. But, as you are more familiar with the ways in use around here, we are perfectly willing to share generously. What do you think of it?"

"Such a consignment could not have come to hand in better season," enthusiastically declared Windham. "Our stock of tobacco is well-nigh exhausted and we knew not which way to turn. How much of it have you?"

"I do not remember exactly," replied the assumed Virginian, beginning to feel perturbed and changing color visibly.

"Ah! You wish to keep the price up by pretending a limited supply?" hazarded Windham, looking at Glenbucket with every appearance of admiration.

"No, no," answered the latter hurriedly, fearful of becoming more deeply involved. "There are not over half a dozen bales, I know."

"And you expect to make a profit on

freighting a half dozen bales of tobacco all the way from the Virginias?"

"Er—From the Virginias, as you say, my dear sir;" replied Glenbucket hastily. "But I would have you know that our capital is limited, and, consequently, we do business in a small way until we accumulate something. At least, all this is merely my companion's business. I am but his hired sailor."

"You may send ashore all the tobacco you have, or better yet, give me an order for its delivery. Tell your merchant companion that I will allow him four times what the goods cost, at once; so that both you and he may return, and not lose a single hour in getting together a more considerable cargo."

And Windham shook Glenbucket cordially by the hand, as if he considered the deal most satisfactorily closed. But the stout captain had an entirely different idea.

"Bow-wow-wow!" he began, in admirable imitation of an aroused watch dog.

The merchant glanced around in alarm, but noticing the bulky captain's pursed lips and vocal exertions, was quickly undeceived.

"Could you make this payment in articles that might be used to advantage in bartering with the Indians?" resumed the astute Glenbucket, a few seconds later.

"If you wish it. But I will say frankly that such intercourse on your part is well nigh impossible," replied the trader. "You do not understand their language or habits;

and, besides, the great majority of them are more friendly to the Acadians than with us. Once out of sight of these ramparts, you and your companion would undoubtedly be murdered. The military can only traverse the country in large bodies, and, even then, they are frequently attacked. We depend altogether on the winter, when the natives become starved into submission and have to bring their skins to our settlement, in order that they may obtain necessary supplies."

"Still, if we insist on this method of payment, you have no objections?"

"None at all, my dear sir. What matters a few Virginians, more or less, in the world!"

"Ah, master, you are hard on us," cried a clerk who happened to have approached near them.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the merchant boisterously. "Here is one of your own country," he continued, introducing the young man to the captain: "Master Glenbucket, this is Ronald Sterling. Send along your tobacco, captain, and have what you wish. If you will excuse me, I must now attend to affairs elsewhere. Perhaps you may be able to give some neighborly news to this young man." So saying, the worthy merchant took his departure.

"And you are also from dear Virginia," commenced young Ronald sentimentally. "As that is the case, we should indeed be friends. There is no single important section

of it that I have not travelled through; and I know, or am known, to a few at least, in each one of the settlements."

"The deuce!" thought Glenbucket: "Here is trouble right away."

"Do you come from Williamsburg?" continued Ronald, "or Fairfax or"—

He was interrupted by a number of Glenbucket's most cherished renditions. The clerk gazed at the noisy captain, with evident suspicions of the latter's complete sanity.

"If you can ever pardon me, my youthful friend, I have a confession to make," cried Glenbucket eagerly, at the same time casting a suspicious eye around in order to see that no other listener was near.

"A confession?"

"Yes. I cast both myself and my companion upon your mercy."

"Please explain," replied young Ronald coldly and suspiciously.

"We are not Virginians at all," huskily whispered Glenbucket, holding fast to the clerk's coat and drawing him close as if for confidential communication.

"Then in Heaven's name, what are you?" angrily demanded the young man. "Mr. Windham shall at once be informed concerning the character of the knaves who appear to want dealings with him."

"Soft, soft, my young bantam cock," replied Glenbucket, in his most engaging manner. "The word 'knaves' sounds rather

harshly. You should judge by my frank declaration that I am honest myself. Is there anybody in your establishment from New York?"

"No," replied the clerk. "Not at present, but"——

"I am deeply sorry for that," interrupted the stout captain, in evident good humor. "My friend and myself have long been residents of that colonial town, and are known to everybody who has even temporarily visited it."

"Why then this fairy tale about being Virginians?" persisted Ronald.

"It is somewhat of a long story but I will quickly condense it. If you detect any errors you must ascribe it to this haste. Being as I said, gentlemen—or rather townsmen of New York, we have invested our savings in this venture, and thought by passing off as Virginians to better guarantee the quality of our tobacco."

"I see no long story about that!"

"I have merely sketched the crude outlines of it. A young man of your education must be well aware that the contents of even the bulkiest volumes can be described in few words."

"Doubtless, as you have taken a false country, your name is also assumed?"

"My young sir, you are a perfect prodigy of reasoning. My correct name, and that by which you can always find me in New York, is Von Valkenburgh."

“I shall go at once to Mr. Windham and denounce you.”

“Oh, no. You will not. In that case I would simply declare that you had invented the whole thing, by reason of a family feud. Such things are quite common among the Virginians, I have been given to understand. I should flatly contradict the true story which I have just told you. Who do you think will receive the most credence from Master Windham: A merchant out of whom he is to make a most advantageous tobacco purchase, or a young employé, without capital or connection? If you see the slightest sign of your employer being defrauded through me, advise him at once. But until such an impossible thing occurs, you will do much better to hold your tongue.”

“I reserve the right to do as I please. For the present, that will probably be—nothing;” announced Ronald in great distress.

“Young man, I prophesy a glorious future for you. But I must defer complimenting for the present. Good day—No, no, assuredly not good day quite yet. I am about to superintend the delivery of our tobacco, and will be back and forward between your store and the dock a dozen times at least during the next few hours. We do not even intend leaving Annapolis for several weeks, so that you will have ample opportunity for denouncing us if it should appear to be im-

perative." So saying, the stout captain waddled out of the store.

To himself Glenbucket murmured: "Peste! What a maze of contradictions have already surrounded us. I am glad the prince did not act as our scout. Without my keen perceptions, he would have been completely overwhelmed. I believe I have so arranged matters now that we can slip cable and put to sea at once. It would be simply madness to linger in a place where people ask so many questions, and talk as if they suspicioned their very own identity."

While he was thus pondering a corporal's guard came marching along the road.

"There can be no possible mistake here," said one of the privates.

"We were told that he was not only the shortest, but the fattest man that could be found in Annapolis;" cried the other soldier.

"Sir," announced the corporal, laying one hand on Glenbucket's shoulder, "I am ordered to arrest you, as being an Acadian spy."

Glenbucket absolutely shrieked with laughter, as he marched along in their midst; at the same time performing the music of a whole band, to the surprise and admiration of his captors.



C H A P T E R I I I

A C h i l d i s h W i t n e s s

UPON that side of the village nearest to the fort glacis, and, consequently, less liable to be suspected than portions more remote, stood the log hut of Gaspard D'Etrincourt. This Gaspard was one of those brave Acadians, who, under the guise of peace-loving rustics and simple livers, have been so maligned and distorted in the bulk of the world's literature concerning them. That they appeared thus primitive to their conquerors is not to be denied for a single instant. But that they similarly deceived posterity, by this assumption of a gentle tolerant spirit, is merely a high tribute to their powers of political intrigue. The appearance of being non-combatants, and desirous of dwelling at peace with both warring nations (as most historians record) was the very best shield which genius could have devised to shroud the mighty efforts they made to throw off the English yoke.

The interior fittings of the hunter's cabin can be described in short order. A pile of dressed skins to serve as bedding, some large blocks of wood in the place of chairs, and a rough wooden crucifix hanging on

the wall. These, with a long-barreled gun standing in one corner, formed the principal furnishings. But Gaspard himself deserves more detail. Imagine a finely proportioned, though tall and slender figure, with long black hair and beard, clad in a plain loosely fitting suit of partially tanned mooseskin. Even in this rough garb the man's distinctive personality stood out strong and commanding. With broad forehead, deepset flashing eyes, and complexion so clear that it well nigh seemed transparent, he was a fitting type of what really great men should look like. Given such a character, with the proper tools for his work, and he might become a victorious general, a great artist, or the saviour of a nation! But even without the tools, he must still be a positive force in everything which he undertook.

It was the same day as that on which the events described in the two preceding chapters took place. Gaspard sat at the door of his hut, making a pair of snowshoes. Now and then, some passer-by would stop to exchange ordinary courtesies with him. Among these, however, were a few who cannot be dismissed so briefly.

For instance, there came a rustic in rude woolen homespun attire, who accosted him in the sibilant Acadian-French patois: "Good morrow to you, brother Gaspard."

"I reciprocate your fair wishes, brother Benedict," replied the hunter.

“The fort-commissary did me the honor to select a fat cattle from my herd, and I have just received the money from him.”

“Accept my congratulations, brother Benedict. Gold is far easier to feed than oxen. What do you intend purchasing?”

“Ah! That is a point on which I desired to ask your advice.”

The pair exchanged a significant glance.

“I should recommend a good hoe,” declared Gaspard. “There is nothing better with which to clean out red blossoms and other foul weeds.”

“But where may such hoes be purchased?” retorted the other petulantly.

A scarlet-coated soldier of the garrison now came strolling past and lazily nodded to the hunter.

“I think you can get good hoes at any of the trading stores, brother Benedict,” replied Gaspard, at the same time politely acknowledging the soldier’s salutation. The latter never slackened his pace and soon was out of earshot.

“But they do not seem to be willing to trust me with such a type of hoe as I desire,” persisted the worthy Benedict, his voice trembling with mingled anger and disappointment.

“How would you like some broom corn?” said Gaspard, without interrupting his work.

“Broom corn? . . . My wife particularly reminded me to procure a portion, as our own stock is exhausted.”

"That happens well, for no longer ago than yesterday I had the honor of being informed by M. Decamp that he had just received a new supply. Imagine what excellent brooms it will make when I tell you that each bundle is nearly five feet in length. Of course, such superlative quality will cost a good price, but as you are in funds this should not hinder. You will be specially well served in selection if you say I recommended this broom-corn."

"I will procure two bundles. One for my son's household and one for my own."

"M. Decamp will also supply you with pepper and salt."

"I am indeed fortunate in having such a friend as yourself in Annapolis, brother Gaspard."

"The pleasure is reciprocal, brother Benedict."

"By the by, do you remember that you had promised to take some of our villagers on a trapping expedition this season. When shall we be ready to start?"

"The weather is a trifle uncertain at present, but I will let you know as soon as it becomes more settled. In what coin did the fort-commissary pay you for your meat, brother Benedict?"

"Imagine my surprise! In French gold."

"As M. Decamp is a good friend of mine, he will arrange to take it from you; but no other storekeeper in Annapolis would likely do so."

"Receive my heartfelt thanks, brother Gaspard, for your neighborly advice. Farewell then, until our next meeting. Remember that there is always a slice of bacon and a fireplace for you, at my cottage."

"Good bye, brother Benedict; I shall not forget to avail myself of your hospitality."

Gaspard kept on at his work as steadily as ever, after the Acadian farmer had departed, pulling the thongs carefully through the holes in the wooden frame.

"It is amazing how dilatory these fellows seem to be about arming themselves," he muttered. "It is a full two months since the gold was distributed and they are just beginning to take advantage of M. Decamp's hazardous importation."

The next one to exchange a word with him, was an old woman who performed menial services about the garrison.

"How is your rheumatism, Dame Grouchy?" inquired Gaspard, in entirely conventional tones.

"Not so bad, kind sir," she replied, hobbling slowly along, "but I think there will be a change in the weather before long that may affect it. The rats are running about, as if they smelt the approach of a storm."

Gaspard could scarcely restrain a gesture of impatience. "It is only what can be expected," he thought fiercely. "With delay upon delay, the promised regiment from Quebec and the fleet from France not yet arrived, the Micmacs and Acadians have

aroused suspicion by their very inertness. Every precious hour being lost by the cowardice and procrastination of our natural friends, is one chance the less in favor of final success. I wish I could ascertain the reason for this new activity among the garrison, of which Dame Grouchy hints?"

Some hours later, when Gaspard had finished one snow shoe and started to work upon its mate an Indian came stalking towards him.

"An Abenqui!" muttered the hunter. "A dozen of them are not worth one full-blooded Micmac."

"Kwa! (Hullo!)" grunted the newcomer, in the ordinary form of Indian salutation, and passing into the hut without waiting for any reply, seated himself upon a block of wood.

"Kogwa pawo tumun?" ("What do you want?") inquired Gaspard, following him inside.

The Indian pointed to his mouth and then to his stomach, without allowing the stolid expression of his face to change perceptibly.

"Here is some corn bread," replied Gaspard, still speaking in the Micmac language, producing the article of food described from a rough cupboard in the hut's wall.

But the Indian was apparently not satisfied with this. He touched the loaf with his fingers and immediately drew them back again, with other grimaces and actions in-

tended to convey the impression of their having been burnt.

"Ah ha! You wish hot food?" queried Gaspard knowingly.

The Indian gravely nodded his head in assent.

Gaspard went outdoors and quickly returned carrying an armful of wood, with which he proceeded to make a fire in the rude stone and mud chimney-place. As soon as it was burning brightly he swung an iron pot above, by means of a crane. The receptacle being filled with water, and a large haunch of bear's meat and some potatoes added, soon gave forth a most appetizing odor. When this point was reached the Indian, who had hitherto remained perfectly quiet, arose and cautiously looked out of the doorway. Evidently satisfied by this inspection, he came back towards Gaspard and handed the latter a piece of birch bark.

"Make fire burn brighter," he said significantly as he did so, and then once more assumed a sitting posture.

Gaspard knelt down close by the hearth and studied the piece of birch-bark. On it were written these words:

"A special emissary from here is now in Annapolis. Obey his orders implicitly. You will know him by his extreme stoutness and low stature. Do you comprehend?"

After reading this message over several times, in order to impress it upon his memory, Gaspard calmly thrust the tell-tale piece of bark into the fire, where it burnt

up in a quick flame and left no ash behind.

“Good!” ejaculated the Indian, and producing a huge hunting knife, began to whet its edge against the side of one of his leather mocassins.

“The meal will be ready for you in a few moments now,” said Gaspard, pointing towards the pot. He knew well that the Indians liked their meat half raw.

Then came a little girl, the child of a settler, bounding joyously into the cabin. But at sight of the wild Indian and his knife she drew back affrighted.

“Fear not, Nellie,” cried Gaspard, all his gentle nature showing forth in voice and feature. “Come inside if you wish, and I vow that no harm shall happen to my little playmate.”

But the child, while she accepted the invitation, backed carefully around to the Acadian's side, keeping the greatest possible distance between her tiny self and the ungainly savage. When she had reached her haven she leaped into Gaspard's arms and nestled her curly ringletted head face down upon his shoulder, as if she could not even bear to meet the redskin's gaze.

“Nay, pretty one,” said Gaspard in soothing tones, at the same time tenderly stroking her head with his palm: “Do not tremble so. What shall I tell you about to-day? Will you hear more of the beautiful Princess, who went from place to place upon

the soft back of a great white swan; or"—
"Tell-me-'bout-ze-bears," replied the little girl slowly.

And then, to the accompaniment of the noisy jaws and vigorous swallowings of the Indian (for the latter had coolly helped himself to the contents of the iron pot) Gaspard related to the child that old, old tale which has charmed, while it frightened, countless generations of young ones. When the adventure of the tiny-little bear, and that of the great-big bear had been duly chronicled, there followed other similar stories; and twilight had begun to darken the land and the child's mother was calling her from the door of a near-by hut, before they realized how time had flown. Hastily jumping from Gaspard's lap she was about to run away, when a thought flashed through her little head.

"I've sumfin' I wants to tell oo," she explained, climbing back again upon her former perch and putting her chubby face close to the Acadian's ear. "It was most why I tame to see oo, but zat nassy ole Injun," here her whisper sunk lower than ever, "made me forget all 'bout it. Ze soldiers have taut a bad Acadian spy; mammy an' I sawd him. Zey took him to ze fort, an' he was ze funniest 'ittle bit of a fat man I ever did see."

Then hearing her mother's voice calling again, she cried: "I'se comin,' mammy," and ran quickly out of the hut.

An hour or so later, the Indian having given no indication of taking his departure, Gaspard gathered up a generous share of the fur skins and threw them into a corner of the hut, opposite his own resting place. The Indian immediately reclined upon the soft bundle, and a few moments later Gaspard followed suit. Very shortly their regular breathing betokened deep slumber, and except for the odd beams of moonlight straying through the chinks and crannies of the poorly constructed cabin, the interior was wrapped in complete darkness. Along towards midnight the Indian raised himself on elbow and, with less sound than a cat makes when following a mouse, passed out of the hut into the bright moonlight and carefully closed the door behind him. This accomplished, he sank to the ground and lay perfectly motionless for upwards of an hour. Then, as the regular tread of a body of men marching directly towards Gaspard's hut became audible, he seemed to have sunk into the ground itself. Not exactly so, however. He had merely dived beneath the shadow of the building and passed quickly on from one point of concealment to another, until he reached the borders of the town. Gaining the edge of the forest and gliding from the shelter of one tree to that of another, he came to a retired nook where he once more lay prone upon the ground. All about him was perfect stillness. Not a leaf stirred or branch swayed, and the bright moon-

light of those high latitudes made the whole scene as clear and distinct as day itself. Satisfied, after the lapse of a long interval, that his departure had not been observed, he once more resumed his course away from Annapolis and in the direction of the Acadian settlements down the valley. In an hour he had placed at least nine miles to his credit, for the lope of an Indian is no slow gait. Looking cautiously about him once more, he leaned against a white birch tree, as if to take a breathing spell. Suddenly, without a second's warning, he fell to the ground—dead—and the report of a rifle sounded and echoed back from the distant hills.

From behind a huge rock, several hundred feet distant, appeared the head of Gaspard D'Etrincourt. His long gun, with smoke still curling from out its barrel, was held in one hand.

"Thus die all traitors!" he said, crossing himself devoutly. "It seems that the message in regard to extreme stoutness and low stature, was literally true. I imagined at first, that the last sentence, in accordance with our custom, made it the very opposite. This Indian must have shown the message to the English officers before he came to me, and thus our spy was arrested and myself placed under the ban, before I could do anything."

Turning upon his heel he left the Indian's

body where it lay, and bent his steps back in the direction of the town.

"I wonder," he thought as he plodded along, "if little Nellie will ever realize that her whispered piece of innocent gossip was that Indian's death sentence!"



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C H A P T E R I V

A T a n g l e d W e b

IT was not until the next day that Glenbucket was disturbed in the occupancy of the guard-house cell, in which he had been placed by the soldiers who arrested him. Some in his position might have felt anxious, if not for themselves, at least for a comrade left in precarious position. But the worthy captain's philosophy was most complete.

"It is both useless and wearing for me to worry over what has happened," he mumbled once or twice. "What is going to happen has not yet done so. Therefore, it is not time to think about the matter."

With which admirable maxim, hereby tendered to the world for practical application, he ate enormously of the rough fare put before him by his guards, and practiced familiar imitations as well as a few entirely new conceptions, in the rare intervals when he was not asleep.

About twenty-four hours after his arrest, he was blindfolded and taken between two soldiers to the orderly room, within the fort.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la!"

The group of officers standing around the huge open fireplace, headed by a gray-haired superior, could not refrain from smiling.

"Guard, remove those bandages from the prisoner's eyes and retire to the ante-room."

At the sight of brilliant uniforms and swinging swords, Glenbucket stiffened up in a dignified fashion and gazed haughtily around. But, almost immediately, remembering his assumed character of a humble trader, he relapsed into what he considered a fitting manner. These truly remarkable changes were not lost upon his interlocutors.

"Sir, I regret to inform you, we have most convincing proof that you are a French spy, come hither to provoke rebellion among disloyal Acadians," began the commandant gravely.

"This is ridiculous! What have I to do with such people. I am but a Virginian trader. I do not even speak French," blustered the stout captain.

"Major Hardy?" cried the elderly officer.

The same officer whom Glenbucket had accosted upon his landing, stepped forward and told of the prisoner beginning to address him in the language in question. Glenbucket began to show signs of collapse.

"I—I wi—will make a c-clean breast of it, g-gentlemen;" he said, stuttering terribly. "Not that I mind a little matter like being shot or hung, but simply to prevent the

possibility of a murder disturbing your consciences in after days. Myself and my companion, both children of Irish refugees, brought up at the French—that is, in France—one day had the felicity of attending a public banquet given in honor of Frinot, the great navigator. We became wild with enthusiasm at the spirit which he had shown, and doubtless more or less excited from excessive wine drinking. This resulted in a wager with some of our friends, that we would also sail forth and discover new lands and peoples. Although later, when calm reflection came, we would most cheerfully have relinquished the project, yet as our word had been passed we could do nothing less than proceed. Stress of weather made it advisable to bring our vessel—the 'Sea Foam,' now lying at anchor under the guns of your fort—to this harbor. Knowing the present unfriendliness between our two nations, we thought it better to assume a disguise and, in order to be in thorough keeping, to assert complete ignorance of the French tongue. As soon as we have made some slight repairs to the ship we shall at once depart, and leave you to adjust whatever differences you may have with these Acadians, whom I can assure you are regarded with but scant interest by the French court."

The commandant heard this uninterruptedly to the end, but his face wore an expression of incredulity.

“Your tale is cleverly put together and suits your evident station far better than that hint of being a Virginian trader, which you dropped on first entrance; but, unfortunately for you, we have come into possession of a message from Fort Beausejour, which reads as follows: ‘A special emissary from here is now in Annapolis. Obey his orders implicitly. You will know him by his extreme stoutness and low stature. Do you comprehend?’ ”

This, it will be observed, was an exact copy of the birch-bark message brought by the Abenqui Indian to Gaspard upon the preceding afternoon.

No sooner had Glenbucket heard it read than he became indignant: “Hang or shoot me, whichever you will, gentlemen,” he blustered in loud tones, “but first grant me the privilege of administering a sword thrust to the rascal who speaks of my personal appearance so insultingly. My extreme stoutness and low stature will not prevent him finding me a hard nut to crack, I warrant. What name is signed to this note? Who is he? And where may he be found?”

“Extremely well played, Sir Irishman,” replied the commandant, endeavoring not to be influenced by the real candor of Glenbucket’s ignorance. “There needs no name to tell you all this, who has doubtless dined and conversed with the writer at Fort Beausejour, within the last week or two?”

Before Glenbucket could retort an orderly

sergeant entered, saluted the commandant, and said something to him in subdued tones. The latter nodded his head in assent. The sergeant saluted again at the same time retreating four steps, turned about upon his heels like a very automaton, and ushered Lieutenant Farquharson, Mr. Windham, and young Ronald Sterling into the room. At sight of these unexpected visitors, Glenbucket began clapping hands to his sides and crowing like a whole barnyard of lusty cockerels, to the astonishment of everybody.

As soon as the cessation of the din permitted, Windham at a sign from the officer, spoke out: "Having been informed that this gentleman" (pointing to the stout captain, who was still standing on one leg with arms extended for wings, although his vocal imitations had ceased) "had been arrested as an Acadian spy, and that he would probably be summoned for a hearing this morning; I have taken the liberty of coming hither, not to prevent full justice being done, but rather to expedite its course. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this man, who called upon me yesterday and gave his name as Gabriel Glenbucket, can scarcely be guilty of the crime imputed to him."

"I warn you, Mr. Windham," said the commandant severely, "that you run a danger of seriously compromising yourself as an honest citizen of the Crown, in taking this noisy individual's part. We have evidence against him that it will be hard to deny."

"You may rest assured of my complete loyalty," answered the merchant, in tones of weakened conviction; "but as I have gone thus far, I might as well finish by giving you the particulars of my connection with him. It may possibly clear up some point upon which you need more light."

The commandant assenting with a cold bow, the merchant continued: "Captain Gabriel Glenbucket, as he calls himself, came to my warehouse yesterday and made a sale of tobacco ex his ship the 'Sea Foam,' to me." (The officers looked at each other in astonishment.) "In order to make sure that what he had told was the truth, so that I might run no danger of receiving goods stolen or unlawfully come by, I questioned the crew of the boat which brought the bales of tobacco ashore from the vessel. They stated that the 'Sea Foam' had come directly from Virginia without making any other port of call, and that both the tobacco and vessel were bought and paid for in the presence of several of them, by this Gabriel Glenbucket and a companion who calls himself Montgomery. Whether the two gentlemen were really Virginians, as they declared, is a different question. The sailors stated that the pair came with their baggage from another coasting vessel, which had just arrived in harbor from the Spanish settlements of Florida. However, this proves nothing and is entirely counter-balanced by the fact of my young clerk being

a nativeborn Virginian, and having conversed at length with Master Glenbucket."

Then turning to young Ronald, the merchant introduced him and requested that he state whether from the conversation alluded to, Glenbucket was really a Virginian or no.

The accused began a succession of most villainous cat-calls and miouwings, simply distracting to hear, and was only finally repressed by the fierce threats and looks of the officers.

"You can well understand that there has been no communication between Mr. Windham and myself before we came hither," modestly announced the young clerk; "when I tell you that this man confessed to me his real name was Von Volkenburgh; that he and his companion belonged to and had come in the vessel from the port of New York. At the same time, he told it me in such a way that I could not satisfactorily accuse him, without some additional evidence of roguery to prove my bare word against his assertion. I can easily explain this to my employer but it does not seem to appear pertinent here."

"And have you anything else to add to the truly bewildering fabrications with which this spy has deemed it well to enshroud himself?" spoke the commandant to Lieutenant Farquharson, after he and his officers were recovered from the amazement into which the varied evidence had thrown them.

"Only this, colonel," replied the naval lieutenant, stepping forward and saluting respectfully. "That, as watch officer of the guard ship, I boarded the 'Sea Foam' as soon as she had dropped anchor, and before any landing was made from her. This gentleman" (indicating the disconsolate-looking Glenbucket) "introduced himself to me as her captain. I found the vessel's cargo according to manifest, and her last clearance from the port of Boston, with Glenbucket as master, apparently in regular order."

"From Boston?" echoed officers, merchant, and clerk alike; while the stout captain attempted the difficult feat of producing the high note of the German mocking-bird, with but meagre success.

"While thanking you for your evidence, gentlemen, I must now request you to retire," announced the commandant gravely. "There is something here that needs more explanation than we possess at the moment."

Farquharson, Windham, and young Ronald accordingly made their exit, to the accompaniment of Glenbucket's favorite "Rub-a-dub-dub" imitation.

"Now, Captain Gabriel Glenbucket, alias Von Volkenburgh, of the 'Sea Foam,' with tobacco from Boston, New York, the Virginias, or Florida; alias, an Irish-Frenchman, upon a voyage of discovery; alias, an unnamed spy from Fort Beausejour,"

remarked the commandant severely; "your powers of mimicry are indeed phenomenal, but they only injure your case. No doubt another sojourn in cell will enable you to weave some newer and still more ingenious story to account for your presence among us. Meanwhile, we will keep you safe and await developments."

"Then you acknowledge that I can scarcely be an Acadian spy?" demanded Glenbucket.

"I acknowledge nothing."

"At least, you will agree as soon as my innocence is completely established, to tell me the name of the writer of that dastardly epistle, which so reflected upon my personal appearance, in order that I may argue the point with him?"

"I promise nothing and expect less from you, Master Glenbucket," replied the commandant angrily. "You are either one of the most diplomatic men that I have ever encountered, or else you are"—

"What?" Glenbucket interrupted, smiling genially in anticipation of still higher complimenting.

"The greatest fool!" snapped out the officer, adding: "Guard, take this man back to cells."

