

appreciated in Michigan.

admiring the fine presswork with Santon (Mich.) Clipper was invented by the editor of that paper across something that gave it of this paper much pleasure.

st issue of the Aberdeen (Wash.) is a fine specimen of illustrated journalism. Its first page is devoted to methods of lumbering in western Oregon. The next illustrates the weathering and shipping interests of Capt. Weatherwax, made complete by a portrait of the captain's own familiar face, needs no label to indicate its value.

The third page contains a fine view of Aberdeen, and each of the six pages have well executed maps representing the various interests and interests of Aberdeen and the surrounding country.

The HERALD publisher is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts in Aberdeen on the enterprise of the paper.

bert Bros. have received two hundred cases of Security oil.

ACCOMPLISHED FACTS.

ough the still undeveloped resources of this country are so vast, we are among those who point only to the disadvantages of communication which have hampered Aberdeen's growth, the location was to be overlooked and pioneer enterprise has established itself here. Five miles to the site on which Aberdeen is now covered with a virgin forest; it is the only city in southwestern Oregon.

In the race for supremacy so far eclipsed all rivals that it is the manufacturing, marketing and center of the great Grays Harbor.

A resume of what has been done in Aberdeen shows: saw mills running, with a daily output of 200,000 feet.

dry and machine shop kept constantly busy.

single mill being constructed with annual capacity of 2,000,000 shingles.

ash and door factories at work employing 35 men.

ship yard, at which a three-masted schooner, with a capacity of 600,000 feet of lumber.

salmon canneries whose annual output is 35,000 cases.

best electrically lighted city in Oregon, a system of fire protection water works. The electric light companies have a capital of \$25,000, and two engines, one for arc and one for incandescent lights.

ay roll of \$35,000 a month.

to first-class banks.

Abnerden is the only place on the Harbor where wharves can be built along the shore.

Abnerden has five times as much wharf front built as all other places on the Harbor combined.

THE WAY TO ABERDEEN.

reference to the map of Western Oregon will show where Aberdeen is located. There are four routes to reach Aberdeen from the East; go to Tacoma, Oregon and take the steamer Multnomah from either place for Kamlichie, where the steamer connects with the Puget Sound & Grays Harbor railroad at Astoria, close connections are here made with the steamer that arrives at Aberdeen at 5 p. m., or take the Astorian steamer at Portland for Astoria, then take cars to Ilwaco, take cars to Shoalwater Bay, then steamer to North Cove, then take along ocean beach to Peterson's Point, where the steamer will then bring you to Aberdeen; or you can take the Amer Alliance at Portland and have an ocean trip around and she will deliver you at our dock; or you can take a steamer once a month or a sailing vessel most daily at San Francisco, and be delivered at Aberdeen.

Boots, shoes and hats will be sold at a low price for the next thirty days at Heran Wise's.

riel, or the Half-breed

BC ROBERT A. CUMMING.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

VOLUNTEERS TO THE RESCUE.

Sir William Johnson, having decided to proceed with all despatch to Albany confer with the authorities on the subject of relieving the fort at Oswego, returned to his home the next morning to make preparations for a journey which, in those days, was long and perilous, and only to be made on horseback.

before leaving his nephew, however, he gave him much sound advice on the folly of wasting his time in study when the times demanded men of action in arms or politics. He had no doubt, he said, that he could easily obtain for his young relative a civil appointment under the provincial government, or a commission in the British army—the former being in his mind preferable as it afforded opportunities of lucrative preferment. Selwyn promised to give the matter thoughtful consideration and to devote more attention to public affairs, with which the baronet had to content himself, and departed with the belief that his nephew would soon realize the value of his prudent counsels. No sooner had the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance than Selwyn summoned the Indian boy and began to interrogate him about his master, the condition of the fort, and the military aspect on the frontier. The

conversation would have been attended with much difficulty if the answers were conveyed in the mute language of signs, of which Selwyn was ignorant, but Ariel had learned to write with the aid of Jabe's wife and his own quick perception.

Selwyn asked his questions in French, and was surprised to find the answers written in English, in a style at once simple and graphic.

"You are skillful with the pen, Ariel," remarked Selwyn, when he had read the narrative of the voyage on the river; "but what think you of Marden's chances of success in this dangerous venture?"

The boy shook his head mournfully. "Your master commends you to my protection," continued he, "and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture."

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

"The boy shook his head mournfully. 'Your master commends you to my protection,' continued he, 'and I accept the trust. But you know the condition of the fort and the danger which threatens it. Marden may return in safety and successful in his mission; but that will not save the fort; without reinforcements it must fall, and there is nothing to be expected from these English generals; it were folly to think of a venture.'"

colored gennelman retire from public life altogether."

Charles Selwyn's mother was an invalid who seldom left her room, and his father, who had spent the greater part of his life in the British army until superannuated by wounds and exposure in many climates, was sinking into second childhood.

Ariel was therefore left to himself, and for lack of other employment turned to the books with which the room was liberally provided, and took his first draught of the well-spring of knowledge, which he found so sweet that he returned to it again and again and found that balm for anxious thought which nothing else affords.

For the next two weeks Selwyn was absent scouring the country for volunteers and arms, until he found himself at the head of a band of two hundred men, all of whom had seen service as Indian fighters or in the army; while a war party of Mohawk warriors under a young chief named Brant swelled the force to about three hundred and fifty men.

On a beautiful morning in May, 1756, Selwyn and Renwick reviewed their troops on a bank of the Mohawk river, and while the dew yet lingered on the grass began the march to the relief of Oswego, guided by the half-breed, who relinquished the newly-discovered treasures of literature with a sigh of regret which was quickly stifled by an eager desire to go to the aid of his master.

In many places the primeval forest was impenetrable without the aid of axes to clear away the jungle of undergrowth; or a swamp necessitated a wide circuit; or a creek raised to sudden importance by a freshet, defied their efforts to make the passage, and the impatient leaders chafed while precious hours ran heedlessly away. A night in June found the little army encamped on the bank of a noisy creek in one of those park-like spots sometimes found in the midst of the forest, and almost encircled by gigantic trees. The creek was the bed of an ancient river, and the opposite bank thickly strewn with sand and boulders among which a few stunted trees found scanty nourishment.

Through the day the scouts brought in news of having discovered a trail which indicated the presence of an enemy, and a cordon of sentinels was placed around the camp, logs and branches collected to form breastworks, fires extinguished and all precautions taken to guard against surprise.

Among the stars began to twinkle in a cloudless sky; the breeze died away; the creek murmured in its rocky bed, and mingled with the variety of sounds indigenous to wood and stream; but in the camp conversation was carried on in subdued tones, scouts came and went noiselessly, and sentinels moved with muffled steps. It was nearly midnight when Renwick, returning from an inspection of the sentinels, laid his hand on