In spite of Glenbucket's easily awakened anger at this peculiar form of insult, which he had of course fully merited, he was dragged away by his escort. For some reason, however, they neglected to repeat

the precautions they had used in conducting him thither, and he was not blindfolded. On the parade ground a little squad of men attired as civilians, yet bearing arms and accoutrements, were going through their drill in a manner that betokened raw militia, under the guiding eye of an instructor. Glenbucket gave a shrill squeak of dismay, but his guard hastened him onward before he could make any further demonstration. When it is considered that the cause of Glenbucket's excitement was the seeing of his late companion, the Chevalier de St. George, in the very front ranks of this militia company, he may well be pardoned for his astonishment.



C H A P T E R V

Adventures of the Chevalier

WHEN Glenbucket did not return on board the vessel as speedily as he had promised, Montgomery (the name which the Chevalier de St. George had assumed) became alarmed. The arrival of a canoe from shore in the course of the afternoon, bearing an order in the handwriting of his companion for the delivery of their tobacco to Mr. Windham, was partially reassuring, but not entirely so. The Chevalier accordingly determined to land in the ship's boat, which had made ready to transport the bales. His intention in so doing was to see for himself how their affair was progressing, and whether his Irish companion had been sufficiently cautious. Giving orders to the boat's crew that no mention need be made to Mr. Windham or that merchant's employees of his landing, he passed hastily up the road which Glenbucket had traversed some hours previous and quickly reached the shelter of the town. While still undecided as to what course he had best pursue in order to find Glenbucket, he chanced to pause before the tavern which ministered to the limited wants of the travel-

ers of that period. At a window of the building stood an individual who cautiously beckoned him to enter. Fearing some strategy the Chevalier hesitated, but a reassuring nod from the stranger united to a hope that he could learn some pertinent gossip of the town, prevailed. He accordingly entered at the main door and was met in the hallway by the obsequious landlord. As if informed beforehand, mine host led the way to a private room in which the Chevalier found the stranger sitting. The latter, so far as personal appearance was concerned, can best be described as possessing the opposite physical attributes of Glenbucket. He was several inches over six feet in height and thin to the verge of emaciation. Motioning the Chevalier to a seat upon the other side of the little table, the stranger waited until the landlord had placed a bottle of wine and two glasses before them, and withdrawn. Then he spoke:

“I trust that you will pardon my abrupt manner of making acquaintance, but you seemed to me a young man of good understanding and I could not deny myself the pleasure of passing an enjoyable half hour. I am an Acadian farmer of some little holdings at Remsheg, on the Gulf coast. My name is Chezzetcook, very much at your service.”

The Chevalier reciprocated his host's cordiality in the elaborate formulas of politeness then current, and gave his name as

Montgomery; without adding anything concerning the Virginian tradership. This precaution he considered to be unnecessary for the moment.

"Ah, my dear Montgomery," said the tall Chezzetcook familiarly, after various commonplaces had been interchanged; "these are perilous times in which to live and prosper. Even we, poor peaceful Acadians, are suspected of plotting by you English conquerors. Our barns and houses are searched for concealed weapons and bodies of soldiery constantly quarter themselves upon us, under the pretence of checking uprisings and disturbance. No trader is allowed to sell us even so much as a fowling-piece, with which to eke out our larders from the abundant game. By the by, speaking of this, what more news is there concerning the reputed French spy who, my landlord informs me, has just been captured?"

"Truly, I knew nothing about the matter," quoth Montgomery composedly, although a sudden intuitive fear passed over him; "but then they are taken and done for so constantly that we townsmen have almost ceased to note such happenings."

"How's this?" cried Chezzetcook, letting a certain trepidation betray itself in his manner. "My landlord said the thing was a pleasant novelty."

"What would you have him do? Spoil custom for his house?"

"I think you used the expression 'done

for.' My knowledge of the English tongue is not as complete as I could wish. In what manner are your words to be understood?"

"There is some little mystery here, but hardly worth my while meddling with," thought the Chevalier, upon whom the deeply interested appearance of Chezzetcook was not lost. Then aloud: "Yes, I used that expression. The English have a most perfect method of doing for spies."

"Pray explain?"

"First, they feed them heartily until they become as plump as capons," commenced the Chevalier, allowing his eyes to stray over the attenuated figure along side of him.

The listener became still more disconcerted. "But that will scarcely be necessary in the present instance," he feebly interrupted; "for they say that the spy just captured is fatter than any capon could ever be, although his height is most diminutive."

"Then the usual preliminary procedure can be omitted in his case," went on the Chevalier, keeping his composure only by the most violent effort of self-control; for the last remark of Chezzetcook had assured him that his incipient suspicions of the prisoner being none other than Glenbucket, were correct.

"What follows next?"

"The roasting alive of the plump capon."

"The spy?"

"Exactly," briskly replied the Chevalier, who, of course, was no friend to French aggression in Canada; as he considered the

latter an appanage of his own prospective kingdom. "You will doubtless perceive that this plumpness is eminently desirable, in order that the spy-capon may blaze the merrier. In fact, his feet are placed in a huge iron basin and the attendant guards, with the aid of long-handled ladles, dress him with his own grease after the fashion of most expert roasters."

The face of Chezzetcook, as he listened to these elaborate details, became ghastly in its pallor. "Oh, these brutes, these English torturers!" he murmured, and then fearful of misconstruction said apologetically to Montgomery: "You must understand, dear young friend, that such spies are of my own old country and may even chance to be blood relations. You will appreciate my feelings?"

"Most certainly," replied Montgomery, somewhat contrite at the other's complete discomfiture. "But you look faint? Perhaps the closeness of the room may affect you. Shall I go to the fort for medical aid? There is doubtless a surgeon attached to the establishment."

"No, no," almost pathetically entreated Chezzetcook. "Not on any account, I beg of you. The fact is, I am suffering from an indisposition which easily yields to my own simple remedies. If you will summon the landlord you will greatly obligate me."

This Montgomery accordingly did, and the following colloquy ensued :

“Landlord,” said Chezzetcook; “as I told you when I came to your house a few hours ago, I was altogether uncertain of my possible length of stay. Now, however, I find myself much charmed with your good cheer, and, in addition, have so much desire to secure a contract for the supply of fodder or meat to the garrison, that I shall remain with you at least a week.”

Mine host bowed most eloquently and looked as pleased as if some of the guest's money had already passed into his till. “I try to keep a comfortable house,” he said, in servile tones; “and, let me tell you, I may aid wonderfully in the matter of military contracts, when I make my report to-morrow morning.”

“Report?” queried Chezzetcook surprisedly. “How so?”

“You must understand that these are dangerous times,” replied the landlord somewhat confusedly, appealing to both of the gentlemen present.

“Yes, of course. Go on.”

“Therefore, as becomes a loyal subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen,” continued the landlord, “each morning I go to the commandant of the garrison and report to him as regards any guests who may chance to lie beneath my roof. What their probable condition in life seems to be, and all about them that I may happen to pick up in conversation. Now, if you had not stayed with us overnight, I should have

scarcely bothered even mentioning your name. For such transients are of little account. Moreover, you would have lost my word with the commissary, who, I can assure you, is a very good friend of mine."

"You shall not be the loser if some orders come my way," replied Chezzetcook, answering the innkeeper's significant expression. "Meanwhile, prepare a good dinner and send my young man up here."

The landlord withdrew and a stolid looking peasant quickly made his appearance.

"How is the canoe, Jean?" questioned Chezzetcook in the French language, at the same time glancing over at the assumed Montgomery in order to see if he comprehended. But the latter was balancing the glass of wine in one hand and gave no apparent heed. "That is all right. The young fellow is English, or at any rate Scotch, and does not understand," muttered the Acadian farmer, without listening to his attendant's reply. "Have her all ready at the creek to-night," he continued, of course still in French; "I must get away from this place at once."

Jean retired in evident amazement at his employer's hasty action.

"I will now bid you good-bye, M. Chezzetcook," announced the Chevalier, rising from his seat, "as you doubtless have various important matters to which you will want to give your attention."

"Not good-bye, my dear Montgomery," replied the one addressed effusively, ushering

his guest to the room's door; "but, as we say in the French, 'au revoir.' I want you to promise to take dinner with me to-morrow and I shall hope to see much of you in the coming week."

"But I am not going with you in your canoe to night," whispered the Chevalier in the other's ear.

Chezzetcook turned whiter even than he had before at the account of how the English roasted captured spies, but without giving him time to answer Montgomery disappeared down the street. Needless to say, the tall Chezzetcook departed at once, without waiting for nightfall or his ordered dinner; and arrived at Fort Beausejour in a few days, much astonished over the fact of his not having been overtaken and captured. However, he is but an incident in this story, and we must return to the doings of the Chevalier.

After leaving the genuine French spy (who, from his evident cowardice, the Chevalier never imagined for a single instant could be so daring an adventurer) the assumed Montgomery went towards the outskirts of the little town, and finding a spot where he could see and yet himself remain unnoted from the main road, lay down beneath some tall branching trees. This he did in order to ponder over plans for carrying on further operations, without running any danger of being prematurely surprised. Scarcely had he thus ensconced himself before a young

woman, carrying a huge bunch of wild flowers, passed his place of concealment on her way towards the settlement. Montgomery noted her trim figure and shapely arms, but well knew the present was no time for flirtation. She had but just turned a bend in the road, which hid her from his view, when he heard her scream for help. With instinctive gallantry he cast thoughts of personal danger to the winds, and ran in the direction of the sound. A red-coated soldier, with bloated cheeks and blood-shot eyes, giving every indication of inebriety, had torn the flowers from the girl's arms and was striving to embrace her. It hardly needed the strength which momentary passion gives to cause the Chevalier to grasp the ruffian by his neckband and throw him among the bushes, where he lay stunned and senseless.

Bowing to the girl with an accustomed courtier's grace, the Chevalier gathered up the gay treasures of which she had so ruthlessly been despoiled and restored them to her arms. The young woman, trembling and fearful from her recent fright, yet blushing mightily at the admiring gaze of him who had so timefully arrived to her aid, expressed her thanks in many broken words and sentences, accompanied by such looks of gratitude from out her great brown eyes as well nigh made the Chevalier take his turn at coloring.

“And what is the name of the brave knight who has rescued the damsel—meaning me—

from the fiery dragon—meaning that scarlet-jacketed villain now lying in the bush?” she at last inquired in a semi-hysterical voice.

The Chevalier paused for reply, as well he might. With Glenbucket captured and liable to be shot for a spy, it would scarcely be advisable to publicly announce himself by the name which was doubtless known to be borne by the companion of the accused. But the maid's expectant look and intelligent face gave him scant time for elaborate invention. Calling to mind the young officer who had impressed him so favorably some hours before, he came to a quick determination.

“My name is Farquharson,” he said, bowing again to better conceal his eyes from the girl's searching glance. “I am a lieutenant on board of the guardship. Having liberty to-day, I chanced to be strolling in these woods. Glad indeed am I to have had the opportunity of ridding you from the pursuit of this ruffian.”

“What did you say your name was?” repeated the young woman, with demure insistence.

“Lieutenant Farquharson, of Her Majesty's guardship, now stationed at Annapolis.”

The girl burst into silvery peals of laughter: “Come, that is a splendid coincidence,” she said, as soon as she grew more composed; “Lieutenant Farquharson, of the guardship, is my affianced husband.”

C H A P T E R V I

Drinking His Own Health

BUT," continued the maid with bright eyes mischievously dancing; "it would scarcely take the proverbial keenness of love to tell me, that although not at all unlike, you are scarcely he who was with me but last evening."

The Chevalier stood dumbfounded at this fresh difficulty into which he had so hardily plunged.

"I see that there is no safety but in confessing all to you, mademoiselle," he burst forth at last, drawing himself up to his full height and taking on the air of majesty he could so well assume: "I am"—

"Stop!" imperiously replied the girl, holding up one tiny hand in front of her bundle of blossoms, by way of emphasis. "There is no occasion for you to make too many admissions. You have already put me and mine under deep obligations by your brave rescue. With only my feminine instincts to aid me I know that you are not any dangerous character, but a wellbred gentleman. Even if you should be some secret emissary, come to conspire with the Acadians, I would still"—

"I swear I am no such spy," haughtily interrupted the Chevalier; "but a Scotchman, loyal and true."

"That suits me well," replied the girl impulsively "for then we are of the same nationality, my name being Mary Campbell. What trifling service can I do you, not in exchange at all for your act of rescue, but solely through common kindness?"

"Those are cruel words, Miss Mary," said the Chevalier.

"I surely did not mean them as such tho' they do sound so, I admit. But this byplay is neither here nor there and the soldier may return to consciousness at any moment. I repeat, what is there that I can do to aid you?"

"It might be better so far as my personal safety is concerned, to completely forget both this incident and myself;" said the Chevalier gravely, "and even when you meet me within the town to pass by without a single sign of recognition. And yet, I trust you will refuse the granting of this favor to me?"

"Somewhat quaintly phrased, Sir Knight," smiled the winsome Mary in return, "and in accordance with your contradictory wishes, we do not grant it. What else?"

"Is there any name or condition by which I might pass current in this community, without running the risk—or rather to put it more exactly—having the felicity of meet-

ing a sweet girl who has plighted her troth to my original?"

"Let me think," demurely, without appearing to notice his scantily veiled compliments.

"Allow me to relieve you of these field jewels which suffer by such close comparison with your"—

"Enough of nonsense," she interrupted impatiently, yet giving the flowers into his charge and turning towards the town once more: "I am naturally desirous of presenting a gallant rescuer to my father. He will gladly welcome such a hero, more especially as he happens to be a brother of Donald, come to try his fortune in these new lands."

"I scarcely comprehend your meaning," replied the Chevalier, walking along at her side.

"Did I not mention at the very first that you were not unlike Donald—Lieutenant Farquharson—in appearance?"

"Well?"

"You are therefore his brother, James?"

"James?" ejaculated the Chevalier, in a startled tone of voice.

"Yes," went on the girl, with every appearance of sincerity; "since you seem to be of such short memory, allow me to introduce you to yourself." And quickly grasping a small polished steel mirror, which hung by a chain from her girdle, she held it in front of his face. "You are now looking," she went on, "or at least you should be loo..-

ing," as she noted his eyes turn from the reflection in the mirror to herself, "at James Farquharson, brother of Donald Farquharson. The last, moreover, being a lieutenant in Her Majesty's service, on board of the 'Charybdis,' guardship, now stationed in Annapolis Basin. This James Farquharson, I would have you know, is specially expert at playing knight-errant for beleaguered damsels. Further-more he"—

"Yes, yes," laughingly interrupted the Chevalier; "but why am I not somebody else?"

"For this reason: As Donald's brother you will undoubtedly be invited to accept the hospitalities of our house by my father. As my gallant rescuer you will be still further overwhelmed by Donald. As a guest of Major Campbell you will be safer than anywhere else in Annapolis. And as you have assured me that you are no French spy, but a loyal Scot, I have not the slightest compunction in aiding, as far as it is in my power, your evident desire to remain incognito."

"Miss Mary, you were undoubtedly intended by kind Providence to be my guardian angel in Acadia."

"Pshaw! Do you know Donald?"

"About as well as I know his future bride."

"That means you have at least met him. Does he know you as well as I do?"

"Better, I imagine."

"This grows interesting. What if he should

make me a sharer in his knowledge of your identity?"

"I could not wish the matter in fairer hands."

"But fair hands may not mean discreet brains?"

"I'll take the risk in the present instance."

This conversation, and some town gossip upon the part of Miss Mary in relation to the capture of Glenbucket, which of course was highly interesting to the Chevalier, brought them to the very doors of a pretentious dwelling setting back a short distance from the roadway. This, as she informed the Chevalier, was the present home of Mary and her father. All fell out exactly as she had prophesied. Major Campbell, to give him his ranking title, was a retired army officer who had received large grants of land in the newly conquered province and taken up his residence at Annapolis. Of rather pompous manner and extremely proud of his long military career, of which he even yet retained some vestige of connection by reason of commanding the local militia; he was withal, a typical gentleman of the then school, which differs in no pertinent degree from the present. He thanked the Chevalier a thousand times over, with great tears in his eyes, for protecting his daughter from insult; vowed swift and speedy vengeance upon the malefactor still at large, and insisted that the brother of his daughter's intended husband should be

their guest as long as he remained in the neighborhood. All this without giving the sorely embarrassed young man a single opportunity for reply.

After the Chevalier had been allotted a room and made what improvements he conveniently could in his attire and appearance, the three sat down to a dinner, which, if not as elaborate as some, was well spiced with the sauce of hospitality. In the centre of the table was placed a huge bouquet of wild flowers, the gathering of which had caused the young people's meeting. And Mary Campbell?—Picture to yourself (for bare type cannot do the subject justice) a dimpled rosy face, teeth like flashing crystals, and plump, shapely neck, disappearing in a fluffy maze of lace-trimmed pink silken gown.

The viands were disposed about the broad table in tasteful fashion, thus obviating the attendance of a waiting maid. In front of the young hostess was a tall silver tea urn and a tray of delft cups. Her father sat at the other end of the board, the assumed James Farquharson upon one side.

Twilight was falling upon this eventful day as they sat at table. Glenbucket was already asleep in his stone-walled cell and the little child of the settlers' was whispering a mite of news into the stern Gaspard's ear, which should prove the death warrant of his Indian guest. But Major Campbell's dining room showed no such grim scenes. Illuminated

solely by the mellow flames from numerous candles placed in many-armed brass holders about the apartment, reflected back from glistening cut-glass, polished furniture and spotless napery, it seemed a fitting background for the joys of dining, and the over-bubbling flow of laughter and jest between the guest and his host and daughter.

“Positively, it is a great treat to have you with us, Master James,” remarked the Major for the twentieth time. “It is true that we also enjoy your brother’s company. But, doubtless, his busy seafaring life has prevented him picking up the mass of anecdote and humorous stories which you seem to have at your very finger ends.”

“Donald may not be quite so fluent, papa, but I really think that wit must run riot in the whole Farquharson family;” archly spoke the fair girl, with a roguish twinkle in her eye.

“So, so, taking up the cudgels for your absent one,” cackled the Major, who was of course oblivious to the real point of her remark.

“My godmother—verily a fairy one, I might well say—she who gave me my name, no doubt endowed me with a portion of her own facility,” meaningly remarked the Chevalier. It was now Miss Mary’s turn to cast down her eyes.

“By the by, speaking of names,” proclaimed the Major ponderously: “this supposed spy who has just been captured and

about whom the whole town seems agog, is said to have one which smacks of our own people. Glenbucket they call it. Glenbucket? Hardly an honest Scotch word. Sounds as if he might well be an arrant rascal. I think there must be something afoot among the Acadians. I noticed a number of strange faces about the streets to-day."

"Yes, suspicious characters are becoming very common hereabouts. Won't you have another cup of tea, Master James," said Miss Mary slyly.

"I met a gentleman at the inn this afternoon—Chezzetcook I think he called himself—but I should not wonder if it was only an assumed name," remarked the Chevalier, desirous of showing some familiarity with the local surroundings: "His actions seemed rather guilty to me."

"Do you consider yourself a good judge?" murmured Miss Mary, at the same time giving him a saucy glance.

"But an assumed name need not in itself be proof of any guilt," contended the Major, upon whom the young people's by-play was completely lost. "Family reasons may oft-times be one good excuse."

"I quite agree with you there, Major," quickly remarked the Chevalier. "In fact, I remember a case where a certain gentleman of my own intimate acquaintance was about to announce his real name to a young lady, when she hastily interrupted him and after some deliberation bade him assume

that of a near and dear friend of hers. This only goes to show how sometimes even trivial causes may result in such disguise."

Fearing that they might excite the Major's suspicions in their mutual quizzings by going much further, the young people now desisted and the conversation ran along more regular channels. When Miss Mary arose, the Chevalier could not help noticing that she filled a goblet of water and placed it beside her father.

"As soon as you have finished your wine, gentlemen," she remarked, as she swept gracefully towards the door which the Chevalier held open for her exit; "you will find me in the drawing room. I trust Master James will prove as agile in turning music as in phrases."

"A talkative lass like most of her sex," remarked the Major, when they had resumed their seats: "but good as gold and will make your brother a wife of price. I trust you do not mind her nonsense?"

The Chevalier made some conventional reply, but the candles seemed to burn dimmer and the room take on a new sombreness, when she had departed.

"And now," said the Major, filling both their glasses and passing his own from one hand to the other, so that it came above the goblet of water which Miss Mary had supplied: "I drink the health of the Queen and her rightful successor."

The Chevalier followed suit without any visible tremor, yet he could scarcely refrain from starting at this action of the militia officer's. As the reader may understand, it announced the worthy Major to be a Jacobite, in thus drinking the health 'over the water.' Little did he imagine that the 'rightful heir' to the crown of England, to whom such a toast was drunk, then sat directly opposite him.

"And now, Master James," said his host, after this little ceremony had been performed; "I don't mind telling you in strict confidence, that we look for serious uprisings among the Acadians and Indians at any moment. It behooves us, therefore, to make all preparations that we can in order to successfully withstand them. If it will not interfere with your plans, I should like you to enroll yourself in my militia company, so that in the event of anything happening you may find yourself armed and prepared."

The Chevalier was so eager to rejoin Miss Mary in the drawing room that he would have agreed to almost anything that her father proposed. He also reasoned that such a connection might be advantageous in several other ways besides those thought of by the proposer. He accordingly made no demur about the matter, and after considerable delay, induced the Major to quit the dining in favor of the drawing room; wherein Miss Mary sat engaged in producing most melodious chords (tho' perhaps some-

what meagre to a modern ear) upon a spinet.

After a wofully disturbed night's sleep, in which he dreamt that Glenbucket was pursuing him, armed with a silver tea-urn, while Miss Mary threw bundles of wild flowers at the Irishman; he accompanied the Major to the fort where he, together with some other new recruits, was handed over to the tender mercies of a gruff drill-sergeant. You must understand, of course, that the Chevalier de St. George was no carpet knight, as his reckless bravery in European campaigns had already proved. But the position of a private in the ranks was new to him, and he was not versed in the handling of a gun. With his erect figure and martial bearing, however, he was at once assigned to the front rank and the drill instructor found him a quick scholar.

It was while he and his quondam comrades were going through these evolutions that Glenbucket, in charge of an escort, passed by them on his return from the orderly room. The stout captain's shout of surprised recognition, as recorded elsewhere, was completely lost upon everybody excepting the new militiaman, and Glenbucket was dragged away without further harm being done. After the brief drill was over and their arms had been restored to the racks, the Chevalier mounted upon one of the bastions of the fort and looked out upon the harbor. It was a fairylike panorama which met his

gaze. A sheet of glistening water, mirroring the tall hills which enclosed it after the manner of an oblong dish. And such as it was then, even so it is to-day; peaceful, soul-calming, a perfect revelation to wearied travellers. But the eye of the Chevalier passed lightly from land and waterscape, to the little fleet of shipping moored close at hand. To his extreme dismay the "Sea Foam" was not among them. Far down the Basin a small white sail was visible, but whether it could belong to the pinnace or not, he was unable to determine.

"Come," he said to himself; "Glenbucket and I look very much like castaways. I trusted the rogues more than this. However, as Glenbucket might well remark, we have no need of the ship until we are ready to return, and as we are not yet ready to return we have no need of the ship."

And remembering that the lieutenant would probably be ashore on this evening the Chevalier hastened away, that he might enjoy a few hours with the vivacious Miss Mary undisturbed.



C H A P T E R V I I

U n a p p r e c i a t e d E f f o r t s

ON the same afternoon an odd sort of cavalcade might have been seen upon the rough trail leading towards Annapolis. A dozen or more oxen plodded along in single file. Huge sacks of grain or bundles of fodder were lashed firmly to the back of each dumb brute. The outfit was guided by an Acadian peasant, armed with a long-lashed whip. In the intervals of his shoutings and punishment of the animals he found time to troll forth occasional bars of an ancient vintage song, such as the hills of Languedoc echo back even at the present day. All at once the abrupt stopping of the leading quadruped caused the whole procession to come to a halt. While yet the peasant was raising his heavy whip to urge the cattle onward, a tall figure dressed in rough woolen homespun similar to that worn by the cattle driver, but with clean shaven face and short hair, appeared in the path.

"Whither art going now, Pierre LeBlanc?" queried the newcomer, in the Acadian tongue.

"And who may you be, that speakest my name so readily?"

"You do not recognize me then?"

“No.”

“It is good.”

“Your voice sounds familiar, but I never remember to have seen your face.”

“I am Gaspard D'Etrincourt.”

“What? Stay, now I know you, brother Gaspard. But why this disguise?”

“It is necessary for the good of our cause. You are going to Annapolis?”

“Yes, to the fort, with the weekly requisition of supplies from our village.”

“I will accompany you as assistant driver. You do not think that the English will recognize me?”

“Not when I, your brother countryman, was deceived.”

“It is as I hoped. Let us be going.”

“Come, Pearl! Heigho, Pierrot! Houp-la, roguish Jacot! Foot it onward!” bellowed Pierre LeBlanc to his oxen, and the patient animals once again took up their slow gait, followed by the two men.

Arrived at the fort they were readily admitted over the drawbridge, and after making due delivery of the cargo to the commissary, Pierre LeBlanc proceeded to drive his convoy homeward. But the disguised Gaspard gave him scant assistance at this point. With all the apparent curiosity of a yokel he stood agape, looking at the rows of wooden trays in front of the commissary's storeroom, containing the evening rations of the soldiers.

“Ah, you never saw so much bread at

one time before did you, farmer," chuckled the commissary's assistant, coming towards him.

The seeming rustic wagged his head dissentingly: "Yes I have, Mister Colonel," he replied in a simple voice. "When our French soldiers were here I have seen even more bread, but it was all piled up in one great heap. Why do you have so many smaller ones?"

The non-commissioned officer, much flattered at the brevet rank accorded him by the countryman, proceeded to explain:

"You must know that we are all divided into what are called 'messes,'" he said. "Each has its own bread tray. Some of the messes have more men in them than others, so that you see the contents of each tray is not necessarily the same."

"But look at these," went on the disguised Gaspard, pointing out two trays each containing but half a loaf of bread and a single portion of cheese. "They are small rations indeed."

"You are right there," laughed the soldier, "these are for the prisoners."

"What prisoners?" somewhat persistently questioned the Acadian.

"That, numbered 28, is for a private accused of roughly treating a young lady, while 29 is for the spy we have just captured."

"Thank you much, Mister Colonel, for your talk," replied the rustic. "As our old

proverb goes, 'one learns something new every day.'"

There were a few more remarks exchanged between the pair before they parted, the soldier to attend to his duties and the peasant to follow the retreating figure of Pierre LeBlanc. All unnoticed by the discursive assistant, Gaspard had managed to make a small hole in the portion of bread upon No. 29 tray, and to slip into it a tightly wound piece of birch bark. The fresh baked loaf gave little evidence of having been tampered with and fully concealed the scroll. Upon this rude substitute for parchment Gaspard had written :

"You will be given an opportunity to escape at once. If you can write a message upon a piece of paper, roll it into a ball, and throw it out of your window a half an hour after twelve o'clock to-night, I will be there to receive it."

Gaspard managed to regain the company of Pierre before the latter passed the sally-port and the two men, with their four-footed convoy, left the fort unquestioned.

After they had gone several miles and were well out of sight of the settlement, Gaspard paused.

"Whoa, my beauties! Halt ye!" bellowed Pierre, and the oxen came to an abrupt stop, which showed how well they appreciated such an order.

"I will leave you now, brother Pierre," said Gaspard.

"As you think best. But when are we to

rise and drive these invaders from our shores?"

"That cannot well be until we receive advice from those who have promised to assist us."

"They take their own time, most certainly."

"More haste, less speed."

"I trust that it may prove so. All our village have procured the muskets concealed in bundles of broomstraw from M. Decamp, and we wait but the general word to march forth."

"It will be given when the proper time comes."

"We look upon you as our personal leader."

"Trust me, I will do what I can."

"A few hours' notice is all we need to get ready, and our Indian allies wait but the word. Farewell, till we meet again, brother Gaspard."

"The same wish I return you, good brother Pierre.

Houp-la, Jacot! Come ya, Bassoin!" bel-
lowed the driver. And with crack of whip
and clumsy tread of hoofs the cavalcade
soon disappeared along the woodland road.

When he was left alone Gaspard took a
course at right angles from the path, which
led him towards the winding river. Arrived
at its muddy bank he removed his clothes,
made them up into a bundle which he car-
ried in one hand well clear of the water

and swam noiselessly out to an islet, near the centre of the stream. Arrived at the shore, he gazed carefully around before entirely emerging. Seeing nothing to alarm he dodged quickly into the undergrowth and resumed his habiliments. This islet was still another instance of the foresight of a man, who possessed all the genius necessary to retake Acadia for his own people, without the proper ranking power. The place was small, as has been intimated, but well adapted for a convenient point of rendezvous and hiding, both by nature and contrivance. In its very centre, completely hidden by a few tall trees, three huge rocks brought hither by some primeval glacial action leaned against one another and formed a sort of cave of considerable dimensions. There was no evidence of human occupancy when Gaspard entered this heavily walled apartment, but from various hiding places in niches and crevices he drew forth several articles of food, as well as a hunting suit of dressed mooseskin. After making a substantial meal and changing back into his accustomed apparel, in which owing to his hair and beard trimming he was even yet far from recognizable, he lay down upon a bed of moss and dried leaves and soon fell into a sound sleep.

When the sentry on that bastion of the fort which overlooked the guardhouse was relieved at midnight, he hastened cheerily away with his comrades. The new post,

husbanding strength for the dreary two-hour stretch alone, stood silently leaning upon his musket. The soldier's scarlet tail-coat, white knee breeches and corded stockings, were well hid beneath a shroudlike guard cloak. His hair hung in powdered queue at back and was surmounted by the picturesque three-cornered felt hat. Thus stood the martial son of Albion, thinking sadly yet tenderly, mayhap, of a buxom sweetheart far across the seas.

The dark clouds overhead betokened a gathering storm and the moon's face was completely hidden behind them. All about was bathed in the mystery of night and save for an occasional phosphorescent sparkle of the seawater down below his feet, the details of the surrounding scenery were well nigh invisible. But even if the sentry had scanned the view about him with the eyes of an Argus, he would scarcely have perceived the silent figure creeping slowly nearer and yet nearer, to the back wall of the guardhouse. Like a very eel the thing squirmed ahead, scarce breaking the stems of grass beneath it. Inch upon inch and foot by foot it gained, until reaching a desired spot, stopped and formed but a part of the surrounding shadow.

Many moments elapsed and still no further movement. All at once a sound came from one of the small grated windows at the back of the guardhouse.

"Too-whit! Too-who! Too-whit! Too-who!"

“Silence, prisoner! Get thee to sleep,” commanded the sentry harshly turning about.

“Peste! But it was a good owl’s cry!” rejoined the voice of Glenbucket, sounding somewhat muffled, as coming from his cell.

“Silence!” once again roared the soldier, and with measured tread commenced to pace his long beat. He had not seen the small white object which the stout captain’s fingers had ejected from between the bars of his prison. Like a stray flake of snow come down before its season, it settled upon the grassy sod within arm’s reach of where Gaspard lay waiting to receive it.

Needless to remark, Glenbucket’s irrepressible vocalization had rendered a difficult task still more so, by putting the sentry upon the alert.

“What manner of spy can this be, who thus wilfully imperils both mine and his own safety,” thought Gaspard wonderingly. “If the present is a sample of his prudence, he might well have been taken without bribing an Indian messenger.”

Yet even as he thus meditated, the wily hunter had secured the crumpled ball of paper and was commencing to retreat. Each time the sentry turned about and marched away, Gaspard made good progress. When, however, the soldier faced round and came back, the Acadian lay still and quiet. It was slow progress, but at length the hunter drew near to the height of the earthen

bastion. Soon he was within two feet of the beaten path which the sentry trod. Gaspard scarcely dared to even breathe, and a slight deviation upon the part of the pacing soldier might cause him to step upon the prostrate form of the intruder. However, as it chanced, the sentry kept rigidly to his familiar track. Scarcely was he past, when Gaspard rolled noiselessly across the level parapet and commenced to descend the steep escarp. But the grass was not sufficiently strong to enable him to continue his slow progress. Before he had gone halfway, he lost his hold and rolled to the bottom of the dry moat. The noise he made was merely a rustle, but quite enough to attract the attention of the sentry. The latter stopped abruptly in his measured pacing, brought his piece to position, and peered directly downward towards where Gaspard lay.

“Rabbits!” at last the soldier muttered under his breath, but, nevertheless, continued gazing and watchful for any repetition of the noise. With the sentry thus half-alarmed, Gaspard knew better than to move a muscle. For nearly two hours he lay motionless upon the muddy floor of the moat, and never stirred a limb even after the guard had recommenced his measured walk. Not until the man was relieved by a new and probably sleepier comrade, did the Acadian make any effort to scale the counterscarp and high stockade, which yet remained be-

tween him and safety. But, at last, he reached the base of the latter and found the knotted rope he had left, still hanging. He climbed silently over this formidable obstacle, removed his scaling apparatus and, repeating his former cautious methods, placed a safe distance between himself and the massive fortress. Then he arose to his feet and hastened away. It was well on towards morning when the Acadian reached his island refuge again, and he could barely do more than throw himself down upon the rude couch, by reason of the violent physical and mental exertions he had undergone.

After some resting until the sun arose, he took the ball of paper from the pouch in his belt, where he had placed it for greater security; and spread the sheet out flat upon the palm of his hand. It read as follows:

My Dear Comrade:

I wish you would adopt some other method of communicating with me. The bark hurt my teeth, and I am not used to breaking my night's sleep in the middle. Moreover, I much prefer my present comfortable quarters to being forced to play soldier like you. Do not, I beg you, insist upon my escaping until we have arrived at some feasible plan for the future conducting of our little expedition. I am well lodged here and there is no risk whatever of my being executed for a spy. I doubt not but what you, with your accustomed good luck, are also in clover somewhere. However, you may depend on me for prompt action when the proper time arrives.

Yours to command,

Glenbucket.

Post Scriptum.—You will excuse my apparent lack

of etiquette in thus addressing you. But it would scarcely be safe to do otherwise.

Nota Bene.—I am learning a number of new calls, and my worthy jailer is initiating me into an entirely novel and most delightful accomplishment. The owl's cry which I give, when I throw you this letter, will hereafter be a signal that I am not alone in my cell.

The astonishment mingled with indignation of Gaspard, as he read over this epistle, can better be imagined than described.

“And it is such as this trifle who are made special emissaries for our cause, while I am merely given orders to implicitly obey,” he angrily exclaimed. “Wasting words over such things as my message hurting his teeth and disturbing his rest, and desiring me not to urge his escape as yet from his present comfortable quarters! Etiquette! Learning new calls! Me, playing soldier! A novel accomplishment from his worthy jailer! I—also in clover somewhere! Faugh! This is almost too much. And I have risked my life a score of times, and gone through exertions enough to kill a dozen men in order to get such cold comfort.”



C H A P T E R V I I I

A Revelation and a Quarrel

THE assumed James Farquharson upon hurrying back from drill, found Mary Campbell in the extensive piece of lawn and shrubbery at the rear of her paternal home.

"Good welcome to Your Highness!" she said, rising from a rustic seat and courtesying gracefully as he approached.

"What!" he exclaimed, starting backward in bewilderment. "You really know who I am?"

"Not until this instant."

"How then, may I ask? Has Lieutenant Farquharson enlightened you?"

"No. He will scarcely be here for an hour or more.

Then the sweet girl's face took on a severe expression tho' the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively, and at last she could no longer restrain herself but burst forth into peal upon peal of triumphant laughter.

The Chevalier quickly recovered his composure and seated himself at her side. "Pray omit all formalities between us, Miss Mary," he said; "and give me some inkling as to how you have penetrated my disguise?"

“It is extremely simple, Your High”—

“Excuse me. I am at present merely Master James.”

“Well then, Donald wears one of your miniatures and has often shown it to me, and then your manner—and—all—and—Did you never realize the marvelous instinct of my sex? At any rate, I made up my mind to try the experiment of so addressing you. And it succeeded even beyond my expectations.”

“I feel glad that none of my enemies possess your powers of finesse.”

“And to think that dear father drank his guest’s health without knowing it. He is a staunch adherent and I trust you will confide in him, so that he may give aid to the best of his powers in whatever adventure you may meditate in this distant land.”

The Chevalier sat for some time wrapped in deep thought before he could reply. At length he said: “My dear Miss Mary, you are perfectly correct in surmising that I am not come to such a remote colony without a definite purpose. My bitterest opponents acknowledge that my efforts are persistent and far-reaching, even if not hitherto successful. But, in the present instance, it would be scarcely advisable to confide my identity to anybody. Not that I doubt the absolute integrity of your father for a single moment, but it would needlessly embroil him with something that I can best manage alone. However, if I do not secure

the assistance of the parent, I make no hesitation in calling upon his daughter, inasmuch as she has shown no slight powers in discernment and invention. My present problem—in which I believe your ready wit will prove of value to me—is to secure the release of Glenbucket.”

“The Acadian spy just captured?”

“Exactly, as to the last two words of your sentence; but Glenbucket is neither an Acadian, nor yet a spy, and in spite of the man’s absurd actions I do not believe that they can find any proof against him.”

“And is this Glenbucket—My father, as you doubtless remember, said the name sounded rascally—Is he your friend?”

“Most assuredly. We came here together on our vessel the ‘Sea Foam’ but yesterday. He landed in the morning. I, along about noon. Since that time we have passed through various experiences and have both been made prisoners.”

“Both? You—jest too plainly, my lord. The matter of devising a plan for the escape of this Glenbucket, your follower and companion, will be easy enough, I imagine. But I must own that my feminine curiosity is too deeply aroused to permit me to think coherently. In the first place, what can you be doing so far away from Scotland, or even France? And in the second place, after Glenbucket is free, to what point do you intend continuing your sailing expedition?”

“The outward voyage ended here, and moreover, upon looking from the ramparts of the fort a short time ago I saw that the ‘Sea Foam’ had ran away and left us. So that you will realize we have no option except in remaining, for a time at least.”

“Well, well. It is indeed a puzzling complication. But I will give you an example of real heroism and refrain from further questioning. Now, as to aiding this Glenbucket in making his”—

“Pardon me, Miss Mary,” interrupted the Chevalier, who had been gazing fixedly at her for some moments; “I am going to tell you the whole story of just what we are about. Here in this open garden we cannot possibly be overheard, and should anything happen to my companion and myself I would wish someone might be able to bear witness, that death only closed my efforts towards regaining the throne of my fathers.”

Mary Campbell drew a long sigh and listened without the slightest interruption to the following narration of the Chevalier’s:

“When my father, the deposed James II of England and VII of Scotland, lay on his deathbed at the palace of Saint Germain, he was visited by Louis XIV, his royal host, who came to bid him a last adieu. Doubtless touched by the pathos of the scene, Louis solemnly vowed to my dying parent, in the presence of many courtiers there assembled, that he recognized my title to the thrones of Britain and would take me

under his especial protection. The words of gratitude which my father could but faintly utter were lost in the roar of mingled joy and grief which broke from the lips of our few faithful followers. But it was not till several years had elapsed that the King of France gave substantial proof of this pledge and fitted out a fleet and army to aid me. Through the intrigues and petty jealousies of those in command, however, this force never even made a landing, although I both ordered and implored that at least my personal attendants and myself might be put upon the near shores of Scotland.

“Following upon the utter failure of this expedition, a disastrous change took place in my immediate fortunes. One consequence of the many victories gained by the Duke of Marlborough while in command of the allied armies upon the Continent, was that Louis found himself forced to disown me; and in a treaty, which I understand is already practically settled upon, he will not only acknowledge the right of my sister Anne to the throne, but will also guarantee the Act of Succession settling it upon the House of Hanover, and agree to expel me from safe shelter in his kingdom. And yet, in spite of all this, my chances for being restored are much brighter than they ever were before. Without bothering you by details of political situations, I will simply explain that my sister, Queen Anne, herself secretly favors my succession, and

allows me an income from her privy purse; while a large majority in all three kingdoms openly avow adherence to my cause. But there is one important thing lacking. My adversaries, though comparatively few in number, hold in their hands all the power given by command. My party are without sufficient arms, supplies or artillery; and money—the real backbone of war, as well as of practically every other great undertaking—is also sadly lacking. The only one to whom I could look for substantial aid is unwilling, even if he were able, to assist me. So now we come quite naturally to a reason for my present Acadian adventure. Know then, that one of my companions-in-arms through several campaigns was a certain Baron de St. Castine, whose mother was the daughter of Madocawando, a chief of the Tarrantine tribe of Indians. This nation inhabits a part of the land in the direction of the Massachusetts colony. From the Baron I gleaned a certain tradition or knowledge, which seemed to offer a heaven-sent assistance. It would appear that these Tarrantines are closely affiliated, both in race and religion, with the Micmac natives of this colony. According to the wise elders of both tribes, there is somewhere inland in Acadia, a vast mountain of the yellow metal which the white men worship. Moreover, the Baron, who has shared my confidence and would have been my companion had the service of France permitted, entrusted me with a certain ancient family

relic, which he thought might materially aid in my search. However, as to this last I have little faith and know nothing concerning it. This mountain of gold is my destination. With but enough of it to fill a single sack, King James the Third of England and Ireland, and Eighth of Scotland, will once more occupy his rightful throne."

As the Chevalier proceeded in his simple yet eloquent narrative, Mary listened breathlessly and her bosom heaved with deep emotion. When he had concluded she leaped to her feet, and with the red glow of enthusiasm upon her cheeks and the wild flash of ambition in her eyes, cried aloud:

"To work, Sire; the present is no time for idle dalliance. I have myself heard this same legend, and men have even started forth before to find the treasure mountain. They have never come back, but such I feel sure will not be your fate. Glenbucket must be freed at once. I will also engage to provide you with the supplies necessary for your journey in the wilderness, as well as a vessel to replace the 'Sea Foam,' when the glad time of your successful return arrives. And now"—

"Hush!" whispered the Chevalier warningly: "Somebody is approaching!"

Scarcely were the words out of the speaker's mouth, when Donald Farquharson stood before them. His quick eye took in the whole scene at a glance. The evident emo-

tion of the maid and her flushed cheeks; the no less constrained manner of the disguised prince. Upon the latter, moreover, the lieutenant gazed in astonishment, mingled with distrust.

"I scarcely expected to find you here, Your Highness," commenced Donald a trifle haughtily. "Thinking that the seizure of yourself and your vessel would follow upon the further examination of that Irish clown, I sent a private message by one of your sailors advising you to up anchor and away before it was too late. That the 'Sea Foam' has been gone now several hours, I know; and, furthermore, we have just received orders to cruise down the Basin to intercept her. I trusted that you were well out of harm's way by this time."

"And so I am unless betrayed by false friends," declared the Chevalier in stern tones. "I saw myself, that the vessel had departed. I presume the crew thought it as well to put your warning to good use without waiting for me. However, it matters but little."

"You seem to have found a safe harbor, very quickly," replied Donald bitterly.

"Your words savor of harshness, sir," answered the Chevalier with flashing eye.

Mary Campbell looked at them both restrainingly. But her efforts seemed to only add fuel to their mutual anger. Matters had come to that pass where the young men glowered, preparatory to open rupture,

when a hand was laid on either of their shoulders, and the pompous Major stood between them.

“Lads, lads!” he ejaculated, addressing them collectively; “Is this your brotherly love for one another. Quarreling at first meeting with all the animosity of bitter enemies. And in the presence of my daughter, as well. Do you not know that your brother,” turning to Donald, “did but yesterday save your affianced bride from the insults of a drunken soldier? And you, Master James” (Donald opened his eyes in amazement, at this form of address;) “you ought surely to realize that the bringing of your disputes publicly before us, is but an ill return for hospitality.”

“The Farquharson family are undoubtedly quick of temper,” hastily cried Miss Mary, who saw that unless some sort of an explanation was at once made, Donald, through absolute ignorance of the situation, would be likely to cause further mischief; “And to prove it, here is Donald Farquharson,” (motioning in the direction of her affianced) “and James Farquharson” (pointing to the Chevalier) “brothers, and sons of one mother as well, exchanging sharp words over a little point in navigation. Is it not ridiculous, particularly, when one is an experienced seaman while the other merely pretends to knowledge of farming;” and bursting into a peal of laughter, in order to give her lover time to recover his equan-

imity, she turned, as if to lead the way towards the house.

"Is that all," commented her father, in an immensely relieved tone of voice; "I almost began to think that you were jealous of one another in the affections of my daughter."

And with this candid remark, which well nigh threw the three into worse confusion than before, he bade them follow on.

"Our orders are to put to sea at once, so that I merely called to make my adieus," Donald doggedly interposed.

At these words Mary turned about abruptly and her face became slightly pale.

"I've something I want to say to you!" she cried.

The Chevalier bowed courteously to the youthful pair, and followed the Major inside the mansion.

"There is no need of any words," said the young lieutenant bitterly, as soon as they were alone. "The Chevalier de St. George is undoubtedly much more successful in his love affairs than in regaining his kingdom."

"Donald, do not say such things," cried the girl tenderly. "I know you can be but jesting, yet it hurts me cruelly to have you even make a jesting matter out of it."

"Jesting indeed. By Heaven! but you carry the affair off well;" retorted the lieutenant savagely.

Hitherto the maid had been meek and suppliant, but now her whole mien changed.

Her eyes flashed as she threw back her head and gazed haughtily at the young man. "Are you aware, sir, that you are insulting me?" she demanded.

"Explain, if you can, the pretty scene which I just now so imprudently interrupted?" cried the lieutenant.

"By what right do you dare ask for such an explanation?" retorted the indignant girl.

"By the right given me in your wearing my ring upon finger," declared Donald impetuously.

"I did not know that this small shackle bound me so slavishly," replied the maid in bitter tones. "Here, take the fetter back again. I'll none of it." And suiting actions to the words, she quickly drew off the small circlet of gold and tossed it towards the irate lover.

He caught the bauble and, with a reckless curse, hurled it into the adjacent shrubbery.

The girl's face turned deadly pale and then flushed again. Nevertheless, she addressed the young man in perfectly conventional tones.

"As we two seem to be the only ones possessed of the Chevalier's identity, it will" — she began.

"One word from me to the fort-commandant," interrupted Farquharson, "and this conquering prince among the ladies will be

a prisoner of state, doomed to end his days in some lonely English castle.”

“I need not caution you to hold yourself in readiness for whatever service he may require,” went on Mary Campbell, apparently paying no attention to the ominous declaration of the jealous officer. “We must for the present, sink our private differences and unite in aiding his expedition to the full limits of our power.”

And with head erect, she swept proudly past the young man and left him alone. Farquharson stood for some few moments thoughtfully gazing down at the gravelled walk. Then he hurried away in the direction of the village—and the fort.



C H A P T E R I X

G l e n b u c k e t ' s R i v a l

FOR some time after his return to cell from the orderly room, Glenbucket remained perfectly quiet. This was occasioned partly by some feelings of remorse over the difficult situation in which his efforts at diplomacy had landed their expedition. But, if the whole truth were to be told, his consternation at the sight of the Chevalier de St. George a private soldier in the ranks of the militia had a good deal more to do with it.

"Odds bobkins!" he softly swore, "I wonder what's the time of day with us? I thought that I was in hard lines by being made prisoner, but even this plain cell is much more to my liking than a drill-master. There is one thing at least, that I am certain about. They shall never force me to prance up and down the green with a ponderous musket on my shoulder. Rather would I almost see the noose gotten ready."

The stout captain thus communed as he sat upon the edge of his bed, while this puny article of furniture creaked and groaned beneath his by no means inconsiderable weight.

Later on he regained his accustomed composure and was soon occupied in going over a full repertoire of imitative sounds. Some of these, more shrill and loud than common, must have penetrated the thickness of his cell's wall, for the sergeant-jailer came to inquire concerning them.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la!" sounded Glenbucket's drum and trumpet march, as this official swung back the heavy door and entered with steps of military precision.

The jailer's face betrayed no visible emotion and he did not even open his mouth to remonstrate.

"This fat spy is making too much noise," cried a voice from under the bed.

"Eh! What! Fat spy, indeed! Furies! Is it such this hidden thief dares call me," shouted Glenbucket, jumping to his feet and stooping over in order to look under the bed for his wordy assailant.

"Come this way and you will see a handsomer cavalier than a score of paunchy Glenbuckets," said an entirely different sounding voice, from outside of the barred window.

Towards this aperture the stout captain savagely ran, and held on to the sill with both hands tightly clenched, peering outwards in vain yet frantic efforts to detect the individual who had so addressed him.

"'Sdeath! Villain! Where are you? Infamous coward!" howled the Irish soldier

of fortune, together with numerous varieties of oaths and maledictions he had picked up in foreign courts: "Show yourself like a man, so that when we meet I can at least cut you up into a thousand pieces!"

All this while the sergeant had remained apparently silent. But now he spoke to Glenbucket: "What mean you by these crazy actions? Anyone would think that there were others present beside we two, by your wild talk?"

"And so there surely is. One villainous caitiff underneath my bed, and a despicable coward outside of the window."

"It is merely imagination. You are certainly losing your wits."

"What! Did you not hear their voices?"

"Voices? No. None beside our own."

"Then look here, and see which one of us is the craziest;" retorted Glenbucket laughing scornfully, and getting upon his knees with the full purpose of dragging out the intruder whose voice had proclaimed a presence under the bed. But his reaching arms encountered nothing excepting the bare floor and wall, and the mingled terror and discomposure of his countenance was almost too much for the sergeant.

"Here I am!" sounded a voice directly behind the kneeling captain, and the latter spun about with all the vigor of baffled rage.

Then he laid flat on the floor and abso-

lutely shook the stone building with his laughter.

"Ah! I knew it all the time," chuckled Glenbucket in an immensely relieved tone of voice, as he became more composed: "You are—er—what is called—a ventriloquist. I have seen such play before and have even tried to add the accomplishment to my own, but hitherto without success. I should dearly love to have you teach me?"

"Nothing would be easier, and I charmed to enlighten you; but of what use will such be to one who may hang any hour," replied the sergeant smilingly.

"I take that risk, my dear friend," replied Glenbucket eagerly; "and whether I hang or no you shall have this gold chain in advance, as your fee."

The upshot of some further conversation between them was that the sergeant agreed to do his best with the imprisoned scholar, but only during those brief visits which must of necessity be made to the cell.

"Come," said Glenbucket, after the first lesson had been given and the non-commissioned officer departed; "I perceive that there are worse fates than being made captive. I would not exchange this cell and the companionship of my jailer, for some time to come at any rate, for the wittiest courtiers of France and the daintiest suite of apartments in Fontainebleau."

It was in this frame of mind that he bit into the evening ration of a half loaf of

bread, which had been brought to him on tray No. 29. And when his teeth encountered the tough bark message of Gaspard (which Glenbucket, of course, thought could only come from the Chevalier) the same ideas induced him to write the answer, which so exasperated the loyal Acadian.

On account of the interruption at midnight Glenbucket slept late upon the following morning. His jailer entered and put down the breakfast ration without disturbing him. When the burly captain awoke he looked at the provision with eyes of disfavor.

"As like as not, this loaf contains a similar teeth entangling mass to last night's portion;" he muttered. "I'll none of it."

At noontime he was rewarded by a huge bowl of meat stew.

"Ah! Now to recompense myself for this morning's fast," he softly gurgled, as soon as the undercook who had brought the mess departed.

But even while Glenbucket was thus enjoying the feast by anticipation, his spoon brought to light some object wrapped in a piece of mooseskin, that had laid in the depths of the bowl. Prodding it cautiously open with his fingertips he disclosed another birchbark message.

"May the fiends devour me!" yelled Glenbucket savagely. "Can I not be allowed a moment's respite. My last night's bread was ruined for me. This morning's I de-

prived myself of through caution. And now, my best repast must be fouled by such an object as this."

Irritated as he was, however, he yet retained enough common sense to read the message and afterwards crumple it up fine, so that it might not be discovered in his possession. It read :

For my country's safety, I must this time disobey your orders. You will be transferred to the block house, outside the fort, this afternoon. At midnight you will be assisted to escape by means of the window.

Gaspard D'Etrincourt.

"Gaspard D'Etrincourt?" mused Glenbucket wonderingly. "The message seems to be much after the same fashion as the other. Can I have been mistaken in thinking that the first came from the Chevalier? What devil's mix-up is this? Who is Gaspard D'Etrincourt and why must he adduce reasons for disobeying my orders? Ah! I think I have it. The Chevalier must have assumed this new name in order to get me away from here by trickery. He also signs it to the message, that I may comprehend. Nevertheless, it seems to me a great excess of caution. I wish he would but let me stay a week or so, that I might acquire this ventriloquism thoroughly. Escape to-night. Peste! It is too bad to be hurried away after such a fashion."

Before he had fairly concluded this self-cogitation the bolts and locks of his cell rattled in unfastening and the sergeant-

jailer entered. Glenbucket's face lit up with a new hope at the sight.

"Sergeant Balcolm," he cried gleefully; "you are of all others just the man I wanted to see."

"It's the first time I ever heard a prisoner say such a thing to his turnkey."

"That's just it. You are nearly superseded. I am to be removed this afternoon to"—

But the astonished face of the sergeant brought Glenbucket to some realization of the mistake he was committing, and he came to an abrupt pause.

"How can you have gotten knowledge of the thing?" queried the veteran suspiciously.

In deep perplexity, Glenbucket found solace in crouching down on his haunches and giving vent to the harsh "Ker-chugs" of a mammoth bullfrog.

"Well, it does not matter much," commented the sergeant, who could not restrain his laughter at the ridiculous actions of the fat captain. "I shall not be responsible for you more than an hour longer, at the most. Just as you were about to say, you will then be transferred to the block-house, under the civil guard. I must make my compliments on this, for it shows that you are no longer in danger of being summarily executed."

"That is why I wanted to see you privately for a few moments. Is there no possible way by which I might remain here for one or two days?"

“No,” in astonishment. “The order has arrived and as soon as your escort is detailed you will be taken away.”

“It is too bad!” bitterly ejaculated Glenbucket. “I only wanted a few lessons from you to be perfect.”

“So that is what’s bothering, eh! Well, I imagine that I could easily obtain permission to visit you at the block-house. You are no longer a suspected spy; merely a civil malefactor.”

Glenbucket’s joy at this announcement was so great, that he never noticed the invidious compliment at the latter part of the sergeant’s speech.

“Good!” the stout captain shouted joyously. “Now I am content . . . at least,” here his countenance fell—“Could you come this very evening?”

“I suppose I might. But why not to-morrow?”

“No, it will—That is, I would much prefer your coming to-night.”

“Well, as I have the gold chain, I will try to comply with your wishes. But in my wonder at your early knowledge regarding removal, and your dismay at exchanging a spy’s cell for a comfortable block house, I almost forgot something.”

The sergeant very gingerly produced a small note from an inside pocket of his tunic.

“Tho’ it weighs so light,” he remarked as he handed it to Glenbucket, “I was given a

heavy gold coin to bring it you. Your fair lady must have a long purse?"

"My fair lady?"

"It is to be presumed so. At any rate, I wager it was a lady and no domestic such as she would have herself appear, who bargained with me for the delivery of your letter."

"I know neither lady nor tire-woman in this part of the world."

"That is as may be. However, on one thing I must insist, as I told her; and that is, you are to burn the epistle as soon as you read and hand me the ashes. I have no notion of being drummed out of my regiment, even for a hundred golden guineas."

Almost mechanically the amazed Glenbucket opened and read the little note. It ran as follows:

"You are to be placed in the block-house to-day. As soon as it grows dark enough I will help you to escape from the window."

James Farquharson alias Montgomery.

With a groan of mingled wonder and vexation Glenbucket fell back upon the bed with such force as to shatter the frail side-bar and bring himself, together with the ill-fated piece of furniture, to the floor.

"Quick! This confounded noise may alarm somebody!" cried the sergeant, in guilty tones. "Here is my tinder box. Burn the missive."

This was scarcely accomplished and the sergeant departed before the outer corridor

resounded to the tread of marching feet. The door of the cell was once more thrown open and Glenbucket escorted to the block house. The latter was a stout log structure, intended as a sort of outpost, and stood between the fort and the little town. Arrived here the captive had ample time in which to ponder over the condition of things.

“What means this torrent of correspondence looking towards an escape with which I am being inundated;” he reasoned pettishly. “An anonymous one, then Gaspard D'Etrincourt, now James Farquharson alias Montgomery and delivered by a woman to my jailer! Faith, I may have puzzled the fort commandant a little with my own catalogue of names and proceedings, but he would find these just as hard to reckon with. And then the Chevalier, in his last, announces that he will be at my window after dusk; and that, as it chances, is just the time when Sergeant Balcolm intends to pay me his visit of instruction. Luckily, however, I have the owl's cry signal to fall back on!”

There was no guard placed about the block house. Its walls and the huge lock of the massive door were considered amply sufficient for the retaining of prisoners of minor importance. When Sergeant Balcolm arrived he let himself in, and refastening the door, placed the key in his pocket. He found Glenbucket making

hideous faces and rolling about upon the bed.

"You will have to excuse me to-night, sergeant. I am not feeling well," commenced the captain, endeavoring to make his voice sound as sickly as possible.

"What is the matter with you?"

"I shall probably expire sometime during the night. I feel that my end is near. Good-bye, sergeant, I wish you all fair fortune. Leave me now and let me die in peace."

"I shall go"—

"Yes, yes, I will appreciate your kindness in doing so."

"I was just about to say that I would go and bring our doctor to see you."

"No, no. Not for the world. It is only a faint fit and must soon be past."

"Well, just as you please. It makes no odds to me," retorted the sergeant curtly. "I need no such elaborate hinting to realize that my presence is not desired."

Just as he was turning on his heel the voice of the Chevalier was plainly audible, outside of and just beneath the window, calling: "Glenbucket? Glenbucket?"

Quick as a flash, the individual addressed rose up in bed with all the clothes wrapped round him, and commenced to sound owl cries enough to fairly rend the air in twain.

Stupefied between suspicion and the uproar of the captive, the sergeant did not open his mouth for a few moments.

Taking advantage of the opportunity thus

afforded, and speaking in the loudest tones of which he was capable in order to additionally warn his companion outside, Glenbucket cried in well-assumed jubilant accents: "Ha, ha! It was natural, was it not? You scarcely imagined that I had learned your trick so handily."

The sergeant, still unconvinced, merely said: "Do it once more?"

The fat captain had just opened his mouth, preparatory to making some excuse, when the voice of the Chevalier was again audible at the window:

"Glenbucket, cease that uproarious noise! You will alarm the whole town."

"Very fair," commented the sergeant, now all smiling and with entirely renewed confidence; "but you must learn not to move your lips. That is almost the whole illusion. Even at my present distance from you I could see your mouth open and"—

"Glenbucket!" again called the impatient Chevalier.

"Admirable!" cried the sergeant. "You did it perfectly that time."

"Why does he not heed my owls' cries," thought Glenbucket. "Unless something can be devised at once, we are both lost."

"Now, sergeant, I will give you another illustration," he said, advancing towards the window and placing his head between its bars. "You, sir, down below there," he went on.

"You have taken your own time, Glen-

bucket," replied the Chevalier. "However, here is a file with which you can quickly cut away one of the bars of your window."

"You must excuse me, my dear friend; but Sergeant Balcolm is here at the moment, and I do not wish to desert his company. Will you not say good night to him?"

"Good night, Sergeant Balcolm," quickly replied the Chevalier, who realized the method of evasion by very instinct.

"Splendid! I could not do it better myself," declared the sergeant enthusiastically, as Glenbucket once more came towards him: "You need my teachings no longer."



C H A P T E R X

A Retrospect and an Unpleasant Sensation

THE Chevalier outside of the block house, warned of danger after Glenbucket's own unique fashion, remained quiet and hidden in the shadow of the building for several hours. During this interval his thoughts wandered back to the momentous events of the day just drawing to a close.

In the morning Mary Campbell had appeared with reddened eyes and flushed cheeks, as well as other indications of a sleepless and disturbed night's rest. Even her father could not help but notice it and kissed his daughter affectionately, before he hastened away in attendance upon some details of his grants.

"I trust that I have not been the cause of your disquietude, Miss Mary," bluntly announced the Chevalier, after he had composed and dismissed from his mind any number of more diplomatic speeches.

"What?" in seeming amazement.

He rather timidly repeated the question.

Mary broke out into hearty laughter, which had every appearance of being gen-

uine: "How could such a ridiculous notion ever have got into your head, Master James?"

"I thought that perhaps the lieutenant thought"—

"I thought, thou thought, he thought, we thought!" interrupted the girl in bantering tones: "Truly, out of so much thought something tangible might well result."

"But"—

"If I am to be catechised my household duties will fall behind. Moreover, there is that Glenbucket of yours to release, and," laughingly, "I had well nigh forgotten the most important of all. This hank of yarn must be wound in neat balls, so that the maids may find profitable employment in knitting for their idle hours. Now, let us bargain. If I help you with your imprisoned friend, you are to hold this skein, so that I may wind from it readily. Is it a fair exchange?"

"The advantage is wholly with me. But"—

"Why, you say scarcely anything except 'but' this morning. Where are your gentle flatteries and witty quips of yestere'en?"

"Miss Mary, I want to ask you a single favor. May I?"

"Ask on, Sir Knight-errant. But first adjust the skein of yarn upon your two hands, so that we may combine profitable work with nonsensical pleasure."

Throwing the roll playfully towards him,

she seated herself upon a low ottoman and gravely commenced to wind the ball. With his arms swaying from side to side in unison, so as to release the strand regularly he once more took heart, and said: "The favor I wish to ask is this. Will you allow"—

"Be careful of the skein, Sir Knight-errant, or a distracting tangle may result."

"Will you allow me to go to Lieutenant Farquharson and tell him exactly what took place in the garden?"

"I really believe that I must have gotten hold of the wrong end. It seems to wind unduly hard."

"Will you answer my question?"

"How does it concern me? Spread your story broad-cast if you so wish. The fort commandant might also like to hear it. But as for me, I am busying my brain concerning the escape of your companion."

"But Lieutenant Farquharson"—

"Another 'but' and Lieutenant Farquharson again! Truly, you are vastly entertaining this morning?"

"Glenbucket shall stay in prison and I will also give myself up, rather than be the cause of breaking a sacred troth."

"If you must know all, then, Lieutenant Farquharson and I have agreed to disagree. There is but little love lost between us. He was evidently relieved at the opportunity, and I—faith, I have already mine eyes wide open for a better gallant to take his

place. Now, having dismissed one disagreeable subject let us take up another. Nearly anyone of the garrison officers will gladly gossip with me concerning this Glengucket. You may lower your arms a trifle if they feel to be getting tired."

"Miss Mary, what is your idea of the completer happiness: a king, finally restored to the ancient throne of his ancestors; or a plain citizen, winning the maid of his choice for wife and fulfilling a simple destiny with her?"

"There can be no question as far as mere happiness goes, Master James. Surely you are well aware of the saying 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' But all this metaphysical talk does not progress our plan for escape one particle. What do you think of sending him a soldier's uniform and some files? With these he might watch his chance to break jail, and having once reached the outside, could doubtless appear as a private, strolling aimlessly around as if off duty. The only apparent flaw would be the fort gate. He could scarcely go through there without some official pass or reason. This, however, could probably be managed."

"I have long wearied of the turmoil and everlasting intrigue of courts and crowns," spoke the Chevalier, in such grave tones that Mary bent her head, and while steadily continuing the winding, interrupted him no more. "Although never yet a sovereign

in my people's, as well as mine own right, I have learned by bitter experience to fathom the uttermost depths of royalty. What a thankless task the whole appears when one looks at it in the abstract. Doomed to such superiority in rank and fortune that friends and followers can only be judged by outward appearances, than which no falser lies are ever told! Distrusting the most loyal and leaning heavily upon those who may well be rotten at the core! What is this phantom dream I seek? What will it actually avail me or anybody else, when I have set the crown of my ancestors upon my brow? Then indeed will I only look back with the regret of a cankered soul, upon these past days of cheerful vagabondage and easily found desires. Why should I not rather choose the happier lot? . . . A sweet maid for wife! . . . A simple abiding place, in a new land, where courts are not found and all is purity and honor! . . . What better fate can there be than to hew a home from out the virgin wild-woods . . . with a fond companion to share my humble joys and sorrows?"

"Sire, the skein is finished; likewise your dream," replied the girl ever so gently, as the end of the thread came falling from his fingers.

"Dream?"

"Yes, believe me, nothing more; tho' well it reflects a true and noble heart.

Kings are ordained to watch over the welfare of their people, without one thought of self. Their service is consecrated to the nation they rule, and their own individual happiness has no weight in the scale whatsoever."

"Then why need I, who am not yet a king, plot and plan to obtain such a profitless position?"

"Because, the right must always struggle with the wrong, even if it be without apparent success; otherwise, all good things upon this earth must perish and be forgotten."

The Chevalier gazed at her reverently: "And how comes it," he said, after a long pause, "that you, a young colonial maid, art able to condense into one single sentence the whole philosophy of life and being; which generations of white-haired students have counted as full reward for years of ceaseless study?"

"It may be," she answered reflectively, "because the simple mind sees plainer than one befogged with countless theories and isms. But, heigho!" she went on, coming back to her usual blithesome manner. "All this talk advances our project not one whit. Find some book or pastime to amuse yourself with until my return, and I will play spy and see in what manner this Glenbucket can be best released."

A few moments later she was walking leisurely towards the fort, clad in all the pretty coquetry of gown and bonnet.

“Woman, woman!” apostrophized the Chevalier, as his eyes followed her retreating figure: “Gentler than a dove and fiercer than a lioness; thy inward thoughts are as mysterious to man as the heavenly depths above us!”

Within a short half hour she had returned.

“Good news, Master James,” she cried vivaciously, leading the way into the garden where they might run no risk of being overheard: “Your Glenbucket has evidently ceased to be of any great account for they are about to remove him to the block house. A stout file passed in at his window will quickly compass a release from the building; which, moreover, is always left unguarded. If you care to write him a note, I will engage to forward it.”

“But I, who am also held fast in the bonds of a delightful captivity from which I do not wish to be released? Will you also aid me—not to escape—but, perchance, to forge the links yet tighter?”

The girl blushed grandly, and replied in gentle tones: “It cannot be.”

“Why not?”

“Do you persist in requiring an absolutely truthful answer?”

“I do, and can assure you that nothing else will satisfy me.”

“Then listen:” So saying she whispered a few words in his ear.

Bowing low and pressing her hand to his lips, he could not conceal his deep emotion.

“Go, Chevalier,” the girl cried passionately: “Go, and work out the mazes of your destiny. If Providence should bring you to your throne again, rule your people as you rule yourself. When courtiers crowd and well-dressed traitors applaud your knowledge as akin to the very gods, forget not that even the secret of the growing blade of grass is unknown to the wisest of men. Thou art indeed well fitted to wear a kingly crown, and humble subjects will prove a stronger stanchion to you than the swarm of gilded butterflies hovering near your presence. I count it indeed an honor to have been able to serve such a prince.”

“But think you that when I come to my own, the deeds of those who have been my friends in adversity will go unrequited. Thou thyself shall”——

“Enough of words,” laughingly interrupted the girl. “Let us act. Every walk of life has its duties that must needs be dutifully performed, regardless of what comes after. Write you the note for Glenbucket, which I will engage to forward. Meanwhile, I have pastry in the oven, the fate of which is relatively as important as the regaining of kingdoms.”

And, with a ringing laugh, she disappeared in the direction of the house.

All this the Chevalier pondered over, again and again, as he lay in the shadow

of the block house waiting for the non-commissioned officer to take his departure. And, while he so thought, he kept turning and twisting a small golden ring upon his little finger. He had picked up the little bauble, while strolling aimlessly in Major Campbell's garden.

At last the massive door clanged open and shut again and the figure of the sergeant disappeared in the direction of the fort.

The face of the stout captain quickly appeared.

"Glenbucket!" once more cautiously called the Chevalier, standing directly beneath the barred windows.

"How now, my dear Chevalier," he replied. "It seems that we have both somewhat changed conditions since we spoke together on the deck of the 'Sea Foam,' the day before yesterday. Faith, it ought to be a week at least that has flown."

"This is no time for idle talk," sternly replied the Chevalier. "Catch the file which I throw to you and saw away some of your prison bars."

"But needs there such absolute haste?" expostulated Glenbucket. "Would it not be better to allow me to remain here a trifle longer? If officially released no further fuss would ensue. But an escape! Peste! They will hunt for me, and maybe both you and the 'Sea Foam,' as well. How you have managed to keep free thus far, is more than a mystery to me."

"The 'Sea Foam' has run away and left us. I have eluded pursuit by minding my own business and not bothering about other people's. Can you take the hint? Moreover, I am a townsman and a member of the local militia."

"So, so! I saw you in the ranks, as you remember. And we are bereft of the vessel. Truly our case looks bad."

"You forget about the treasure. With gold, another 'Sea Foam' is readily obtainable. But this is a poor place for explanations and planning. Haste away with the file."

"Yet if all is as you say, why not leave me in peace for a few days longer," argued the stout captain persuasively. "Such short time will but little matter and I have no stomach for following your example. The drilling as a common private would utterly undo me. When all is ripe to at once proceed on our search, then will I gladly"—

"Now is that time. We start as soon as you are free. Supplies and arms lie hidden ready for us. Get thy file at work, I tell thee, or else I go alone.

"The full value of my golden chain is then lost to me," replied Glenbucket, and somewhat pensively began to operate the tool.

"What need was there of so many letters, dear Chevalier?" inquired the prisoner after a few seconds had elapsed, at the same time taking the opportunity to rest.

"Letters?"

“Yes, the letters that came to me by bread and stew, and other original methods of post?”

“I sent you only one and that by the hand of a jailer.”

“Peste! I vow I received and read at least half a score, not to speak of others which might have been hidden in objects which I wisely refrained from examining too closely,” declared the captain earnestly, even if not quite truthfully.

“I know nothing of them. But you delay too much in your labors. At this rate it will be broad daylight before you are free.”

“The iron is cruelly hard.”

“And you find it harder to get over your old trick of talking, I warrant. In order to give no further temptation, I will stand a few hundred feet distant. With my rifle and other equipment, I may well be taken for a guard over you by any chance passerby, if such there should happen to be at this unlikely hour. Be quick with the prison-breaking, Glenbucket, for we have but little time to waste.”

So saying, the Chevalier walked away and took up a position such as he had designated; and leaning upon his musket while he waited for his companion, allowed his thoughts to revert to sweet Mary Campbell.

Suddenly he felt himself thrown to the ground with considerable force, and a pair of long, lithe hands glided around his throat before he could make the slightest

outcry. As the fingers tightened, all else grew dim and his head felt well nigh to bursting. In vain he struggled to speak some word, to summon help, or to catch a glimpse of his sudden assailant. His head, in spite of all his efforts, was kept fast down upon the sod and the vice-like grip compressed his neck until it seemed to be cut in twain. Without power to breathe, his eyes appeared as if they would burst from their sockets and a numb feeling stole over all his body. With one sharp pang of pain, he felt complete consciousness leaving him. Like one in a dream, he saw flowery gardens, sweet visions of fairy land and gorgeous palaces. The air resounded with strains of sweetest music, and a very flood-gate of rich colored light poured upon his head. Then all became dark.

While this was taking place Glenbucket had not been entirely idle. It was true that he often paused in his work, and more than once had called softly to the Chevalier in hopes of yet securing some respite. Finally, two bars were fairly cut, enough at any rate to permit of them being bent aside. Through this generous aperture the unwieldy captain found no little difficulty in making his way. But at last, safely landed upon the ground, he leisurely proceeded towards the spot he judged to be occupied by the Chevalier, performing his 'Rub-a-dub-dub, etc.' accompaniment in subdued, yet audible tones. To his great surprise a figure arose from the

ground and appeared for an instant as if to dash away. Stopping abruptly, however, it came towards him, and revealed itself as a tall stranger and not the Chevalier.

"I was just about to pass you some files," commenced the intruder in French. "How have you managed to release yourself?"

"My companion aided me," replied Glenbucket candidly. "Where is he?"

"Your companion," fairly shouted the astounded Gaspard, and without a moment's loss of time knelt beside a recumbent form, and began chafing both neck and limbs with great vigor.



C H A P T E R X I

A M i s t a k e n A l l i a n c e

A WEAK sigh was followed by a muffled groan and the nearly expired Chevalier attempted to raise his head.

"How now?" shouted the indignant Glenbucket, dancing up and down upon his toes in great excitement and speaking the familiar French; "What devil's work is this? Have you been trying to murder my royal master?"

"Your master?" queried Gaspard inquisitively, paying no heed to the adjective.

"Yes, my master. Who may you be that goes about strangling people upon the slightest provocation?"

"I am Gaspard D'Etrincourt!"

"Oh ho! My persistent birch bark correspondent, who cared not how he spoiled my rations, discovered at last;" thought Glenbucket. Then aloud: "Explain your dastardly action if it be possible or else I"—

"If you will leave your explanations alone for the present and assist me in reviving this man, whom I have unwittingly brought very close to death's door, he will probably be more grateful to you, than if we gave one another a dozen sufficient reasons."

Glenbucket, abashed at the reproof, went to work at once. The two together made good speed of it.

“In a few hours’ time he will be completely himself again,” declared Gaspard in a relieved tone of voice; “but the spot where we are is scarcely a safe hospital. He is still in a sort of dull stupor, and likely to remain so for a little while; yet he can doubtless use his legs in an indifferent fashion. If you will take one side and I the other we may be able to get him to a place of safety before any alarm is given.”

They accordingly proceeded after the fashion recommended by the Acadian for several miles, taking numerous rests upon the panting protests of the stout captain. And yet, the latter’s share of the rough work was most inconsiderable; for he stumbled and fell about like a ship in a gale of wind, and required almost as much assistance from the hunter as the semi-unconscious Chevalier. This was partly occasioned by Glenbucket’s own natural clumsiness, but more especially from his being engaged in deep thought. The stout captain could not well perform two such tiring operations at one and the same time. Arrived at the edge of a muddy river Gaspard unveiled a canoe, hidden among a mass of dried leaves and fallen branches; and paddled them dry-shod over to his island haven. The Chevalier, doubtless overcome by physical suffering, together with the exertions of their

walk, allowed himself to be carried in the arms of the hunter and laid upon the bed of leaves within the cave.

“He is sleeping now,” said Gaspard; “and when he wakes up will be as good as ever, except for some slight soreness where my fingers grappled him.”

The result of Glenbucket's previously mentioned self-cogitation had been that he remembered the tenor of the captured message, which the fort commandant had read aloud when denouncing him; and had reasoned out some idea of the connection of Gaspard D'Etrincourt with himself. And yet, very few of his boon companions would have given the Irish captain credit for possessing such powers of penetration!

“I judged from your message that you would not be on hand till midnight,” he now said to Gaspard, with some degree of asperity; “and having other fish to fry, thought it best to escape earlier. Of course, I would have found the means of advising you.”

“I paid no heed to the exact hour,” replied the hunter gruffly. “You intimated to me that you did not wish to escape for the present, and I intended merely to offer the means and insist upon prompt action for my country's sake. It would be better if we acted more in concert and”——

“Enough of idle talk,” interrupted Glenbucket grandly. “I am here, you are here,

and my companion is here. So far, well and good."

"You called him your master?"

"And so he is."

"I warn you that I cannot recognize him as being over me. My instructions were merely to obey *you* implicitly, and I intend to abide strictly by them."

"Well, well, it matters little. I order you and he orders me. It amounts to the same thing in the end. Now, what are your plans for the future?"

To the consternation of Glenbucket he had to listen to a most elaborate detail from Gaspard, of all the preparations that had been made among the Acadians and Indians for revolting and putting the English invaders to death. This plan was most comprehensive in its scope and merely waited the sanction of the rulers in Quebec, together with their promised aid, in order to be at once put into operation.

"Furies!" thought Glenbucket moodily, while listening to this narration. "Should Master Gaspard find out the imposition he has played upon himself, I would not give overmuch for our two skins. However, my only idea is to go ahead since we cannot well go back. Moreover, this Acadian woodsman may prove of vast aid in our enterprise."

When the enthusiastic Gaspard at last came to a pause the stout captain spoke, hiding his discomposure by numerous gri-

maces and ejaculations. "All you have told me is exceedingly comforting, but before the matter is wholly ripe it will be necessary for us to make a little expedition into the interior."

The Acadian looked his surprise.

"Yes," Glenbucket continued, "and as you have received orders to obey me implicitly, I trust you will do so without questioning."

"That is my intention," replied Gaspard, although well-nigh heartsick at the type of manhood which he presumed had been sent to command him.

"Good! Good again! You know this part of the country?"

"Better than most Acadians and almost as well as the Micmacs themselves."

"Have you ever heard any legend, concerning a mountain of yellow metal, somewhere in the interior?"

"Why, yes."

"Can you lead us to the place?"

"Yes, I could, as far at least as mere direction is concerned. I know of it and about where it lies, but never have actually seen it. You should be informed that this mountain is a sacred spot to the Micmacs. They will not lightly permit of a white man even approaching near it. Such action on our part would be fatal as regards their alliance. The Indians would cease to trust us, and might even exterminate all the Acadian settlers or perhaps go so far as to

unite with the English against us. To provoke the Micmacs at this important juncture would be fatal to our cause."

"Nevertheless, it is our intention to see this wonderful mountain. The fact of its actual existence will do more to aid your cause in Quebec and France, than all the redskins of the forest."

"But are the ties of national honor and brotherhood less strong than the yearnings for wealth from this golden mountain?"

"You must not judge the actions of your superiors too closely. I am in exactly the same position as yourself. I do what I am told to do, by a power higher than I."

"But I question if we can even reach the vicinity of this legendary mountain, without being captured and tortured to death. The Micmacs are keen and savage warriors when their religion is assailed, and, moreover, they guard the approaches to all their sacred places with steady watchfulness."

"How much of a journey will it be?"

"No great distance. About twenty miles as the birds fly, but we must circumvent Annapolis, for it lies inland and to the westward of the town. Perhaps our circuit will make it forty miles."

"A trifle! A trifle!" now shouted the excited Glenbucket; and his feelings could only be satisfied by giving vent to an extended series of uncouth screams, which might be supposed to resemble those made by chicken hawks.

Irritated by the discordant noise and cherishing a scarcely concealed anger at these contemplated untimely explorations, Gaspard abruptly left the cave. At the same instant he extinguished the torch, and left them in darkness.

The uproar also awakened the Chevalier and he made feeble efforts to rise to his feet.

“Keep quiet, Montgomery,” said the stout captain, desisting from his outcries. “Rest steadily yet a while and you will be better able to do your share in carrying armfuls of golden nuggets, when we reach this mammoth treasure heap on the day after to-morrow.”

“What is it you say, my dear Glenbucket?” replied the Chevalier feebly, although his accents betokened delight.

“I mean that we are at last close upon the something which will refresh us, after this season of prison cells and drilling.”

“But please explain?”

“With the Chevalier’s quaint ideas concerning honor,” hastily thought the stout captain; “he would scarcely permit the use of an unconscious enemy after the fashion I intend. Therefore, must I also make another mask for him that will prevent his spoiling the feast, through very ignorance of its exact composition. With the treasure once safely across the ocean, it will not be hard to make him laugh over it, I fancy. But now, he would most like cheerfully permit

the both of us to be put underground, rather than commit a slight breach of etiquette." Then aloud: "Although I was captured and taken to the fort within a few hours of my landing, yet did I by no means waste my short stay in the village. I sold the tobacco"—

"Yes, and we dare not lay claim to the supplies for which you were to bargain in exchange?"

"That is so, but I found an admirable fellow; one who knows all the land hereabout, able to guide us to this treasure and to elude our enemies, as well. In short, the one who brought us to this place of refuge."

"Also the one who tried to strangle me, if I make no great mistake?"

"Exactly, but that was only through an excess of zeal in my cause. He intended to hand me files himself, and doubtless thought you were some guard placed over my prison."

"Of his zeal I will cheerfully confess. But what reward that you can offer has inspired him? For never yet have I heard of such devotion without a price. Is he a Jacobite and does it from loyalty?"

"No, no. He is to get a share of the treasure."

"Which he could obtain much more readily alone, than by burdening himself with two such as you and I."

"Nevertheless, he is wholly devoted to

me and I trust you will rest content with the assurance."

"Devoted to you! How about myself?"

"The one is the same as the other. But I must caution you against letting even a hint of our true station in life escape you. Be Montgomery again, if you like, but instead of abstaining from the French tongue speak nothing else, as you value success."

"I fear you are drawing me into some foolhardy scheme of your own invention?"

"No, no; all is perfectly plain and exactly as I have told you. The day after tomorrow, under this faithful fellow's guidance, we ought to have attained our journey's object. I will not allow but what there are dangers intervening from Indians and others, but we will hope to successfully overcome them as we have greater perils in the past. Meanwhile, Your Highness, take what rest you can so that you start upon the adventure fully equipped against fatigue. I will likewise do the same, for the night has been a disturbed one and my brain is a perfect whirl of treasure, ventriloquial sergeants, filing of iron bars and Acadian—Faith, but I well nigh ruined all then," muttered the stout captain. But the Chevalier had quickly passed into a somnolent state, and, if he heard, did not heed the last half of Glenbucket's complainings.

The latter, completely reassured, gathered himself into small compass upon the fragrant

fir boughs, and loud snorings soon proclaimed that his advice to the Chevalier was by no means one-sided.

Gaspard, upon returning to the cavern, thus found the two strangers, and his dark brows contracted while he sat still and waited. When the first faint glimpse of dawn was tinging the tips of the highlands, he wakened the drowsy captain and led him forth from the cave.

"I trust you will pardon my pertinacity," said the Acadian, after having escorted Glenbucket to a small, yet deep pool of water, still enshrouded in the same tall trees which so well guarded the secret of the rocky cavern's existence; "but absolute fidelity to my countrymen requires that I should receive some further assurance of your identity, before blindly piloting you and your companion to this sacred treasure place of the Micmacs."

The captain shivered in anticipation of what was to come.

"Unfortunately," went on Gaspard resolutely; "I have never seen Beausejour, let alone Quebec; so cannot ask you to describe points of these as evidence of your acquaintance."

"Thank goodness for that!" thought the stout captain.

"Moreover, you speak good French, and so does your companion; and you yourself have been imprisoned under the charge of being an Acadian spy."

“Have I not heard a saying concerning a special Providence watching over—fools and children?” somewhat inapplicably passed through the brain of Glenbucket.

“So far, so good! But there is a single point remaining to be cleared up, and it is a most important one.”

Again the Irish captain felt a chill shiver running up and down his spine. Nevertheless, he demanded with every appearance of righteous indignation: “And what is it?”

“Why should the message to me have exactly described you in height and figure, instead of giving the very opposite, as has been the custom?”

“The message was written at my own dictation,” slyly replied Glenbucket. “It is sometimes well to change an old style.”

“Then if you dictated that message, you should be able to repeat it word for word. Do so?”

Luckily, as this had been somewhat impressed upon him by the fancied reflection concerning his own personal appearance when the fort commandant had read it aloud in the orderly room, Glenbucket was able to comply in a fairly correct fashion. Gaspard appeared to be satisfied and was about to lead the way back to the cave where the Chevalier still lay asleep.

“Why did you take the trouble of bringing me to such a spot as this?” inquired the captain wonderingly.

“It is a deep pool, as you can see.”

“Well?”

“No better place in which to conceal a body.”

“What?”

“It was my intention to kill you at once, if your actions seemed sufficiently suspicious, and to sink your body therein.”

“Master Gaspard,” replied Glenbucket, as soon as they had placed some little distance between themselves and the dank pool: “You are indeed a most enthusiastic patriot. If there are but another two or three like you, Acadia will be French again, without any question.”

The Chevalier had now completely recovered and, at the request of Glenbucket, shook Gaspard cordially by the hand, and vowed he kept no feeling but that of admiration for the latter's wonderful strength. They both ate heartily of the plain breakfast which the hunter procured from one of his many hiding places. Glenbucket's appetite was, however, rather dampened by his little morning adventure. Upon the conclusion of the meal they made all preparations for departure, the canoe was launched, and only waited for Gaspard. He stood carefully examining a distant hill, with one hand shading his eyes from the sun's increasing glare.

“It is about time we made a move,” he announced calmly, stepping cautiously aboard the fragile craft. “I can make out no less than eight fir-trees, with their branches trimmed clear to the ground.”

“And what may eight such have to do with our going?” demanded the Chevalier. Gaspard remained silent.

“Answer the question, my dear friend,” croaked Glenbucket knowingly.

“The eight trimmed fir-trees is a signal from one of my compatriots, meaning that a party of eighty odd soldiers from the fort are about to voyage up the river. You can probably best tell whether in pursuit of us or no.”



C H A P T E R X I I

S o m e R i v e r I n c i d e n t s

NO less than eighty!" chuckled Glenbucket, as the Acadian commenced to paddle steadily upstream: "Faith, we seem to be worth considerable attention."

Gaspard looked at him curiously and then said: "They scarcely dare venture inland with smaller force."

"Can we not be of some assistance?" demanded the Chevalier, watching the regular swing of the hunter's paddle.

"Yes, yes, I warrant me that I could well handle one of those long wooden spades," cried Glenbucket.

Hastily changing his position in order to reach for the article in question, he overturned the narrow skiff. In a second they were all three floundering in the water, Glenbucket bellowing like a mad bull in his mingled fright and consternation.

"Cease your dangerous noise," angrily sputtered Gaspard. "Have you not already made sufficient mischief?"

But the stout captain, unable to swim a single stroke, was nigh to drowning; and it required the united aid of the other pair to bring him safely ashore. This accomplished,

the Chevalier at once plunged back again and towed in the overturned canoe. Even such a trifling service did much to propitiate Gaspard, and he assumed a greater degree of cordiality towards the Chevalier, than he had as yet seen fit to do.

“What next?” queried the dripping prince.

“Simply right the canoe,” replied the Acadian. “She has received no injury. But our powder must be well dampened. We will have to turn back to the cave for a new supply. The firearms also are useless until we have taken time to wipe them dry. With the soldiers perhaps close upon our heels this delay may well prove dangerous.”

Leaving the still panting Glenbucket securely hidden among some tall bushes, the other two once more set off in the skiff. They were scarcely more than a mile distant from the islet and the short return was quickly and safely accomplished. But no sooner were they re-embarked, together with a new supply of stores and powder, than the measured stroke of oars became plainly audible. Gaspard ceased swinging his paddle and listened attentively.

“If I had not been so occupied about refitting,” he remarked somewhat apologetically; “I should have heard this fully ten minutes ago, when we would have had ample time to hide both ourselves and the canoe. But now they are close upon us and capture seems inevitable.”

“I think I can manage our safety if, as

you seem to think, you are known in connection with Glenbucket's escape?" modestly declared the Chevalier. "As far as I am personally concerned they can have no reason to suspect me."

"That is good news but I fear they will recognize me too quickly. I have lived at Annapolis for the past six months."

"Then crouch under that bearskin."

The Acadian did as he was bid, at the same time allowing the animal's ears to show above the gunwale of the canoe. He also drew two of their guns beneath him, which left only one firearm protruding. The Chevalier upon his part turned the craft about, and with as much skill as he could assume, commenced to paddle easily back towards Annapolis and the oncoming flotilla. This change had only just been accomplished when the clank of oars burst into new loudness and the boats rounded a jutting point. On they came, until the Chevalier counted no less than ten. They were all of generous size, broad and flat, thus drawing little water and otherwise well adapted for navigation in these uncertain inland waters. Their crews were attired in the picturesque blue and scarlet uniforms of the New England troops. In the first boat was a little group of officers. To the great relief of the Chevalier, one of these chanced to be a certain captain to whom he had been introduced at the fort by Major Campbell.

"How now, Farquharson?" this officer

hailed, as they drew nearer. "You will find hunting to be dangerous sport, if you wander far from our lines."

"This bear gave me but little trouble," replied the supposed militiaman modestly.

"So I see, from the fact of your having him in the boat," laughed the officer; "but you will do well to get speedily towards the town. These Indians and Acadians are said to be ripe for revolt, and all alone as you are you would prove a tempting target for one of their marksmen."

"Good speed to you," called the Chevalier, glad indeed to see them passing without more extended parley.

"Thanks for the wish. The fort mess would appreciate a roast from your bruin," shouted back the officer. And several of his companions joined in waving hats and gloves to the apparently homeward bound canoeist.

The 'cluck-cluck-cluck' of a marsh-hen, from the bush where Glenbucket lay concealed, somewhat distracted the boat party at this moment. One of the privates raised his piece in position to pot the bird should it take wing, but desisted at the stern command of an officer. The flotilla swept steadily onward and was soon concealed by another turn in the winding river. Some few moments later, the Chevalier again guided the skiff about and paddled slowly towards the shore. Gaspard ventured to push his head from beneath the furry covering and, after

having satisfied himself of the boat party now being out of sight, turned towards his companion with a look of deep suspicion.

“You seem to be on good terms with the garrison?”

“It was part of my plan to aid the escape of Glenbucket, and you will notice that it has proved of good service on the present occasion.”

“What are you two chattering about?” demanded the stout captain, coming forth from his place of concealment, full fearful of some chance remark of the Chevalier’s betraying them to the wily hunter. “Let me take my place again, so that we can proceed upon our voyage.”

“Nay, nay,” replied Gaspard. “We will do wisely not to hurry, for a little space at least. It would scarcely be well to accidentally overtake the boats, and there is no knowing as to how far they intend to progress.”

“Pray do not repeat your recent gymnastic efforts, dear Glenbucket,” laughed the Chevalier, as he assisted his stout companion aboard.

“I wager not,” declared the captain, with his teeth rattling together. “The water has chilled me through and through. The second severe chill I have had this morning, I might say. We may travel no faster than a tortoise, for all I reach another wooden blade. But, nevertheless,” he continued, with his round face broadening into an unwieldy grin:

"This same stuttering from the cold, helped me mightily in my rendition of the marsh hen's note."

"What ails the fellow," thought Gaspard viciously. "He seems to think more of these cat-callings than of the stern purposes upon which we are bent."

While progressing slowly they had yet attained some considerable distance up the river, when Glenbucket became impatient.

"How long before we take to the land?" he cried, addressing the Acadian. "All this time we must have our backs upon the treasure hill, for I think you told me it lay inland and yet westward from Annapolis?"

"The paths of the forest are devious," replied Gaspard, stolidly continuing his paddling. "The safest and easiest way will be to take it from the rear, where the Micmacs would doubtless least expect invasion. But hark! I hear oars again. This canoe is too speedy for cautious following of the clumsy garrison boats. They are ahead of us, yet it may not be prudent to tread too closely upon their heels. Better let us land and hide both ourselves and the canoe, for a short space."

Scarcely had this advice been given and somewhat tardily agreed to by the pair of adventurers, when the wisdom of it became apparent. One of the boats, coming back by an unlucky chance, suddenly appeared around the bend. Merely to regain a lost oar, as afterwards appeared, yet both the

Chevalier and Glenbucket stood upon the shore in plain sight and were at once discovered. Gaspard, however, with all his instinctive cunning, had slipped among the undergrowth, where he mentally cursed the recklessness of his companions.

"It is the fat spy!" shouted a voice from the boat, and immediately a gun was fired in the air as a signal to the rest of the flotilla.

Glenbucket's squat figure was of course unmistakable, but the Chevalier gave them little time to determine concerning himself. Plunging into the depths of the forest, holding hands that they might not be separated, the oddly assorted pair at last paused fairly breathless, amid a grove of stately beeches. Yet even here they were by no means safe. Upon all sides they heard the noise made by their pursuers, who had spread out over a considerable stretch of country in order not to miss the fugitives.

"Up with you among these branches," cried the Chevalier. "If we keep perfectly quiet they will likely pass us by unnoticed."

"Climb this tree!" plaintively replied the stout captain. "Get there yourself and let me alone be taken. I will tell them that they only fancied they saw anybody else in my company. Blood and thunder! I would rather fight the lot, than endeavor to worm my way up a tree trunk after the fashion of monkeys. Besides, I have a balance due me on a fine gold chain, by a sergeant at

the fort; and this will be a splendid opportunity to collect the debt. Climb up thyself, Your Highness, and I will most cheerfully even suffer death to shield you."

Paying but scant attention to Glenbucket's protestations, the Chevalier actually forced him by main strength to a position upon one of the lowermost limbs. Further he could not get the stout captain, and, moreover, Glenbucket insisted that he was well screened by the leaves. The Chevalier ascended a branch or two higher, and waited expectantly for the pursuit, which, from the noise of crackling undergrowth, was already close at hand. First one soldier appeared, then another, finally at least a dozen were in sight. To the consternation of the fugitives, several of the men made directly for the tree in which they were hidden.

"Scramble aloft, Jack," shouted one burly fellow. "You are the quickest climber amongst us. Mayhap you will catch a glimpse of the game passing across some vacant place or fording a brook."

The one addressed had already placed his hand against the very limb upon which Glenbucket lay concealed, preparatory to mounting; when a voice was plainly audible, as coming from an adjacent forest monarch: "Here I am. I give myself up."

With a wild rush, the whole mob of soldiery betook themselves in the new direction and began shouting:

"There he is in the top crotch."

"I see him plainly."

"Come down out of there my runaway, or we will help you with a little lead."

The Chevalier, as can readily be imagined, was delighted with the success of his follower's latest acquirement. Glenbucket himself absolutely shook with the effort of keeping from open laughter, as he mumbled under his breath:

"I grudge the knave my chain not one mite. Faith, I have caught the trick at last. One might say it had been frightened into me."

Meanwhile, by far the larger portion of the pursuing party had been drawn to the scene by the shouts from their comrades, and among the newcomers were several officers.

"I can distinguish no form of man," cried one of the latter, gazing earnestly up into the empty tree. "However, if you say he is there and will not come down, why let some ascend and hasten his movements. Hurrylads," he continued, "we have already been too long away from the boats."

Desirous of removing their suspicions still further from the neighborhood, but perhaps much more willing to again exploit his newly found gift; Glenbucket now made his voice sound as if it came from a tall beech still further afield. With single impulse, the pursuers ran in that direction, tumbling over one another in their eagerness and giving vent to shouts of anger and excite-

ment. Moreover, those who had fallen or been knocked down, in their efforts to hastily rise again combined to still further impede the progress of their fellows. Fully half of the detachment quickly lay sprawling on the ground. The sight was altogether too much for Glenbucket's powers of repression. Utterly helpless to resist, he burst forth into a wild roar of laughter, this time without any ventriloquial effects whatsoever. At the same instant his weakened grasp proved treacherous and he rolled—still laughing—from the limb, and landed plain to view upon the green-sward. Mad-dened by the illusion which he had played upon them so successfully, a number of the soldiers came back and handled him so roughly in pinioning his arms, that his laughter was quickly changed into roars of pain. Even while so engaged, some more keen-eyed than the rest had detected a portion of the Chevalier's coat, and pointed it out to the officers. Judging that there was no possibility of escape, the disguised prince descended and was promptly taken care of after the same fashion as the stout captain.

"Farquharson!" declared one of the officers in astonished tones. "You here, and in league with the Acadian spy! And yet scarcely an hour since we met you paddling towards Annapolis!"

"I am no Acadian spy, so please you," blustered out Glenbucket, not however with-

out glancing carefully around in order to see whether Gaspard was also a captive; "as you, who were in the orderly room when I was examined, ought well to appreciate."

"I will admit that you proved yourself to be almost everything else," replied the officer, with a smile. "But now you are caught red-handed following close behind us, not to speak of being found with a companion whose movements, to say the least, are extremely suspicious. Add to this the fact that you must have escaped from the block house, to which our commandant so indulgently transferred you, and I fail to see how we can do less than keep you with us."

Before either of the captives could make reply a soldier approached and saluted.

"Well?" abruptly queried the officer.

"The canoe hidden among the bushes from which these two had undoubtedly just disembarked, belonged to Gaspard D'Etrincourt. Several of us know her well. And we found three rifles alongside the skiff."

"You see, sirs, that your position has become serious," announced the officer in stern accents. "We have full information regarding this Gaspard D'Etrincourt, who was doubtless with you and is yet at large. I will take upon myself the responsibility of deferring our projected expedition towards Grand Pré; and, so soon as the tide favors, will return with you to Annapolis."

Glenbucket recovered sufficiently to do

ample justice to his 'rub-a-dub-dub' accompaniment, as they marched between their guards. But the Chevalier was completely despondent. He could well see that through very ignorance of this Gaspard's identity, he had woven a web which might bring ruin, not only to himself and his own projects, but to Major Campbell, pretty Mary, and her lover, as well.



C H A P T E R X I I I

G a s p a r d ' s M i s s i o n

SOME four or five miles further up the river than that part near which the adventures recorded in the preceding chapter took place, was an Indian village of considerable size. It was called Niktaak, meaning in the vernacular, 'A place at the fork of a river', from its position alongside of a small estuary. Warned by their scouts as to the near approach of a boat expedition from Annapolis, the rudely stockaded wall of this village was well guarded. The hunter who came running towards the single gate, found himself confronted by several score of ferocious looking, copper-hued faces, peering maliciously down at him from the summit of the rampart. After a little parley, however, he was finally admitted, for this newcomer had been the principal intermediary between their nation and the rebellious Acadians; and no white man at that time so possessed their confidence, as Gaspard D'Etrincourt.

This village of Niktaak was composed of several hundred wigwams, arranged in concentric circles. Each one of these primitive structures was decorated upon the out-

side wall with quaintly colored squares and circles, composed of dyed porcupine quills worked into the bark coverings. At the doorways hung curtains of curiously soft and flimsy leather, being nothing more or less than tanned human skins. In the central portion of the village and with a generous amount of clear space about it, stood the huge 'Kelbejo' or 'Wigwam of Council.' A short distance in advance of the main entrance of the latter a stout log had been set butt end down in the earth. It protruded therefrom exactly the supposed height of their mythical Glooscap—about twenty-one feet—and its smoothest side faced the setting sun. This upright log, denominated by the Micmacs a Glooscapweek, possessed several quaint features.

If a land surveyor could have measured with his accurate chains and levels, he would have found that it occupied the exact centre of the village within the stockade. Moreover, it was sunk in the ground to a depth of six feet (representing the average height of a Micmac), and the skeletons of twenty-one animals were imbedded at its base in a circle, with their skulls facing towards it. These skeletons consisted of three each of the seven most important quadrupeds of the peninsula, viz.: the moose, bear, fox, beaver, porcupine, rabbit and muskrat. The Glooscapweek was procured from a sacred grove at a special season of the year, and the ceremonies in connection with its

removal and installation were unique and varied. While in no sense an idol, for the religion of the primitive Micmacs bears a marvelous resemblance to our own Christianity, this Glooscapweek entered into their many forms of ceremony.

Gaspard strode rapidly towards the centre of the village, followed by the most of the community. Removing his hunting knife, powder and shot horns, and various other articles of woodcraft, and laying them upon the ground at the foot of the Glooscapweek, he advanced as far as the threshold of the big central wigwam and there stood in mute patience, waiting for some sign upon the part of his savage hosts.

An aged chief at length drew near, and after the various salutations and questionings which the Micmac etiquette required, laid his weapons alongside of Gaspard's and conducted the latter within the council chamber. One by one the warriors followed suit, and the far half of the floor, which was specially covered with fur skins, soon became occupied by rows of savages, sitting cross-legged and silent. Gaspard was placed in the centre, facing a little group of sakumous (or headmen) who sat together. Then entered the squaws, many of them with papooses strapped on back, who scattered upon either side of the bare half of the floor space. In the centre of the latter and reaching well out beyond the entrance, was a crowd of children of both sexes, whose

occasional quarrelings and shrill outcries were the only disturbing elements in the whole assemblage. Not until all was in order and the gathering complete, did any sound escape the elders. We shall not bore the reader with the ponderous idioms of the Micmac dialect, but translate the more important language that ensued in as simple English as may be.

Gaspard began the talking. After a somewhat lengthy speech, in which he referred to the treaties and agreements entered into by the Acadians and Micmacs, and expatiated upon the latter's promised aid in driving the English invaders out of the land, he said: "How comes it that Ulgedo does not lend his cunning brain to our council?"

A grunt of ejaculation broke from many of the warriors, who could not help but note the significant fashion in which this question was pronounced.

"Ulgedo is a messenger for Le Souriquois" (meaning literally 'the salt water men' but referring more particularly to the garrison of Fort Beausejour, a French stronghold on the Bay of Fundy) "and takes long walks from our village;" replied one of the chiefs gravely.

"And do messengers lie asleep in the open fields?"

A thrill ran through the assemblage at this simple question.

"It is not the fashion of the Micmacs to do so," replied the same chief.

“And yet, many have told me that Ulgedo is an Abenqui?”

“Some Abenquis are still Micmacs, even if all Micmacs be not Abenquis.”

“Then must there be some news in this, for Ulgedo lies asleep in the open fields, close by a large white rock near the muskrats' feeding grounds.”

“How know you this?”

“With these, my own eyes, saw I him.”

“And why did you not arouse Ulgedo?”

“He paid no heed to my voice. Perhaps he waits for his own people?”

“Some of our young men shall quickly hence and waken him.”

“Yet let them move softly, lest they too fall asleep; for these soldiers from the fort are near at hand, and may also make them drowsy with bullets.”

At a signal from the chiefs, several of the younger warriors now arose and silently left the hall. For nearly two hours this strange assemblage remained in the same position which they had assumed on entering. No single word, nor even look, was exchanged. All sat perfectly motionless. Gaspard imitated their stoicism as well as he was able, but his keen glance could not refrain from occasionally wandering about the wigwam. At last the young men returned, carrying the body of the Indian whom Gaspard had shot some few days preceding. Room was made for them to bring the corpse within the precincts of the chamber,

but beyond this no sign of emotion or surprise made itself visible.

"Truly, you have spoken well. Ulgedo sleeps," said one of the chiefs, after a long interval of waiting.

"Many who I see around me will soon so sleep," declared Gaspard impressively. "These soldiers who come from the fort in their fleet of boats will not be satisfied with one."

"But Ulgedo did not fall asleep to-day?" said an Indian, pointing to the body.

"Neither come the English only with this single sun," quickly retorted the hunter.

"What more have you to tell us?" now demanded the most aged of the chiefs. "No white man, be he English or French, would ever come to our council only that he might laugh at our sleeping."

"These fort soldiers have captured my two companions," declared Gaspard; "and it chanced that the pair are just come from the walled city upon a high hill" (Quebec). "Should we allow them to be carried away from us, our great men will be angry."

"Where are your own Acadians?"

"This blow comes unexpectedly. My people do not carry guns in their hands, like the Micmacs. They will be here to-morrow. But it may then be too late."

"The big earth fort cannot fly away?"

"But the English have winged canoes, and my friends may be carried across the great beaver pond."

“For many moons have we heard that the Acadians would destroy the big earth fort and their white brothers. But the promised day is slow in coming.”

“It is now near at hand, but you, our allies, must commence even before.”

“Why should we? The English do not take away our guns, as they have from your people? There is time for everything to happen.”

“It is enough,” declared Gaspard, rising slowly to his feet and speaking in tones of deep scorn. “I came but to tell you that Ulgedo slept upon the open field, and that these fort soldiers had laid him there. I see that the Micmacs are cowards and will soon be asleep themselves. They are only fit to talk and look wise, and their blood is growing white from doing nothing. Ulgedo must sleep without an enemy’s scalp to take with him to the happy hunting grounds.”

In thus taunting them, Gaspard showed his thorough acquaintance with the subtleties of the young redskin mind. Caution was thrown to the winds and the cold-blooded calculations of their elders received but scant attention. Yet no direct evidence of this was to be at once gathered from the general tone of the assemblage. While Gaspard still stood up, undecided whether to go or stay, a season of speechnaking began. One by one, the principal warriors in turn addressed their fellows. The words were more or less prosaic and merely had to do

with the merits of the departed Ulgedo. As this advanced, however, they soared into the extreme heights of Indian eulogies. His skill in hunting, in council, and in war, could have been nothing less than marvelous, to judge from the later speakers. When all were finished silence once more reigned supreme. Gaspard slowly sank to the ground and his heart beat expectantly, for he realized that his mission was to be even more successful than he had hoped. Suddenly the spell was broken. One young warrior leaped to his feet with a fierce yell, and dashing out of the kebeljo ran towards the pile of weapons at the foot of the Glooscapweek. Picking his own heavy hunting knife unerringly from their midst, he commenced to cut and hack at the massive post, at the same time dodging about and yelling as if engaged in hand to hand battle with a foe-man. The effect was electrical upon the other redskins inside the council tent. As one man, they rushed to join their companion in his frenzied feat of arms. Crowded around the Glooscapweek in a compact body, they even fought with one another in order to reach it; and the air was filled with flying chips and human blood. In an almost incredibly short space of time the stout log was completely hewn through, and its top part fell among them maiming many and fracturing the skull of one who chanced to be directly beneath. But not the slightest attention was paid to their dead or wounded. The

women and children, at the first assault upon the sacred pole, had brought from the wigwams birch bark trays full of colored chalks and pigments. With these the wildly excited warriors now began to daub both faces and bodies. In a few moments their naturally ferocious appearance was enhanced to the aspect of very demons, by vivid streaks of red and blue. And the satanic glare of their eyes completed the resemblance.

The mad shouting and wild shrieks of anger continued interminably. In this, the women and girls took no part but stood placidly watching the excited movements of their lords and masters. The boys, however, imitated as best they could the actions of the elders, daubed themselves and one another with the colored pigments and even stooped down upon the ground to lap up some blood which lay in little pools about the hacked-off base of the Glooscapwek.

Then came the war feathers. As soon as these were placed upon their heads, the warriors relapsed into their former condition of mute stolidity. Picking up blood-sprinkled guns and accoutrements from the ground they proceeded to gather in one compact mass, while their leaders debated together upon the plan of campaign.

Then, with Gaspard in their midst, they moved off in single file, the hundreds of moccasined feet making no audible noise whatsoever. In a few moments they had disappeared within the depths of the forest.

C H A P T E R X I V

A F a t a l A n s w e r

IT was more than an hour from the time of their first capture before the Chevalier and Glenbucket were finally escorted to the boats. This delay was occasioned by a fruitless search for Gaspard, who, the pursuing party felt assured, had been in the company of the two adventurers.

"Never mind. We probably have the most important of the three," at last declared the major petulantly: "Drummer, sound the recall."

Close upon the crisp rattling of the little fellow's instrument, the men straggled in; many with faces and hands bleeding from rough contact with brambles, and all looking particularly fatigued by reason of their excessive efforts. After a march of trifling distance through the forest the party came to a mud-bottomed depression, devoid of trees. Upon the edge of this, the ten boats lay ranged.

"Odds bobbikins!" laughed the irrepressible Glenbucket. "Do you row upon the dry land?"

The Chevalier also gazed about him in mild astonishment. "Where is the water?" he finally asked an officer.

“You must have come overland, not to know that, excepting in the early spring months, these creeks are dependent upon the rise and fall of the tide for their contents.”

“We came by sea and never set eye on this wilderness until a few days ago, I tell you,” pettishly replied Glenbucket. “And yet I noticed at Annapolis even, that your wharf was absurdly tall. One would imagine the tides rise higher and lower in proportion here than in any other part of the world?”

“And so I think they do. A matter of sixty feet more or less!”

“What!” cried Glenbucket incredulously, “Sixty feet? Let us aboard the boats at once. I care not to be drowned like a caged rat on a sand bar.”

“Fear not,” laughed the other. “All the land about us, excepting these creek channels which form such an easy means of travel, lies well clear above this daily flood.”

While waiting for the coming of the waters, which should enable them to expeditiously return with their captives to the town, the party went into a species of bivouac, stretching themselves out in the roomy boats and comfortably consuming the rations which were served out to them by a commissary. Their late exertions in pursuit of the fugitives rendered this a pleasant interval, and many of the men even took advantage of the opportunity to indulge in sleep. The Chevalier and Glenbucket being laid side by side, soon found it possible to

exchange opinions in a low voice without any risk of being overheard.

"I presume that I have you to thank for this meddling with an Acadian rebel," began the Chevalier indignantly.

"Faith, and he gave me but little choice in the matter. He is one of the most persevering and audacious men I have thus far met." Then the stout captain proceeded to unfold the whole history of his connection with Gaspard, beginning with the exasperating birch bark messages and not forgetting the Acadian's confidential account of the extensive preparations made by his countrymen for an uprising, nor the incident of the early morning colloquy beside the deep pool of water.

"But we two could have easily overpowered this Gaspard, not necessarily to injure but simply to bind, so that he could not release himself for several hours," said the Chevalier. "Then, by going about our own business and not bothering with his, all would have been the same as before."

"You do not know the man," eagerly replied Glenbucket in tones of trepidation. "Once let him have the proof of our being not what we seemed to him, and presto! our treasure exploring and efforts would have amounted to merely two dead bodies, bearing an exact resemblance to you and me, snuggled side by side at the bottom of his pool. I vow that I actually feel safer here, a bound captive, than I would be at

large with you in the forest, and him apprised of our deception.”

“Our deception? Yours, you mean?”

“Well, either way as you will; but, trust me, he would make no such nice distinctions.”

“Yet here are we in a far from enviable condition. The evidence against us is damning, and the fort commandant also will scarcely quibble over technicalities. One volley, and the crown of England will henceforth be unmolested by a Stuart.”

“Announce yourself to them. They would never dare commit such regicide.”

“Who is there to absolutely prove my identity? They would laugh at the idea of a lone adventurer asserting such a preposterous thing! What could possibly bring the Chevalier de St. George to this out of the way region? Besides, even if feasible for me to exchange a quick death for a lingering one in a British dungeon, which I much doubt, of what would it avail to you?”

“Tush! Let not that disturb you. When my time comes I'll warrant that I meet it as sturdily as the next one. I may appear outwardly timorous at times, but it is merely a physical nervousness and absolute dread is a stranger to me.”

The Chevalier could not help smiling at this quaint explanation of his companion, but the latter appeared to be too busy to note it. He was engaged in bringing his

pinioned arms somewhat nearer to those of the Chevalier.

"These bunglers have not thought it worth while to secure you as thoroughly as I, the presumed spy," whispered the stout captain. "With the aid of my finger tips I think your bonds should loosen bravely. Enough at any rate for you to work at good advantage."

"But of what avail would be my liberty? They compass us about on every side?"

"It may seem little, but I think that I can give you one run for your life. Relieved of the burden of my slowness you ought to outdistance them."

"I do not well know how you can manage it. And then, even if I should escape, it would forge still another link for your own conviction. No, no, Glenbucket; we have had our fling and failed. Let us bear the penalty as well as we may."

"Not so, Chevalier. Great issues depend upon your preservation. While the world will not even note the passing of a Glenbucket, a Stuart, and what is more, a rightful heir to the crown of England, becomes a far different matter."

"Good Heavens! Cease this idle prattle. Who knows but what some around us may chance to overhear."

"Will you promise to avail yourself of the opportunity for escape which I expect to soon lay bare for you? And then, remem-

ber, my own case will not be so helpless as you seem to imagine. Tush! You liberated me once from these clumsy colonial jailers! Can you not do it over again before they lead me to execution? Then away we go upon our treasuring expedition, with the supplies you told me of as being hidden to your hand, and which we have hitherto neglected through the intervention of this tall hunter. And if Gaspard chances to again intrude upon us, I will simply order him away to some distant territory on a scouting trip. For the rogue cannot yet be aware of my falseness and will obey me implicitly, as heretofore. Faith, you must see that in saving yourself you also rescue me. I am simply begging you for my own life, when I ask you to dodge these soldiers and their bullets?"

"Reasoned admirably well, my good Glenbucket," smilingly replied the Chevalier. "I can perceive that you need but a little more of this Acadian adventure to make you wise enough for a prime minister. I marvel at your logic while I appreciate the devotion you show. However, favor me with some idea of this opening for escape you hold out?"

"I cannot for it is scarcely plain as yet in my own mind. But, remember, that if all goes well, the raising of my voice in song will be a signal for you to rid yourself of the bonds which I have already loosened. And in the next propitious moment, you can make a break for it."

The thing sounded so impracticable to the Chevalier that he scarcely considered the matter seriously, but allowed his thoughts to wander away to other scenes and lands. Not altogether, however, for the ring upon his finger brought the sweet face of Mary Campbell before his mental vision, and he smiled somewhat sadly at the picture.

Meanwhile, Glenbucket had managed to elevate his head a trifle by resting it against the side of the boat, and now commenced a most spirited rendition of his choicest imitations. The sounds of various musical instruments were followed by cries of animals and birds, from the neighing of a horse to the twitter of a sparrow. At last, when he became more noisy than was quite agreeable, one of the officers held up his hand and motioned him to stop.

"While we are by no means averse to some form of amusement that may cheer our waiting hours, Master Imitator," the officer said, as Glenbucket obediently ceased at his gesture; "we do not care to be absolutely deafened. Can you entertain with a milder form of illusion, such as that with which you favored us in the woods a short time ago?"

"Why, most certainly, but not in this recumbent position. Let me be seated on one of the thwarts, so that my voice can have clear air in which to be thrown, and I warrant you will be astonished at my efforts."

"Can you never get done with your foolery?" muttered the Chevalier.

"Keep thy brain awake for my song. Then will be the time. All goes well. These fellows are doing exactly what I wish?" whispered the stout captain, paying no heed to his companion's reprimand.

Before he could say further, two of the soldiers arose at a word from their officer and placed Glenbucket in the position which he had requested. Those of the occupants of the boats who were not sleeping, drew as near as they were conveniently able and concentrated their attention upon the stout captain. This left the Chevalier, who lay in the bow of a boat, practically unnoticed and upon the outside of the interested circle. With the characteristic carelessness of the English officers of that period, no sentries had been placed upon the shore, and he began to think that Glenbucket's scheme was not so completely foolhardy as it had first appeared.

"Now gentlemen, officers and soldiers," commenced Glenbucket, with all the pompous manner of a showman; "I would have you understand that there is no particle of black magic in this art of throwing the voice, moreover"—

"Let the men all have a ration of rum," apparently interrupted the commanding officer, who sat in the next boat.

"Hey! What!" this individual ejaculated, as every one involuntarily glanced towards

him and showed by the expression of their faces how agreeable such a proposition appeared to them. "I did not say that."

"Yes, you did, you know you did," apparently retorted the small drummer boy, in squeaky insolent tones.

"What?" thundered the officer in amazement. "You dare to contradict me! I'll have"—

"Stop, I beg of you, sir," interrupted Glenbucket placidly. "This has all been my doing. Neither yourself or the drummer made those two remarks."

The boy, who had turned red at the accusation, now began to blubber and protest his own innocence. Ejaculations of wonder broke out on every side and even the major relaxed sufficiently to smile.

"Let the ration of rum be served at any rate," he said, "and give the prisoner a double portion, for he surely deserves it."

As soon as this pleasant interruption had been gotten through with, Glenbucket continued: "I shall now give you a song," he said explanatorily, "which is supposed to be sung by two people—a young woman and myself."

At these significant words the Chevalier became on the alert and commenced to rid himself of his bonds, which to his great delight proved to be a work of but slight difficulty.

Glenbucket sang in his natural tones:

"I will give you a paper of pins,
For that's the way true love begins,
If you will marry, marry me,
If you will marry me."

Then from the far side of the dried-up stream, apparently sounded a voice in high key, which might excusably be taken for that of a female:

"I will not take your paper of pins,
For that's not the way true love begins,
And I'll not marry, marry you,
And I'll not marry you."

The Chevalier's hands were now entirely free and, reaching down, he commenced upon his leg fastenings. Glenbucket's second verse ran:

"I will give you the key of my heart,
That we may love and never part,
If you will marry, marry me,
If you will marry me."

Again the maiden's voice sounded, as if from the opposite shore, declining this tempting offer like its predecessor. By this time, the busy fingers of the Chevalier had practically cleared all his fastenings, and he waited only for the next reply of Glenbucket's invisible innamorata, which should draw the attention of his captors wholly away from him, in order to leap out upon the strand and dive beneath the protecting shade of the handy forest. The stout captain sang another stanza:

"I will give you the key of my chest,
That you may have money at your behest,
If you will marry, marry me,
If you will marry me?"

Although Glenbucket trembled slightly and the Chevalier breathed hard, the answering voice was plainly audible; and the impromptu audience turned instinctively in the direction from which it apparently came :

"I will take the key of your chest,
That I may have money at my behest,
And I will marry, marry you,
And I"—

But the song was drowned in a perfect roar of musket shots, ringing the little detachment all about. The Chevalier, who was just at the point of springing up to make his run for life, was thrown backward again by the fall of several dead bodies upon him. In an instant all was confusion. The peaceful scene of a few seconds' since was replaced by a miniature battle field, with the grim accompaniment of dead and dying. In vain the officers shouted wild orders and led handfuls of men hither and thither in fruitless charges. Hemmed completely about, with only such scant shelter as the stranded boats afforded; and exposed to a murderous and continual fire at short range, the small battalion melted away like soft snow in a rainstorm.

With wild howls of exultation a horde of hideously painted savages burst from out of

the forest, and paying no heed to the dropping of companions as the few remaining soldiers fired point blank into their midst, threw themselves upon the gallant defenders with irresistible force and numbers. In less time almost than it has taken to pen this hasty description, the fighting was over. Like fiendish ghouls the infuriated redskins threw themselves upon the prostrate forms of dead and dying alike, and with their keen-edged knives horribly mangled, while they scalped, the heads of their massacred opponents. And only did this inhuman butchery cease with the rise of the returning tide, which had showed itself almost imperceptibly at the first roar of the ambushade. On came the water, mantling the fallen half-naked savage and uniformed soldier alike, in its folds, and seeming by its lapping upon the mud desirous of wiping out the foul stains upon its channel. Thus did this place come to be called Bloody Creek, a name which it bears to the present day.

Amid all this turmoil, Glenbucket and the Chevalier seemed to bear charmed lives. The former lay grovelling between two boats. The latter, struggling helplessly in the effort to release himself from the pressure of dead bodies. Of course, their being left unharmed was through the agency of Gaspard, but completely ignorant of this fact they expected every moment to be their last. The Acadian hunter, with the aid of several Indians who had by this time appeased their

appetite for human blood, now drew the two adventurers away from the fatal spot.

"It has but begun our rebellion a little sooner," said Gaspard, addressing Glenbucket in apologetic tones. "I trust you will see the necessity of urging quick aid from Quebec. Of course, we Acadians must now join hands with what Indian allies can be gathered and advance upon Annapolis. Without artillery it will be impossible to reduce the fortress, but until your promised regiment arrives, stragglers and night attacks may"—

Glenbucket was too much overcome by the recent event to even listen, let alone reply. But the Chevalier flamed forth in wild interruption:

"Do you call this massacre your rebellion? And are we spared to realize our own shame? Rather would I have died beneath this onslaught than lived to know the remorse of being saved through such foul means."

"But it was the only way," retorted Gaspard wildly. "You talk like a foeman to our cause?"

"And so I am. Know me for a true Briton who envies the lot of his fallen countrymen."

"And you?" quickly retorted Gaspard, turning upon the groaning Glenbucket; "Are you from Quebec, and our spy, as you claim?"

Without even taking the trouble to qualify the Acadian's somewhat broad assertion, the stout captain wearily shook his head in the negative. Turning abruptly upon his

heel Gaspard said something to one of the Micmac chiefs, and stalked hurriedly away. The two adventurers were escorted, unmolested and apparently without duress, to the Indian village.



C H A P T E R X V

T h e I r o n y o f F a t e

THE Chevalier and his companion passed but an indifferent twelve hours, following upon the ambuscade and their arrival at the Indian village of Niktaak. Even slumber could scarce be satisfactorily accomplished, although their beds of fur skins were soft enough to please the most fastidious. The memories of that murderous slaughter, as well as their own unfortunate connection therewith, were too fresh and vivid to allow them any sufficient repose. Even Glenbucket was so overcome that he forbore the exploitation of his usual selfish maxims. As for the Chevalier, he looked and acted like one scarce awakened from some hideous dream.

There were no special tokens of joy over their successful feat of arms, or yet of sorrow at the loss of comrades, upon the part of the inhabitants of the stockaded village. With the return of the expedition, its members dispersed quietly to their several habitations, and the peaceful silence which lay over the settlement at nightfall was as pastoral as any nature-poet could desire. With the coming of dawn and the sounds of

re-awakening about them, the two adventurers became more reconciled as well as conscious of their own perilous position.

"I have had more than enough of this uncivilized philandering," commenced the stout captain. "Let us at once hence, get our treasure, and begone to countries where one may fight in the open, without disguise."

"Nicely said," retorted his companion, "but although your programme sounds easy it may not work out to such good purpose."

"What is there to prevent?"

"Seven or eight strong reasons, at least. The first one is that we are prisoners, and I apprehend that this is sufficient for the present, without bothering to give any more in detail."

"Granted that we are in such position, although I do so only for argument's sake. Yet, I would have you mark, we are still live prisoners!"

"Maybe living now, but good as dead, being in the hands of bloodthirsty savages."

"Pardon me, Your Highness, you are wrong in your reckoning. As I said before, we are as yet alive, even if prisoners. Now, a live prisoner is worth an army of dead ones. We are double, and consequently equal to two armies. Should such an array of living, find it difficult to break loose from a mere handful of captors?"

"There is wit in your reason but very little reason in your wit!"

“And who shall say which is the greatest of these two. Reason gives weary legs, while wit lifts the feet along without noticing it. I'd rather have a jolly companion in a hard day's marching, than a pair of seven league boots.”

“By choosing you to accompany me on this expedition, Glenbucket, I vow I showed more genius than others give me credit for.”

“Your Highness, while I blush at the compliment, I cannot help but coincide with you.”

“Plague take the man, for his conceit! You remember that so low had sunk my fortunes there were only three from whom I could pick?”

“Yes, Your Highness. D'Orsay, McDonald, and myself.”

“The former, although both wise and able, spoke no English, so he proved to be entirely out of the question.”

“Admirably reasoned, indeed,” commented the stout captain, in tones of complete self-satisfaction.

“McDonald, while well equipped in every other particular, was too wise, in that he declined to enter upon such a foolhardy undertaking.”

“And so you chose me?”

“To be truthful, not exactly chose; but you were the third and only one I could have. But I will say this: I do not regret the others.”

“You flatter me, Your Highness. D'Or-

say, as you are well aware, would have involved you both by his French and cunning; McDonald, by his strength and stupidity. In me, you found the two qualities most desirable for success, in this or any other enterprise."

"What are they?"

"Cheerfulness and staying powers."

"If these two mean success, egad! you have them all right, my Glenbucket."

With such, and much more varied nonsense, did the stout captain not only talk himself into a more comfortable frame of mind, but at the same time lead the Chevalier along to a similar condition. This, combined with an ample breakfast of roast venison which was brought by a squaw, served to restore them to something of their usual state of buoyancy.

"And now let us proceed upon some activity," began the Chevalier, "for unless we escape promptly from this prison, our shrift, according to your own account, will be a short one at the hands of this cozzened Gaspard D'Etrincourt."

"But are we prisoners?"

"Why do you question such a thing?"

"I see no bolts, bars, locks, or even warders."

"Then if it be so, let us bid our hosts adieu, and travel on."

"Just what I was about to suggest."

They thereupon adjusted their clothing and emerged from out of the birch bark tent.

Save for some native women at work and a few children grovelling in the mud, who paid no apparent attention to the movements of the pair, not a guard or warrior was in sight.

"This looks well," spoke the Chevalier. "Yonder stockade can easily be scrambled over, and then, I take it, we return about our own business."

"But there must be a gate," replied the stout captain. "You might make easy work of those tall pickets but they would prove a distressing obstacle for me."

"Then let us find this portal, for time presses."

After winding in and out among circling rows of wigwams they arrived at the rude entrance. It consisted of pairs of stout posts driven into the ground at either side. Between these could be piled a high barricade of logs. At the moment it gaped wide open, but some half dozen warriors lay asleep upon the ground in front.

"This seems scarcely courteous in us to haste away, without leavetaking and thanks for hospitality?"

"And yet if you follow my lead you will tip-toe cautiously, and wait for more convenient season in which to stand on etiquette."

Even as they drew near the entrance several of the drowsy guard opened their eyes, and, sitting up, motioned them back with quiet gestures.

"Here are warders at last," said Glenbucket,

as they somewhat disconsolately retraced their footsteps.

“However, the stockade did not look to be so guarded. It would have perhaps been as well had we left the gate untried.”

“The tall pickets will make a painful climb for me,” commented the stout captain lugubriously. “But better they than Gaspard.”

Arriving at this log fence, upon the side of the village furthest removed from the entrance, they began to get over it. With some slight difficulty the Chevalier managed to seat himself astride of the top. But the portly Glenbucket made infinite labor of the thing. Even with the assistance of the downstretched hands of his companion, the wooden wall well tested his climbing abilities. And at last, when seated, completely winded alongside of his companion upon its height, he gave but a single glance around and then, with an ejaculation of affright, tumbled down again to the ground on the inside. One look also served to show the Chevalier a cause for this haste. Two gun barrels peeped out from the shelter of the forest, and a pair of hideous redskin faces were back of the firearms. The Chevalier followed Glenbucket's returning movements although somewhat more leisurely, and the two made haste back to their former wigwam.

“It took both time and trouble, but we have at least seen our bolts, bars, and what not,” commented the Chevalier.

Glenbucket was too busily occupied in

groaning and rubbing his bruises to make any reply.

Some little while later a shadow came over the doorway of the tent, and Gaspard entering, stood before them. A grim silence bound all three alike for a long waiting interval, but at last Glenbucket interrupted it by the shrill trill of a song bird.

"This is no hour for your nonsensical accomplishment," said the Acadian, in tones of deep gravity. "Better that your souls should prepare to meet their Maker. You both must surely die."

"Come, you make a great matter of it," laughed Glenbucket nervously. "What have we done to be thus murdered?"

"Murdered? . . . Yes, and truly so it almost seems . . . It is what makes me sad . . . Face to face in skirmish or battle, I should take huge delight in shooting or slaying both you and your companion."

"I reciprocate the sentiment," replied the stout captain ponderously, "and I think my companion is also of the same mind."

The Chevalier bowed his head in assent.

"This is better than I thought," resumed Gaspard, in a relieved tone of voice.

"You will therefore set us free and wait a future meeting?" inquired Glenbucket readily.

"Not at all. I can now have you executed with a clearer conscience, as you avow yourselves to be my deadly enemies."

“Hey! What? Friend Gaspard!” incredulously retorted the Irish captain. “While we may hate one as a lawful enemy when in the ranks of battle, yet we do not upon our part think ill enough of you personally to commit murder should you be delivered into our hands. Speaking socially and aside from the usages of warfare, I vow and protest that you seem to me a most companionable sort of fellow. If you were our prisoner I should see you put in a safe place and perhaps released scot free when animosities were over with.”

“But we Acadians have no safe prison, and to guard you would require a special detail from our scanty ranks. By your imposition upon me you have become familiar with too many of our secrets. We could not afford to run the risk of your escaping to Annapolis. Besides, your business, and the loss of communication with the real spy, has disorganized our whole rebellion. We know not how to commence. I do foolishly to even argue the point. You have surely merited death and so must suffer the penalty.”

“But my friend here, the—er—Mr.—Farqu—I mean—Montgomery. He is not involved. Remember, you confided nothing to him. He was even ignorant until our capture by the British—and heigho!—it would seem that everybody is our enemy, for Indians, Acadians and our own countrymen appear to lay claim to equal rights of imprisoning us—Yet, as I was saying, my companion

knew not even that you were an Acadian rebel until our capture by the boat party.”

“And who told it him then?”

“It seems that they have received information concerning you at the fort.”

“As I well knew. But I would not trust your tongue. Confided you not something to him?”

To the horror of Glenbucket the Chevalier now chimed in the conversation. He said: “Know that Glenbucket told me all he knew, and perhaps even more; just a short time before your bloodthirsty massacre.”

With a comical gesture of despair, the fat captain commenced to sound the instrumental dirge with which victims of high state were sometimes accompanied to the scaffold.

“It is enough,” said Gaspard harshly. “I would have you know that I find it hard in bringing myself to order your death. But stern duty and patriotism must come first and”—

“The sentiment increases my admiration for you,” interrupted the Chevalier, frankly extending his hand. “Believe me, I honor you for it.”

“Fools! Both arrant fools,” muttered Glenbucket, rolling his eyes about disconsolately. “And yet the majority of human folk would side with them. Truly, I believe we wise people are in a decided minority upon this earth.”

Turning his head to one side, and giving no

apparent attention to the outstretched palm of the Chevalier, Gaspard stood stock-still for a moment longer. Then, abruptly turning about, he hurried away from the wigwam. Close upon his departure came two Acadians, armed with muskets and long knives.

"We commend ourselves to your good graces," said the Chevalier in the French tongue and with cordial tones of greeting.

"What! You speak our language?" said one of them in evident astonishment. "And yet you are English?"

"Why, yes, to both questions. What do you wish of us?"

"We are now your guards, in place of the Indians. You will be ready to accompany our party as soon as the night and tide serves."

"May we not know where we are to be taken?"

"Why I see no harm in that. To a small islet down river."

"Cease your prattle, Charlois," spoke up his companion. "There is a possibility that these confidences may not please brother Gaspard."

The two guards now made their exit, but from the noises heard outside had doubtless taken up a position in the neighborhood of the wigwam.

"A small islet down river!" said Glenbucket in quavering tones. "Now I know why I shivered as I looked upon the deep

pool. It is a sure sign of being near one's final resting place."

"Then let us defy fate by dying here."

"How now? Killing one's own self is uncomfortable work."

"Fool! Who talks of such a thing. I have no stomach for being butchered. Let us make them kill us here, and quickly?"

"What is it? The game seems cold enough, yet still far warmer than that pool."

"When next our two guards shall enter, leap we upon them. Snatch their arms and kill, either in the order I have named or reversely, if it must be so. Then load and outside, and what with shooting and cutting, we shall give them cause to remember us right pleasantly. Of course, we cannot finally escape their superior numbers, but it will be better than being led like cattle to a slaughter-house."

"I'm with you, Chevalier. But little thought I that such would be my end. However, it may be hours before the opportunity comes. It will not harm for me to practice over some of my amusements. The world will some day regret the cutting off of such an imitator, I warrant me."

The Chevalier, in pursuance of his plan, now crouched upon one side of the entrance. Glenbucket did the same at the other. The latter commenced to reproduce all of his most cherished renditions in a sort of muffled undertone. Many of these crude sounds, familiar through connection with their late

adventures, affected the Chevalier, and he could not refrain from smiling sadly. Several hours must have elapsed without interruption, when the sound of approaching footsteps became plainly audible.

"Now is the time, Glenbucket," whispered the Chevalier.

"I am ready, Your Highness."

"Forgive me, for bringing you to your end in this rash adventure?"

"Forgiveness! Faith, I consider it an honor to die with you."

"Then farewell, noble heart. Our brief turmoil of battle will scarcely give time to exchange another word."

"I shall shout your name with my last breath. Farewell."

Upon each side of the wigwam they stood, ready to spring upon the guards. The blanket at the entrance was drawn aside, but it was only a squaw who entered, bearing an earthenware dish of hot soup. This she placed on the floor, and passed out again.

"Such delay is exasperating," quoth Glenbucket. "It is mealtime however, and we need strength for our work. Let us sup."

"As you will. My appetite is but poor."

Nevertheless they both took turns in quaffing down the broth, which was extremely fragrant and delicious. They then resumed their former positions.

It was twilight when three or four Acadians entered the tent. Glenbucket and the Chevalier lay upon its floor unconscious.

"Truly, this herb did its work well," said one.

"Enough of talk. They must at once be carried to the boat. This fat dwarf will make no slight burden. But we can take him in turns."

Not without some difficulty was the transfer accomplished.

"'Tis making great trouble for little moment," said one, as arrived at the boat they placed the two unconscious bodies within.

"Gaspard will have it so."

"When does the tide serve?"

"Not for some hours yet."

"Then let us to the meeting place and discuss plans with our neighbors."

"And leave the two prisoners unguarded?"

"The narcotic will keep them quiet for twelve hours at least. In fact, they will never wake alive, as we shall be at the islet long before."

"Outposts guard the whole front. Only our boat has permission to pass through. There are no traitors inside the lines."

"And the meeting place is within sound, if not sight! Scarcely a quarter of a mile distant."

"Come, let us go. 'Twill not be over an hour."



C H A P T E R X V I

Navigation Extraordinary

THE tides upon the Bay of Fundy are phenomenal and must be seen in order to receive due appreciation.

Not is it alone the height to which they rise and fall—fifty, sixty, and in some cases even seventy feet—but the rapidity with which they pass from one extreme to the other, is also well nigh marvelous. Within the narrow-entranced Basin of Annapolis and its tributaries, the degree of power and direction of the wind has much to do with the time of ebb and flood. Tide tables are not to be blindly depended upon in this vicinity, as many a hurrying sailor has found out to his cost.

Upon the night of our story this tide was just as capricious as it often is in these days. Scarce had the little guard of Acadians become fairly engrossed in the discussion of future plans with their fellows, before the flood gave one last surge and started to return the way it had come. This final surge rolled up under the grounded boat and carried her off, together with the two drugged captives, lying upon her bottom boards. Silently and slowly, at first, as the waters

gathered momentum, past Indian village and unsuspecting Acadian outposts, went the craft; then, gaining speed down the long reaches, turning the bends with the guiding current as neatly as if steered by a skillful coxswain. The boat must have been rushing by Gaspard's islet before the Acadians became aware of her departure, and by that time successful pursuit was well nigh hopeless. On and on, by Annapolis town and unnoticed in the darkness from the ramparts of the fort. Travelling clear of the anchored guardship, upon whose quarter deck young Lieutenant Farquharson steadily paced, thinking much more of his broken engagement with Mary Campbell than of possibilities in free drifting boats. And so, out upon the broad surface of the huge Basin and trending mile upon mile nearer to the dangerous passage, opening towards greater seas beyond. But the guiding hand of Providence seemed to stay them from deep water dangers. Down at the far end of the Basin the back eddy caught the boat, and whirling her about drew away shoreward, until nestling against a friendly sand-bar she rested awhile from her travels.

After many hours the sun arose to find her high and dry, in the exact meaning of these expressive words. Yet still the two adventurers lay quiet.

In due time the waters rose again. The boat started upon another voyage. Unless

interrupted, she would retrace her former course.

“Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la!” came in a sort of crooning from the stout captain, who was being gently rocked from side to side with the motion of the boat.

Then followed a long drawn sigh from the Chevalier.

With an ejaculation of astonishment, Glenbucket scrambled to his feet and stared wildly about. This slight noise had its effect upon his companion. With an answering exclamation of surprise, the latter sat up and looked around. Glenbucket was now dancing up and down, pinching his flesh and examining himself from head to foot as well as he was able.

“Can this be death, think you?” he began to question. “I remember only drinking some broth at the Indian wigwam. Perchance, the squaw poisoned it and we have passed into a new life? What is that story concerning a River Styx and ferrying over”—

“Ease your mind in that regard, my dear Glenbucket,” interrupted the Chevalier laughingly. “This craft is of the same type, and may well be one of those boats belonging to the fort party, so hideously massacred. Moreover, the scene about us has a familiar look and the pangs of hunger assure me that I am still flesh and blood. But I will acknowledge to being as much mystified as yourself in regard to this marvelous transition.”

“Hunger! Ah, I felt that way myself yet dared not mention it. Where are we?”

“In a boat and drifting at a fair rate, as well.”

“So I perceive but—stay! Look at this island ahead. I saw it a few days ago, I am sure. We are—yes, yes, of course. To think”——

“Will you get over your yes-yesing and all the rest of it, and speak plain words? Where are we?”

“Why, my dear Chevalier, we are drifting up the Basin towards Annapolis.”

“Annapolis?”

“Yes. We shall be able to distinguish the shipping and flagstaff of the fort, when once past this point.”

“But do we want to return to Annapolis?”

“Just as you say. The Indies—Europe—Africa—even new lands, if you will. Faith, now we seem to be free of Indians, Acadians, and English, alike—though the manner of our deliverance is still a profound mystery and may be some sort of trickery—it matters not a particle to me, whither or how we voyage.”

“I must confess to not feeling quite so venturesome as yourself. Yet, I see something tangible in our present position. The nearest point of departure for the treasure hill must be about this place, for you say Gaspard declared that it lay south-westerly from the town?”

“Yes, and back from the coast some fifteen miles.”

“Get we to our oars then and row for shore. Observe the weapons? This boat much resembles a floating arsenal.”

“Ten muskets but not so much as a pinch of powder or shot in sight. They will be of no use. I would give them all for half a loaf of bread.”

“Not so fast. Here is one that seems to be loaded and, moreover, the priming looks all right. Come, we may find some bird or other to be knocked over. We lack fire, yet even raw game would be better than nothing.”

“You forget my pocket flint and steel. Secure but your meat and I’ll warrant it a proper cooking.”

While thus talking and examining the sparse cargo of the boat, they made fair progress at the oars and had soon entered the mouth of a small river. Suddenly the Chevalier motioned his companion silence. Four or five moose were standing knee-deep in water upon the farther shore, gazing at the human intruders with mild surprise. He had only the one loaded gun, yet the Chevalier managed so well as to kill a fair sized doe. The rest of the herd galloped wildly away. The entire efforts of the pair were now devoted to satisfying the wants of the inner man. With much skill the stout captain broiled steaks and cutlets over a small wood fire. The Chevalier thought and

ate, at the same time. Glenbucket did not require himself to do this double duty, yet even he was satisfied at last.

“Truly, I have not enjoyed myself so much since the siege of Mens,” he declared, stretching himself out by the expiring embers.

“And why that siege, more than another?”

“Because I chanced to be within the cage. Provisions ran short and all around me lay dying of starvation.”

“Truly, it must have seemed pleasant to you?”

“It did. I had a mousetrap securely snugged away. While the rest waited and died; I waited and dined. Yet the comparison is hardly fair, for we have quantity as well as quality.”

“Without powder and shot, sacks for the gold, and other supplies, we are but ill-equipped for this journey. Some plan must be devised for bettering our condition.”

“Bettering it? You are hard to satisfy, my prince. I have not been so contented since we landed on these shores. This delicious feeling of having satiated a fierce hunger and lying free from captors upon the soft greensward, suits me admirably. If your gold lay feet away I would not at the present moment even stretch forth my hand in its direction.”

The Chevalier paid no heed to his companion's admirable philosophy. Leaving him to slumber or doze as he so inclined, the former strolled towards the shore of the

Basin. After a short interval he returned and awoke Glenbucket abruptly.

"A ship is coming through the narrow passage, inward bound, fighting her way but slowly in this soft breeze!"

"Well?"

"I am going to take half this deer in our boat and board her. They should be willing to exchange powder and shot with us. A hunter might do such a thing."

"I am ready to accompany you."

"No. I dare not risk you tripping me up again."

"But two could make a better fight than one. They may have been posted by the townspeople and hold you safe."

"How could an inward bound vessel learn such late news? We only arrived in the Basin some five or six days ago?"

"Is it possible. I would swear it seems months, at least. Go then, and good luck to you."

"Keep a careful watch till I return, and lay not about in the open. There may well be Indians near, if not Acadians."

"Never fear for me. I have had my lesson."

It was not without some little difficulty that they succeeded in launching the heavy boat, which they had hauled up well clear of the tides. The Chevalier embarked, and repeated sundry cautious admonitions to his stout companion, all of which the latter received in good part.

It was a long pull slantwise against the current and consumed more than an hour. Upon boarding the ship, the rower found her captain only too anxious in forwarding the trade they both desired, for fresh provision was badly needed, and the skipper knew not how supplies might be available at Annapolis.

“And so, master hunter, you manage to keep in the open country,” commented the latter, when the exchange was accomplished. “The last voyage I sailed here, it was currently reported that both Acadians and Indians would soon be in open rebellion.”

The Chevalier made some evasive reply, and then continued, “Do you happen to know the boarding officer of the guard ship?”

“Let me see. Lieutenant Farquharson, I think?”

“Yes, the same. Would you oblige by handing him a note from me. He has ordered some fur, and I am desirous of questioning him concerning it. He can send an answer by some runner.”

“Most certainly. You will find material for writing in my cabin.”

The Chevalier indited a brief epistle, stating in terms that would only be completely intelligible to the young officer, how and where they were at present situated; and that he wished to speak with him, if chance offered, before securing a ship in which to return to France. By the time his business was con-

cluded and this letter written and placed in the hands of the obliging captain, the vessel had approached much nearer to the mouth of the little river. The row ashore was thus no great matter, and soon accomplished. After securing his craft, the Chevalier gathered up the new supply of ammunition and brought it to the spot where their fire had been made.

“Glenbucket?” he called at first softly, and then somewhat louder. But search as he could no trace was to be found of the fat captain. Not until night fell did he forego his explorations, and must have covered several square miles of territory pretty closely, in the time. Alongside the fire-burned spot where they had dined, was the slight indentation in the soft grass made by the stout captain’s recumbent body. Near at hand were the remnants of their meal. But Glenbucket had disappeared.



C H A P T E R X V I I

G a s p a r d A g a i n

SLEEP scarcely troubled the eyes of the Chevalier upon the night in question. Not that he feared interruption from some party who might have seized upon Glenbucket. Such a contingency scarcely entered his head. But he missed the companionship of the blundering captain and felt perturbed lest he might be in danger somewhere or somehow, with no friend near to give him aid. When morning came at last, the Chevalier busied himself about cutting up what moose meat still remained and tying it in a portable package, in similiarly disposing of his supply of powder and shot, and in various other little preparatory matters.

“Mayhap Glenbucket has gone off a little for some purpose that I know nothing about,” reflected the Chevalier. “If he yet retains his life and freedom, he will most undoubtedly return. Once I leave this mutually known spot, our chances of encountering will be indifferent. I give him till noon. If he appears not by that time, then must I even start alone upon this treasure hunt. It grieves me sore to thus abandon him but I see no other way.”

And so, as has been said, he busied himself in various little preparations, in order that the waiting time might not hang too heavy upon his hands.

The spot which the pair had chosen for their camp was close by the shore of a little river whose waters soon lost themselves in the deep Basin beyond. The virgin forest extended to within some twenty paces of the place where the Chevalier sat at work, and the tops of the trees slanted vigorously upward on the lusty hillside. In the top fork of a giant pine, which crested the very ridge of this near declivity, a skilled woodsman might have detected something suspicious. There was an occasional sparkle and a whitish spot, yet all so hid by intertwining branches and the distance, that the Chevalier, who was without woodcraft, could well be pardoned for not noticing it. This sparkle was caused by the chance reflections of the sun upon the finger-polished surface of a musket's trigger. The whitish spot was a human face—that of Gaspard D'Etrincourt.

"He is assuredly a handsome youth," the latter was saying to himself for the twentieth time, as he sighted carefully along the barrel of his piece. "It is a clean shot, and yet I tremble so that I fear to bungle it. One at a time, and I will soon be rid of them. And yet, their preservation from me hitherto has been almost miraculous. I thought to put the burden of their execution upon

others. But must our clumsy guard go off and leave the boat containing them to drift away. If he would but turn a trifle nearer to me, so that I could unerringly reach his heart, I might fire at once."

But the Chevalier at this instant chanced to stoop lower, and the Acadian, not unwillingly, placed his gun at rest upon the forking branch.

"There is plenty of time," he thought to himself. "Our forces are well disposed upon the far side of Annapolis, in order to harass and destroy the foreign settlers. But no attack upon the fort can be made without artillery, and when the cannon shall come, although long promised us, is a complete uncertainty. It has cost me much exertion to locate the boat. But then my knowledge of the tide's ways favored. I felt sure that if not carried out to sea, I should find them near this spot. The stout one, who more particularly passed himself off as our spy, is not present. He has probably started overland for the fort, with his information about us. But such a clumsy fellow will never pass our outposts. He is probably stiff and cold by now. I presume that I must perform my share and send this other one to join him. Yet, somehow, I feel mightily averse to so doing. One can scarcely be blamed for not desiring to kill a young man, who has avowed an increased admiration of the intending slayer for that very reason. Soft, now he raises his head. Let me sight

again. One touch upon the trigger and all will be over. He sits at a rather awkward angle though, for quick and painless death."

Once more the Acadian lowered his gun and reflected further.

"Yes," he thought, "it would be much easier and pleasanter for him, as well as for me. He deserves such courtesy at my hands, for he is a well found youth and handsome enough to be a king."

In accordance with the new plan which had formed in Gaspard's mind, he descended the tree without so much as making a single one of its branches rustle. Then, among the trunks, keeping himself covered at every possible point and not raising one foot until the other was noiselessly and securely placed, he proceeded in the direction of the unsuspecting Chevalier. Soon the Acadian had reached to as near the edge of the forest as he dared go, without risking detection. Scarcely fifty feet intervened between him and his intended victim.

"A greenhorn could not miss a mark at such distance," chuckled Gaspard, "and I trust to make much cleaner work of it. I know the exact spot. I have it covered now. Earth will pass away and Heaven lie open before him, ere he can detect the transition. Just one moment, till he throws back his shoulders a trifle."

But the Chevalier commenced to hum a simple little French love ditty, and its

crooning woke a responsive echo in the Acadian's breast.

"Peste!" he thought to himself, while still keeping his gun ready levelled. "It almost seems like murdering a countryman, and yet on his own admission he is a Briton. But enough of this womanly weakness of mine. To kill him I have determined and all this dilly-dallying only prolongs his, and my own misery. I will do the deed at once."

Carefully bringing his two sights in line, so that they accurately covered the Chevalier's heart, he was just upon the point of pressing the trigger when a knife sank deep in his back. The contraction of his fingers exploded the charge, but the gun flew awry and sent its bullet high in the air. Without a single exclamation, the patriotic Acadian fell to the earth to rise no more in that body.

The Chevalier leaped to his feet at the sound of the report and was astonished to perceive Lieutenant Farquharson, attired in plain hunting garb, advancing from out the shelter of the forest. The face of the young soldier was ghastly in its pallor, and in one hand he still clutched fast a long blood-stained knife.

"Farquharson! What means that shot? How come you here? And with blood upon your weapon?" questioned the Chevalier in excited tones.

"I received your note last evening. Something, I know not what, urged me to make

no delay in seeking you. If I had not done so, the romance of your life would have surely ended here."

And retracing his way a few steps, he pointed out the inert remains of Gaspard. To the wonder of the lieutenant, the Chevalier threw himself upon the recumbent form in the vain hope that life might not yet be extinct. Disappointed in this, he wept scalding tears of bitter self reproach.

"If it had not been for me," he wailed, "this man would be still alive and doing mighty work in his country's cause. Wretch that I am, who must ruthlessly pull down the ambitions of others at every step of my own career!"

"But, Your Highness, he was at the very nick of assassinating you when I intervened," commenced the lieutenant. "Surely you"—

"I realize as much, and while I thank you for my life," interrupted the Chevalier gently, "I cannot help but feel you have let the worser man survive."

After some short time in which to allow his grief to moderate, the Chevalier cried; "Let us not leave him untombed. If I ever come to my own, I vow a fitting monument on this spot; but at the present, something rougher must suffice."

Then was to be seen the unique spectacle of avenger and intended victim erecting a cairn of rocks above the remains of an interrupted assassin.

Scarcely was this accomplished before Farquharson, who had been glowering fiercely, demanded in angry tones; "Whence came that ring you wear upon your finger?"

"I found it."

"You lie. Mary Campbell gave it you."

The Chevalier turned almost livid, started as if to throw himself upon the lieutenant, and then calmly folded his arms and walked towards him.

"Only a man who has just saved my life can make such an answer to me and remain unharmed. Use that stained knife, which still adorns your belt," he said, in tones of forced calmness.

Without verbal answer, the lieutenant drew his steel weapon and threw it far out in the stream. Long after the widening circle of ripples which marked its point of disappearance beneath the water had subsided, did the two stand facing one another; Farquharson with features distorted by inward rage, the Chevalier collected and unmoved.

At last the former recovered sufficiently, to say: "Your companion seems to have deserted you. In what manner can I be of assistance. Your letter stated that you wished to speak with me. Here I am?"

"But I did not mean to cause you inconvenience. Your promptness was as unexpected, as merciful to me. Things have turned topsy-turvy since you first recognized me in the cabin of the 'Sea Foam.' At that

time I did but hint to you of undertakings upon which I was determined. Now, bereft of Glenbucket, or perhaps to speak uncharitably even while truthfully, relieved of his awkwardness; I need other aid to compass my desires. In order that you may thoroughly comprehend, I will confide in you fully. Know, that it has been my design to secure some wealth from a vast hill of yellow metal, which legend says lies a few miles back of this place. With the supplies and aid that this gold can buy, my restoration to the throne of Britain will be practically accomplished."

"Your project is a hopeless one. The Indians guard the approaches to this legendary treasure mountain with jealous care. Several other adventurers have tried to reach it, but never has one of them returned alive."

"So I have been told, yet the great danger deters me not."

"Then if it be your pleasure, I will accompany you."

"But while I will be frank enough to tell you that Mary Campbell has refused a dethroned prince, think you that she could resist an actual king?"

With a violent effort Farquharson retained his recently acquired self-possession, and simply replied: "Lead on. I follow!"

"And yet before us seems certain death?"

"I will risk it with you."

"And even if we return successful, it may mean the loss of your bride, which will be worse than dying for your proud spirit?"

“Even so, lead on, I say!”

“Truly, your loyalty is of proof. I accept your offer. Glenbucket has not returned. The time of waiting for him has expired. These ten guns are ready loaded. They may weary our muscles, but still let us each take five. I must ask you to go in front. I will direct our course from behind . . . Better be shot face on, than from the rear!”

Farquharson colored slightly at this taunt but took his position as ordered.

“Nay, perhaps it will be as well to have you follow me.”

Without any comment at the capriciousness of his prince, the lieutenant again did as he was bid.

“And now onward for the treasure hill, in which lies concealed the crown of my fathers,” cried the Chevalier in exulting tones. “Mark you, Farquharson,” he continued, “should we return safe I shall confide something to you which will amply reward for all you may do for me.”



C H A P T E R X V I I I

The Yellow Tasagul

THE section of country through which they now traveled was thickly wooded, alternate hill and dale. Of path there was none, except for an occasional winding furrow worn by the feet of wild animals. The Chevalier and his companion, loaded down as they were with firearms and supplies, made but slow progress and if it had not been for the sun to give them a compass point, would doubtless have soon become bewildered and lost all sense of direction. Yet, in the course of a few hours, they reckoned that at least ten miles must have been traversed; and became more hopeful of final success, at thus being able to proceed two-thirds of the distance that was said to lie between the shore and the treasure hill without interruption.

“We have done exceedingly well,” remarked Farquharson, as they came to a halt in order to take a short breathing space. “I imagine that we are now approaching the danger zone. It is true that many of the Micmacs have gone to join the Acadians in their warfare upon Annapolis, but I cannot

believe that they left this place entirely unguarded."

"Another hill or, perchance, two; and we should be able to see what we look for," declared the Chevalier, with quick breaths of mingled fatigue and excitement.

"I have a plan to propose," put in the lieutenant. "Let me keep a few hundred feet ahead. If ambushed or surprised, you will then be prepared. Seeing only one, the Indians might even imagine that this is the whole extent of invasion. Then you could"—

"Hark!" cried the Chevalier, without making answer to this heroic suggestion: "Do you not hear something?"

"Only the cry of a widgeon or some similar bird."

"But listen?"

"Now a fox's yelp . . . Rather strange in broad daylight."

Softened by distance, yet still perfectly audible, then sounded the familiar strain: "Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la!"

"It is Glenbucket!" both of the young men declared in the same breath.

The Chevalier was about to dart away in the direction from which the noise appeared to come, when Farquharson restrained him.

"A man who can make such an uproar in this vicinity undisturbed, is either a captive or soon will be," remarked the lieutenant.

"I will not desert the companion who has followed me so faithfully across seas," declared the Chevalier impatiently.

"Far be it from me to argue such a thing. Let us, however, proceed with good caution and try to come near him unobserved."

This reasonable advice was followed and, guided by the imitative cries which were repeated at frequent intervals, the pair soon were in the neighborhood of their quarry. The lieutenant wormed his way noiselessly to the top of a small rocky hill, the Chevalier following with all the skill in woodcraft of which he was capable. Fortunately, a clump of brush grew upon the very edge of the miniature precipice and from behind its shelter they were able to look down unobserved upon the scene below them.

In the centre of a small clearing, which only nature had designed, was the hapless Glenbucket. By means of many long thongs of dressed mooseskin he was lashed securely to a tall pole, which had been planted firmly in the ground. Although limbs and body were thus imprisoned, his tongue had been left free; and ever and anon, with a sickly smile that accorded ill with such lively accents, he trolled forth some one of his own inimitable productions. Around about him were squatted a score or more of Indians. Their guns lay close beside them and with one exception they all held long hunting knives poised in their hands. The

single exception noted was an aged individual, whose fantastic garb betokened special importance. This chief or priest was calmly engaged in counting over a number of small lumps of yellowish appearance, which he had evidently taken from a large pouch at his side.

"There is the promise of treasure. The old man is handling nuggets of virgin gold," whispered the Chevalier, in tremulous accents.

"And here is also some part of a guard," retorted his companion: "And it may be easier to go forward than return, as Glenbucket has evidently found out."

"We will save him."

"Then there must be haste, for the telling of those nuggets holds his life."

"How mean you?"

"You see this circle of savages with knives ready drawn in their grasp? I know their customs. They wait but the old priest's final count. As the last nugget falls from his hand back will go their arms, and before you can wink an eye, your companion will be something grewsome to look upon."

While they had thus been holding converse the stout captive commenced to vary his exercise by a ventriloquial effort.

"Good bye, Chevalier!" he hailed, looking towards the very point at which the one addressed lay concealed.

To the dismay of the young men the eyes of a number of the Micmacs turned in unison. It almost seemed as if they could not escape being discovered.

"Not a move as you value your life," hastily whispered the lieutenant.

Like two logs they lay behind the brush.

"Good-bye, Glenbucket!" sounded a voice apparently from behind them, which even the Chevalier might well have believed his own.

The ventriloquist, overjoyed at his success, and, of course entirely ignorant concerning the real nearness of his friend, now plucked up enough courage to laugh immoderately. The noise echoed back uncouthly from the near-by hills and then all was silent again, with the exception of the monotonous chant of the old priest, as he slowly reckoned the nuggets. The Indians apparently paid no further attention to Glenbucket's efforts.

"He has probably been doing somewhat similarly before and the novelty of it has worn off with them," explained the Chevalier, after informing his anxious companion in regard to this vocal accomplishment of the stout captain.

"I trust it may be as you say, but I own to a fear of these red devils. The quieter they seem the more likely are they to be suspicious. You do not begin to realize their cunning."

"But we are wasting time. Here are not many over twenty adversaries?"

"In sight!"

"Well, we must risk there being others. I have five guns ready loaded and you the same. If we can fire to kill quick enough,

the numbers should not then be nearly so uneven in a hand-to-hand fight.”

“But these Micmacs will undoubtedly”——

“Suggest a better plan that will include the saving of Glenbucket’s life?”

“I confess that I see none covering that proviso.”

“Well, if you like not my scheme retire while you safely may. Leave me nine guns and I will do what I can to”——

“There is no need to continue. I am at your orders.”

“Well, then, make ready. I trust you will pardon my hasty temper. It is”——

“I am ready, Your Highness?”

During this little colloquy, which tends to show their mutually antagonistic yet withal chivalrous natures, each had carefully laid his five guns pointed outward and ready to hand.

“I would suggest that we open fire as the old man stoops for the next to the last nugget,” whispered Farquharson. “The interest of the Indians will then be at its height and the surprise more intense.”

“There yet remain three or four. Better raise one gun to shoulder so as to be prompt.”

“He has two left now!”

“Then”——

But, at this instant, muscular forms leaped simultaneously from the rear and pinioned them fast. The counter attack came as unsuspectedly as it was complete. Their

strugglings to rise were all in vain. In a few moments they were securely bound and helpless.

Meanwhile, the proceedings around Glenbucket had been temporarily suspended. At the first sound of the skirmish upon the little cliff, the crouching savages had taken to the shelter of near-by trees, like very sprites. Glenbucket alone remained in his former position, but vigorous cries and groanings attested that his doing so was more to the stake's credit than his own.

Scarcely giving them time to recover from shock the two new captives were hurried down into the clearing where the old priest and his immediate followers had once more gathered. Two additional stakes were now driven close alongside of Glenbucket's, and, not without much rough handling, the Chevalier and Farquharson soon occupied similar positions to the stout captain's. The main body of savages drew around, in the same expectant position as that in which they had been disturbed, while the scouts, who had so cleverly made the last capture, returned to their hidden watching.

"The old man begins his tally anew. That means at least five minutes' life for us," said Farquharson exultantly.

Glenbucket, who did not recognize the officer of the guardship in his hunting suit, addressed the Chevalier: "Then I am right. It was only a dream. But who is the new prisoner?"

“What was only a dream?”

“Why, I went to sleep in an Indian wigwam. To my great delight, I had a vision of our escaping after a truly miraculous fashion and then waking up in a boat. And there were apparently substantial comfits of broiled venison, and you departed upon a mission. I dreamed further, that I strolled afield—picking wild berries—I swear their flavor was true as life itself—But when I really woke, 'twas to find myself in the hands of our captors after all. That Gaspard has”——

“Peace, fool, have you not sense enough to distinguish between dreamland and reality? This is Lieutenant Farquharson with me, whom I am like to be the unfortunate cause of cutting off in his prime.”

Before the captives could exchange any further words a wondering expression came over the face of the old priest. Pausing in the act of again counting over the nuggets, which ceremony seemed to be a rude manner of giving the victims time in which to prepare for death, he stared steadily at a point about midway between the Chevalier's shoulders. Rising to his full height and advancing by a system of awkward dance steps, that would have seemed ridiculous if the occasion had been less serious, he came within a few paces of the three. Prepared for reviling, abuse or torture from him—they scarcely knew which or what—the trio waited expectantly, well realizing their help-

less condition and desirous of nothing more than to have the agony of death over, once for all. Several cruel moments passed while the old priest gazed at something upon the body of the Chevalier. Then, very slowly, his hand advanced and pointed.

“Where gottum?” he ejaculated.

The Chevalier's head being lashed erect he could not see towards that which the old man indicated.

“What?”

“Where gottum Tasagigul?”

“In the struggling your coat has become torn open,” explained Farquharson. “A yellow stone, attached to a golden chain, protrudes. It is to that he”——

“It is the family relic given me by the Baron de St. Castine, who first told me of this cursed treasure-hill. The Baron is a son of an Indian princess.”

“I, Ablegemoo,” went on the old priest, in the peculiarly accented English which the remnants of his race speak up to the present day. “Tasagigul lookum good. Why no show first and save killum?”

Then, with a gesture of command, he said some words in his native tongue to the wondering Micmacs and the three captives were immediately released.



C H A P T E R X I X

The Story of Ablegemoo

THE mooseskin thongs which bound him to the stake had no sooner been removed, than Glenbucket clapped his chubby hands together and danced about in all the weird frenzy of boundless joy, such as may more often be seen in childhood rather than in middle-age. "Hey, now!" he shouted. "I call this neighborly. I know not what witchery there may be at work, but, faith, it makes me prance to have fully recovered, just at the moment when, as one might say, I expected my coffin's lid sealed on." And with that he continued disporting like unto a mischievous manikin, causing the valley to echo again with his varied hoots and screams, while the stolid savages looked on and listened in mute surprise.

Neither Farquharson nor the Chevalier allowed their emotion to be so demonstrative. The former by reason of the natural taciturnity of his nation; and the latter, through amazement at the power exerted over these Indians by the rude stone with which his French companion-at-arms had endowed him. When his hands were freed he examined the charm much more closely

than he had done since it first came into his possession. The thing was a piece of yellow quartz, roughly chipped into the shape of a disc. Upon the flattest side had been scratched a rude drawing, which only a vivid imagination could understand to represent a man erect upon a whale's back. The stone was rimmed and secured by a chain and band, evidently the addition of some European goldsmith.

Old Ablegemoo watched the Chevalier's movements with an expression of mingled joy and sadness, such as one might wear at the hour of relief from human suffering.

"Tasagigul lookum nice but better have care," at length he croaked most gravely. "Heap much trouble come withum!"

"Since the thing seems to have saved our lives at a short pinch, I cannot find fault with its troubles as yet," laughed the Chevalier. "But we are hungry. Can you extend your good offices so far as to provide us with food?"

Without making any verbal answer the old priest led them by a winding and narrow path, to a sort of rude cave in the hillside. Producing a bountiful supply of baked cakes made from wild maize, and a birch-bark tray piled high with wild berries, he invited them by signs to partake. Then pointing out a purling streamlet some few feet distant, he sat down upon a mossy bank at the entrance to the cave and seemed to mutely await their further desires.

“Master Ablegemoo,” began the irrepressible Glenbucket, as soon as he had eaten about twice as much as his two companions. “Your fare is excellent, more especially to starving men. Allow me to”——

“Be silent,” interrupted Ablegemoo curtly. “He of Tasagigul talkum for all.”

Although angered at this swift repulse of his cordiality, the stout captain had not as yet so far recovered from the effects of his recent precarious position as to needlessly provoke their savior. He therefore contented himself with a bow of assumed gratitude, and selecting an inviting spot some few hundred feet away was soon asleep, if a continued vigorous snoring may be considered as any warranty to that effect.

“You want sleepum too,” suggested the old priest, so eloquently addressing Farquharson that the latter could scarcely do else than retire a short distance.

The Chevalier’s curiosity was aroused by this evident intention of having a private audience upon the part of Ablegemoo, but with the genius of a diplomat the former bided his time.

“You lookum for Milapskegecht?” at last commenced the old priest.

“For the mountain of yellow metal?”

“That sameum . . . And you bring third Tasagigul?”

Not understanding the reason of these mysterious questions the Chevalier wisely held his peace.

“I tellum you story, so it no fault of Ablegemoo that trouble find you. Long, long time ago, before bad white men come in big war canoes to steal land, Glooscap was great chief over all Indians and other little chiefs do as he tellum. But Glooscap havum one tribe he like best of all, and they us—the Micmacs. He travel about and make big talk everywhere, but he live most time in Micmac land. And when Glooscap go away and other tribe forget him, Micmacs keep good thinking and tellum to father and to son; so that all wise talk of great chief is known to us. But Micmacs no like havum white man—not even he who bring last Tasagigul—learn too much. Therefore, know only, that Glooscap he cross at sight of white men’s canoe wings, and gottum on back of big whale and wentum to little wigwam in red sun. But before he go, he say that he come back when all ready to drivum white men out of Indian’s land. . . . Now, beside old squaw whose name no one tellum for fear he die, and Abistariaooch the boy, Glooscap he have three friends he think much of. Before he go he givum to each one a Tasagigul, and say that whatever wantum much should have, as long as they kept Tasagigul safe. Otherwise, who gettum Tasagigul havum all. . . . Now the first friend’s name was Najumooktakunechk, and Tasagigul Glooscap gavum was color bright red. This Najumooktakunechk, he likum to be great

warrior and all time fight. So he glad to get such word from Glooscap. Many moon he lead braves in battle and killum enemies. At last, his wigwam no hold more scalps and he angry that Glooscap no come back to drive white men away. So he thinkum to go and findum and tellum how Indians waited. He go near salt water and at last whale come, and he order whale to takum on back. Whale do so, but Najumook-takunehk fallum asleep and Tasagigul slip from fingers down in deep water. When whale find out he dive after, and Najumook-takunehk left alone. When he no longer able swim he drown. Now nameum of second friend was Ukchigumootechk, and Tasagigul Glooscap givum all white. This Ukchigumootechk, he likum make sweet sound and playum on hollow stones. Soon after he have Tasagigul no one else playum like him. Indian come many moon's away so that they could listen. And when Ukchigumootechk go through forest, all animals come to him and ask that he play. And birds make sky dark, so many come to hear him. But Ukchigumootechk get proud, and when people say that the Tasagigul taught him to be greater in sweet sounds than all others, he no like it. And, at last, he take Tasagigul and pound small with great rock, and throw pieces away. When again he try make sweet sounds he no more can do and all people laugh at him. So he gettum sick and die of sorrow.

And nameum of third friend was Oonokpudeigisook, and Tasagigul which Glooscap givum was yellow. Same one you havum now."

The Chevalier, who had listened with but scant attention to the quaint legend as told by Ablegemoo, grew more interested at this point, and while he held the rude object in question between his two fingers, stole frequent glances at the expressive face of the old Micmac.

"Now this Oonokpudeigisook," went on Ablegemoo, "he very selfish. Wantum everything. And no sooner havum Tasagigul than get plenty he wantum. Wigwam many many get so full skins and oil that he and squaw have sleep outside. Wampum plenty much hangum from trees till forest no could hold. But still he no satisfied. More come, more wantum. Never stop taking all Tasagigul broughtum. Soon he have great caves piled up with white fish-bone, birch-bark, moose-meat, and pipe-stones. Then he have big long river full of beaver, all his own. And great herd live moose to killum when choose. And if Ablegemoo talked much talk he could never tell all this Oonokpudeigisook get from Tasagigul But when white men come live here, Oonokpudeigisook find they no like much what he have. They like yellow metal. They give much for one small piece. So Oonokpudeigisook, he get angry when they no like his wampum, and his fish-bones, and

his birch-bark, and his pipe-stones, and all I tell you not of besides. And so he say, he must have more yellow metal than all white men. So Tasagigul tell him how, and he go to his great beaver river and order beavers to gnaw trees down. And little beavers with sharp teeth gnaw wide roads through all Micmacland. And then he callum his great herd moose and order them prod with horns all over country, and whenever they findum yellow metal to toss into one of roads. And so they did. And each new birth of warm weather, when snow meltum, much water come long roads and carry yellow metal to where Oonokpudeigisook wantum. Much stone and sand come also with it, yet did not Oonokpudeigisook havum sorted out, for he saw that it served like blanket to hide from sight of bad white men. And at last there was great hill of yellow metal mixed with stone and sand, which Indian call Milapskigecht

Now, when Oonokpudeigisook grow old, he get sickum and come for to die. He much afraid and callum Mendon, the death demon, to him, and say: 'Lo, I am Oonokpudeigisook the great rich man. I give you half much wealth I have so you let me livum but few moons more.' . . . But Mendon make as if he not hear, and start put arms about Oonokpudeigisook. At this Oonokpudeigisook get still more afraid, and say to him: 'I givum all to you. Only let me livum one little moon.' . . . But still

Mendon said no word, but tookum up in arms, and dashed him to floor of wigwam again. And the spirit of Oonokpudeigisook fell out, and Mendon caughtum and took away with him. . . . Now I will not tellum all that has come since to they who have had Tasagigul of Oonokpudeigisook; but this know: That it bringum not joy but sorrow. . . . I have done Such is my talkum of the last Tasagigul of Glooscap."

The old priest wrapped his mooseskin mantle more closely about him and seemed to relapse into reverie.

"Do I understand that this stone gives me some right to the yellow metal treasure of Oonok"— The Chevalier tried hard to pronounce the jawbreaking name, but the idiom was too lengthy and unfamiliar for him to remember.

"He who havum Tasagigul, havum Milapskegecht," succinctly replied Ablegemoo.

"Then you will conduct us to it and I am at liberty to take away what I want?"

"Micmacs will helpum."

The Chevalier could hardly believe that he heard aright. Such a complete reversal from the difficult and dangerous undertaking which he had imagined, was almost more than he was able to understand.

"Can we start at once?" he hesitatingly interrogated the old priest.

For answer, Ablegemoo merely arose to his feet and stood waiting.

“Glenbucket! Farquharson!” called the Chevalier in cheerful accents.

“At your service,” replied the lieutenant advancing.

“’Tis more comfortable upon this soft bank,” replied the yet drowsy Glenbucket.

“Very well. Stay thou quiet,” replied the Chevalier. “We only wish to gather up gold, that we may take with us back to Europe!”

“What! Eh!” bawled the stout captain, wide awake at once, and leaping to his feet. “How mean you?”

“Merely, that within a few moments we will have accomplished our object in journeying to these distant lands. It can scarcely take us much longer time to reach the treasure hill!”

“Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-arra-tra-la!” began Glenbucket, stepping out after the little party and performing his drum and trumpet march with great vigor.



C H A P T E R X X

T h e G o l d e n F l e e c e

A MIDST dense woods, occasionally varied by low lying tracts of swamp alder, the quartet now proceeded. Progress was slow to a degree by reason of their aged leader, and Glenbucket could not be restrained from breaking forth into ejaculations of impatience. But all unheeding, Ablegemoo kept steadily onward until he brought them to a knoll commanding a view of the valley beneath.

"That Milapskigecht!" he simply announced, pointing impressively with one thin hand.

Winding its way by easy grades and curves (with which experienced engineers can find no flaw) ran a huge mound of coarse gravel. It was about fifty feet in width and stretched away upon either hand until the eyes grew weary of following its sinuous track. Entirely destitute of trees or herbage, it stood out in sharp contrast with the surrounding wooded landscape. Under the local name of 'The Natural Causeway' it excites the wonder of infrequent tourists, at the present day.

"Note the gleaming!" quoth Glenbucket

excitedly. "Even at this distance the sun reflects back a wealth of yellowness."

His words were indeed true. Countless sparks of seeming fire flashed with the reflected light of our great mother planet from all along the treasure hill's broad line.

"Come on," now shouted the stout captain vivaciously. "Why waste time with this old dotard? Our objective lies in plain sight. Let us hasten."

"Not so," returned the Chevalier. "I pray you remember courtesy due to him who has made our coming possible."

"You may suit yourself," retorted Glenbucket angrily. "But as for me I dally not thus. Away go I towards this treasure, as fast as my two legs can carry me!"

"Without Ablegemoo you die before reachum," curtly said the old priest. "Micmac let no white man such as you come near alone."

Then lifting up his voice in a harsh cry, surprisingly powerful from one so aged, he turned upon the trio with a mocking smile. At his signal a wonderful change came over the quiet and apparently tenantless valley. From all about resounded answering calls, and above many a low bush or moss-covered boulder, peered forth the savage faces of Indian warriors.

"If you no care waitum, go on," remarked Ablegemoo grimly.

But Glenbucket drew back in alarm at this hostile demonstration, and followed

like a spaniel at heel, during the rest of their short march.

Arrived beside the wonderful Milapski-gecht, the three white men could not restrain their varied emotions. Glenbucket fell upon the bank tooth and nail, and the manner in which he selected piece after piece of the yellow metal, which lay all about in small chunks intermingled with the gravel, was pitiful to look upon.

"Here is a charger that shall carry me bravely," he shrieked, stuffing a nugget in his pocket at each sentence. "And this will buy a baldrick that shall bring tears of envy to the whole court of France. Here is a small one enough, but it shall count when wine is to be drunk. Another, by all the saints in the calendar, I'll match you for the love of some fair lady."

With these, and a hundred other like semi-delirious comments, did the stout captain accompany his clothes-stuffing with the heavy metal; all the while lying prone upon the ground and wallowing like a very hog in mire.

Farquharson picked up one fair sized rock from out the sides of which projected any number of golden spurs. Scarce pausing to examine, he threw it from him with a muttered curse.

The Chevalier wore all the airs of proud proprietorship as he allowed his gaze to wander up and down the vast treasure heap.

"Come, Farquharson, be not so abrupt,"

he cried gayly, as he noted the lieutenant's previously described action. "You shall have as much as you may desire. Why bother about one maid? Are there not a thousand others just as fair? With such store of wealth I warrant you may pick and choose where you will, except perhaps in one direction."

At these words, so heartlessly spoken, the lieutenant's eyes blazed with fire: "Take your gold," he cried, "but presume not to taunt so openly. As for me, I'll not choose to be cursed by its possession. I will await your further convenience at the cave which we left a few moments since."

And, turning abruptly upon his heel, he walked away.

The old priest regarded him with tears of joy and seemed about to speak, but, after all, merely clenched lips more tightly and followed the retreating figure of the naval lieutenant with his eyes.

The Chevalier crimsoned at the retort of his follower but his attention was soon directed to other matters.

"How now! You are impatient it would seem?" he said, angrily addressing Glenbucket. "Do not fear but that I will allot you a generous portion in proper season. What right have you to grab thus before even your master begins?"

"'Tis as much mine as yours! Who came with you through all dangers?"

"Who saved you from death some short

while ago, and produced the only thing which could bring us here? Not you, mischief-making Irishman, I'll warrant."

"Let us avoid quarrelings. There is enough and to spare for both. But soft! This Farquharson, this officer from Annapolis, must not go back safe to prate of treasure-hills, and bring a pack of knaves to question our prior rights! Leave him to me. A knife in his heart as he sleeps will adorn him finely. I'll do the"—

"You talkum kill," interrupted the old priest, who had heard some part of the stout captain's mutterings; "and so all do who have this Tasagigul. Your friend who go way without yellow metal wiser than most. Time come, you wish you dore so, too. Lots of people like Oonokpudeigisook. Wantum all can get and then wantum more. Kill foe for it . . . Kill friend for it . . . Kill squaw for it . . . But when Mendon come at last, they havum nothing!"

It can well be understood that the pair of adventurers gave little heed to this exhortation of Ablegemoo's. Their minds were now concentrated upon the difficulties to be overcome in transporting a portion of this treasure shoreward. But Ablegemoo seemed to divine their very thoughts.

"Plenty squaw shall pick out yellow metal and bringum to-morrow," he said. "Now we go back and wait till come."

But neither of the two could quite consent to thus abruptly desert their new-found

wealth. Particularly so, Glenbucket, who swore roundly that he had other plans.

"'Tis not for me who have scrimped a bare living the better part of a life, to thus get my eyes away from what is to make a new man of an old one," he declared. "To go back, forsooth, wake up, perhaps, and find this to be only a dream. No, no. Not so! I stay with the gold and leave it neither day nor night. I suppose I must follow the beggarly portion which we take with us on this present trip, but even that shall not lose me, if my will availeth anything."

"No eatum here!" quoth Ablegemoo persuasively.

"Eatum," imitatingly. "What need to eat? I'll devour gold with mine eyes while light lasts, and when night comes the same rich fare shall press these lips right tightly. I'd rather dine so than chew sweetmeats by the bushel."

Seeing that nothing would avail to swerve the stout captain in his determination, and, moreover, secretly pleased that some such watch and ward would be kept nigh the treasure, the Chevalier at last consented to accompany Ablegemoo upon his return.

Farquharson lay stretched out upon the fragrant fir boughs and apparently was asleep. They quickly followed his example and sought relief in slumber until daylight should come again. Whether this great panacea for all evils enwrapped the aged priest at desire, is a question that scarcely

needs answer here; but with his two white guests, our interest may still continue. The Chevalier devoured the night, for the most part with wide open eyes and fevered brain. To tell one tithe of what thus occupied him would fill many volumes. The new-found treasure was one thing, to be sure; but, branching out from that single starting point, what enchanting fancies must have poured in unceasing procession before his mental vision? His kingdoms won back through the aid of this gold (the want of which at that time seemed the only possible bar to his so doing!) and he firmly installed as James III of England and Ireland and VIII of Scotland, able to measure out rewards for the faithful and punishment for those who had rendered his past life miserable! Truly, it was a brave thinking, and few placed in his position and circumstances but would have thus lain awake.

And Donald Farquharson? He also slept but ill. For the throne of a maiden's heart is as much to any true lover as the greatest kingdom on earth! And, moreover, he had no pleasant anticipations of easy conquest with which to cheer his painful thoughts.

The familiar voice of Glenbucket came like a glad relief to these sleepless ones, very early on the following morning: "Arouse, ye sluggards!" called the captain. "Share this convoy with me for flesh and blood can scarcely hold out longer against the strain. Innocent and without guile, these beasts of

burden appear, but I vow unless mine eyes had been sharp upon them they would have found means to dodge away."

Upon coming out from the cave into the new-born light of day a strange spectacle met their gaze. A procession of squaws in single file, each bearing a small sack of mooseskin, the contents of which seemed to be of great weight, staggered painfully along, in the direction of the coast. Running about, now at their head and again upon one side or the end, was the stout captain; his clothing and hair all disheveled from the night's vigil and his eyes shining with the greed of avarice.

"You ill deserve a share of this," he went on, as the Chevalier and Farquharson drew closer. "Sleeping and feasting, while I guarded and fasted. It grieves me to think that such dawdlers as you must own some fruits of my toil. Never a lump did go in any one of these rough sacks but what I saw that nimble fingers should not reclaim it. This need all be remembered when we come to count, for he that idles must surely pay for the dalliance."

The face of the Chevalier flushed scarlet and his fingers toyed nervously with the rude charm which had accomplished so much for him. Old Ablegemoo emerged from the cave and gazed disdainfully at the stout captain.

"I presume that without this stone I can have no more of the gold?" abruptly

queried the princely adventurer, turning to the old Indian.

“Only he who shows Tasagigul of Oonok-pudiegisook may havum from Milapskigecht,” succinctly replied the Micmac.

“Then let some other poor unfortunate receive its further curse,” cried the Chevalier, at the same time snapping the rudely carved charm from the chain and hurling it from him with all his strength. “This treasure-trove we have will be twice as much as I require. Faith, there are lessons to be learnt in this quick conversion of an honest cheerful soldier into a suspicious miserly wretch.”

“My prince, I pray you, be not so hasty,” shrieked Glenbucket, dancing up and down with excitement. “This mite of gold we have here, is as nothing to what may yet be garnered.”

“Peace, poor wretch, I am done with the trinket;” put in the Chevalier, and started to walk away.

“Oh-ho!” crooned the stout captain cunningly. “We are neither so poor, nor yet such wretches as you may take upon yourself to declare us.” Then, turning to the pair who still looked at him, he bellowed: “I call upon you, Farquharson; and you, also, old Indian man—for I must have every witness available, good or bad—to bear me out in this matter. The Chevalier voluntarily relinquishes all right and title to the key of this treasure mountain. It is

therefore mine if I find it, and find it I will, even though the search should take me a year and a day."

"You badum man," interrupted Ablegemoo harshly. "You stay here but till sun goes in wigwam and I call Micmacs to come killum. Tasagigul sunk in swamp and no can findum for long long time." Then the aged Indian's voice softened as he turned and addressed the other two: "I go not with you," he said. "Squaw takum yellow metal safe to shore and leavum there for you. Ablegemoo must stay and guard the Milapskigecht until he fall asleep forever. Come no here again, for without Tasagigul you must be killum. Ablegemoo waves his hand to you." And suiting action to the words, and with a bearing that was not lacking in a certain dignity of its own, the Indian sage disappeared within his rude habitation.

"Forward!" cried the Chevalier impetuously, and followed on after the treasure-laden squaws.

Farquharson did the same. Glenbucket paused irresolutely for several minutes but the threat of Ablegemoo had impressed him too deeply to be lightly set aside, and with many a groan and imprecation, he waddled after the cavalcade. They journeyed slowly, with many rests, the stout captain continuing to bewail the rash action of the Chevalier; while the latter and Farquharson, making no verbal comment, could not help

gazing upon him from time to time, in astonishment mingled with pity.

In due course, after long marching through the virgin wildwoods, they arrived back at the cairn of rocks where Gaspard D'Etrincourt lay sleeping his last sleep. The Chevalier paused and reverentially bared his head. The cavalcade came to a stop. After depositing their heavy bags of raw metal in a neat pile upon the shelving strand, the squaws turned in their tracks and went back the way they had come.

Glenbucket planted himself on the top of the treasure heap and spread both hands over the outlying portions. He kept darting malevolent glances at Farquharson and muttering imprecations beneath his breath. The lieutenant threw himself upon an adjacent grassy bank and gazed into vacancy after a wistful fashion. The Chevalier had not completely recovered his usual good spirits and stood with folded arms, occasionally regarding his companions with an air of disquietude.

"What next, Your Highness?" queried Farquharson at length, rousing himself from his fit of abstraction with an effort.

"That is just what I should like to know," returned the Chevalier, in perplexed tones.

The stout captain glowered from his perch, but no remark, not even an imitative attempt, came from between his lips.

"How now, companion-mine, who never before in our by no means brief acquaint-

tance seemed to lack busy tongue or frolicsome gambols;" cried the Chevalier, throwing off the air of gloom which sat so unbecomingly upon him and advancing towards the couched Glenbucket. "Hast thou not some deep plan, weighty operation, or wise scheme, to propose?"

"I mind not thy mockings," replied the stout captain, beginning snarlingly enough, but almost unconsciously speaking in more genial tones as he proceeded; "for words are cheap while the ducats which form my chair will buy commodities without end. Howbeit, there is one thing to which I might call attention. Ye two laggards in watching and warding are doubtless feeling comfortable and satisfied in palate, but I would you might remember that I have been missing at the last two or three meal-hours. Peste! I declare I have not broken my fast since our host's light cakes and fruits of yesterday."

"Plague on it! This gold guarding is worse than the siege of Mens. But was it not hereabouts that Your Highness shot the moose? Prithee try skill upon another like stalking. I dare not venture far but will endeavor to broil some collops of any meat you may procure. Luckily, gold takes no harm from fire-flames. If Master Lieutenant would but kindle me a blaze, I could toast the venison without stirring from my sentry box. Faugh! The thought of the luscious flavor of our last meal upon this spot sets

my hungry mouth to watering. Haste thee, prince, and save thy faithful follower from starvation. Truly, this gold while cheering in its promises, does not immediately"—

But Glenbucket came to an abrupt halt in his tirade, as a canoe containing a solitary occupant suddenly appeared, coming around the jutting point which hid their view of the open Basin.

"An Indian maid," quoth the Chevalier, in careless tones. "Now, by my faith, she swings the clumsy paddle with some grace."

"This person evidently intends to land in our neighborhood," gurgled the stout captain, as the light craft turned so as to head directly towards them. "Watch out for ambuscades, massacres, or worse, good comrades. I have not trafficked with these redskins for the past few days, without learning to distrust the safety of my head on its shoulders every quarter-second of the time."

"Peace, good fellow, thou surely seest nothing to fear in one lone female," remonstrated the Chevalier.

"Peste!" muttered Glenbucket disdainfully. "Female or male, one or many, sleeping or waking, eating or fasting; they are all of the same treacherous breed, as we have well sampled."

Farquharson uttered not a word but continued staring fixedly towards the oncoming stranger.

In a few minutes the tiny skiff had touched

the beach and the girl, leaping lightly out, came walking directly towards them.

Although both the Chevalier and Glenbucket were now tolerably familiar with the quaint costumes of the Indian women, they could not help but gaze in some wonderment upon the newcomer. Her dress, while of like pattern and material to those they had already seen, was of richer texture and more elaborate workmanship; the mooseskin being of a velvety soft tan and the ornamentations of colored porcupine quills covering no mean portion of the whole surface. For another thing, this female's person was far neater—and cleaner—than the ordinary hardworking and much-abused squaw. Her reddish-brown skin was clear and far from unpleasing in its tint, her figure trim, her manner fairly bold, but, withal, had a becoming air of modesty to it. Her headdress was a most elaborate creation of gayly colored feathers and its trimmings partly obscured her face and fell halfway to the ground. At her belt was a small pouch and a sheathed hunting knife. In one hand she carried a bow and several feathered arrows; in the other, a fair-sized package wrapped about with sheets of birch-bark.

“Now, by our Lady,” ejaculated the princely adventurer; “this must be one of our own station, come to tender fraternal welcome or courtesy to a visiting sovereign. She can be no less than a queen of the wildwood.”

The jaw of Glenbucket fell lower and lower

and his two eyes opened wider and wider, until the maximum of his ability in these directions had been reached. Next, there was a visible contraction of his throat, which might have meant an intention to produce some imitative call, but if so, it failed to materialize.

The naval lieutenant still continued staring fixedly at the now close-drawing stranger.

“Pawo-mut-a-toe-no-wanda,” she commenced in silvery tones, at the same time placing the bark covered package upon the ground and waving a tiny brown hand in salutation.

“Your pardon, fairest of the wood nymphs,” commenced the Chevalier, doffing hat and bowing to his knees, “but I am unfortunate enough to be ignorant of the words you so sweetly”——

The newcomer’s face dimpled and her small white teeth showed, as a saucy smile flitted over her face.

“Mistress Mary Campbell,” put in Farquharson abruptly, “what do you here in this strange guise, and at such a time, when danger lurks in”——

The discovered girl could no longer restrain her merriment and burst forth into peal upon peal of hearty laughter.

“Eh! What?” stuttered the disconcerted Chevalier. “Why, no, it cannot—Well, well, and is it even so. Now, by yea and nay, this is indeed a surprise. You have played upon us rarely. At least, upon me; for

Farquharson was keen enough to disprove the old saw of Cupid."

"Peste!" softly murmured the stout captain. "It seems here is somebody else masquerading. More mysteries and strange talk from people who look one thing and turn out to be something entirely different. Truly, this cursed Acadie fairly blossoms over with such transformations. I long to haste away from it."

"I must congratulate you both, gentle sirs," cried the maiden, as soon as she could refrain from laughing; "the one for his eyesight and the other for his courtesy; and yet, this dress, secured by reason of a passing caprice some few months ago, together with a liberal application of brown stain to face and hands, could scarcely be expected to defy discovery at close range."

"But how come you here?" put in the Chevalier wonderingly.

"In yon skiff, with the fair aid of paddle, Master Questioner;" replied the girl saucily.

"Yes, yes," interposed the lieutenant; "but howknew you of our whereabouts."

"The captain of the vessel, with whom Your Highness bartered venison for gunpowder and bullets, talked of scarce else but the noble-appearing huntsman with whom he had such dealings," answered the maiden vivaciously. "Moreover, Don—Lieutenant Farquharson was seen by several to take boat alone and row shoreward down the Basin. The matter was plain to me. Having

some business of my own with Your Highness, I deemed best to accomplish it personally, if at all possible; more especially as I had no other messenger whom I could trust. And then, I knew not how you might be rationed, for men are thoughtless about such things until real hunger assails them. In that birch-bound package are some pasties and an odd bottle of wine or so, together with—Help thyself, sir," she continued abruptly, not failing to note the interest displayed in her last remark, by the portly captain. "I trust you will find something to your taste."

Pouring forth a volley of thanks, Glenbucket seized upon the rude hamper and returning with it to his seat upon the top of the treasure bags, at once commenced to do justice to the dainties.

"Fair girl, this modesty becomes you well," said the Chevalier; "and yet I would rather to have perished than had you run this present risk. What with Acadians and Indians, not to speak of the conspiring for my interdicted party, I tremble at the thought of the great spider's web of danger into which you have so blithely ventured."

"It seems that the welcome accorded to Mary Campbell is not so fulsome as to the supposed Indian princess," chattered the girl teasingly. "However, I will but discharge my mission and then haste away homeward in my canoe. You must know, Your Highness, that gossip travels quickly in our

circumscribed community. Some venturous fishermen have reported a small vessel, standing off and on the last day or two, in the outer bay. From their description I make no doubt but that this is your own 'Sea Foam,' which having eluded the guardship's pursuit has now returned to wait your bidding. I would suggest that by using the large boat which I saw on the outer strand, you could transport yourself, companion, and treasure—for I can well believe that the present throne of your compatriot is nothing else than this joyous reward of your efforts—to the waiting vessel. What think you?"

"Nothing could suit our plans better," cried the Chevalier enthusiastically. "Away we will go to the southern settlements, where homeward bound craft of a kind fitted for ocean voyaging may be come upon. Truly, ye two colonials put me to shame with your thoughtfulness. But everything must not be so onesided. Mistress Mary, we shall by hook or by crook, see thee safe back with your goodly sire, before we move a hand's pace on our own journey. And you, Farquharson, why not accompany me when I depart? Great happenings and fitting rewards will fall to those near our person within short space."

"When your banner is ready to be raised in Merry England, I will be there," replied the naval lieutenant; "but," glancing covertly at the maiden, "meanwhile, I am will-

ing to take upon myself the duty of safely escorting the daughter of Major Campbell to her home in Annapolis, and"—

"Now, by the crown of Great Britain and Ireland, which I so soon expect to wear," put in the princely adventurer, "I must enforce the royal prerogative somewhat prematurely. It is certainly within the bounds of kingly power to clear up misunderstandings among faithful subjects. Farquharson, I made you a promise when we were starting on our venturesome inland excursion. Hah! Your loyalty is better than your memory or, mayhap, my character upon close acquaintance has not altogether pleased you. But, I pray, judge me not solely by the past few days' companionship. The gold, and the power contained in that piece of scratched quartz, must have exerted a baneful influence over me. Yes, I made you a promise. I said that should we return successful I would unfold in few words that which ought to amply repay all your devotion to me. Ah! You perhaps guess it now. Be satisfied. In the presence of the sweet lady herself, I dare tell you that my own suit was declined for a single whispered reason; and that was, in spite of what she may have said or how she may have acted, she only loved a certain lucky fellow by the name of—Ah! I will not spare your blushes, pretty tyrant. . . Donald Farquharson, she is yours and yours alone. Here, take this, your ring, which I found a derelict in the garden as I assured you. Fair lady, as your

legal and rightful sovereign, I command you to lay aside for the nonce, all feminine prudery, and renew the betrothal with which I so clumsily interfered."

Blushing violently through the ruddy stain on her cheeks, the girl accepted the ring from her now kneeling lover, who immediately arose and embraced her.

In order to hide his emotion the Chevalier bustled away after the big garrison boat, which had floated him and his comrade so bravely out of the clutches of the Acadians. The mooseskin bags of heavy metal were soon put aboard, and both parties thereupon embarked. When once out on the open Basin, the canoe, now containing the naval lieutenant as well as the happy girl in Indian attire, parted company from the treasure-piled boat.

"Farewell, but only for a time, I trust, sweet Mistress Mary and my loyal Farquharson," cried the Chevalier, as he and Glenbucket headed their craft away for the narrow passage which led to the waiting vessel. "It will go ill indeed, if a couple to whom I am so indebted, shall not grace our hoped-for Court. Farewell, then, only till we meet again."

Glenbucket continued to pull doggedly away upon his oar.

Farquharson doffed his cap but could find no words with which to express himself. Mary kissed both hands to the smiling face of him for whom so many had already laid down their fortunes and their lives.

E P I L O G U E

DURING the time of this story there was an aged recluse, well-skilled in chemistry and science, who lived and studied in the vale of Aramene, near Reitzplatz, in Flanders. To his dwelling, at or near midnight, came a pair of well cloaked strangers. One was of tall and commanding presence. The other, short and very stout.

"What would you at this unseemly hour?" demanded the wise man, throwing open the door of his humble cottage. "If ye are thieves, I warn you that your trouble will be for nothing. My few books are beyond your understanding and my wealth all lies in my brain, which you may assuredly destroy yet cannot have for your own."

"We pray your patience, sir," replied the taller of the two. "We are no thieves, but honest men, come to test your knowledge upon an easy matter. We have wherewith to recompense your good service."

"The test will be welcomer than your coin, yet I must e'en live by my wisdom, in order that such wisdom may not go hungry."

The two intruders followed their host into a sort of laboratory, still keeping their cloaks wrapped tight, as if to conceal identity.

"I have here a specimen nugget of gold," said the tall stranger, at the same time producing the article and placing it upon the table. "This I wish you to examine and certify as to degree of purity, so that it can be disposed of without question."

"You have more of the same?" said the wise man, taking the nugget between his two fingers and hastily glancing it over.

"Yes, a goodly quantity."

"It is quite a curiosity?"

"A curiosity? What mean you? Trifle not with us, my dear sir, I beseech. Know that the store of nuggets, like unto this fair sample, cost a time of danger and many an innocent man's blood as well. Is gold only a curiosity to you?"

"Gold! True it looks not unlike. Some even go so far as to call it fool's gold. The learned term it iron pyrites. Your specimen is of this nature and utterly valueless except as a curiosity."

The short and stout stranger who had hitherto made no sound now reeled and staggered, as if about to faint.

"All is over, Your Highness," he gurgled forth. "This dashes our cup of ambition to the ground and leaves no further reason for striving."

"The right must always struggle with the wrong, even if it be without apparent success; otherwise, all good things upon this earth must perish and be forgotten," the tall stranger replied, as if repeating a lesson he had learned by heart.

When the wise man had been duly thanked and paid, he gazed wonderingly after the departing forms of his clients. They went away side by side, with measured soldierly tread; and in perfect rhythm sounded the musical march of a drum and trumpet:

“Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirra-
arra-tra-la!”

THE END



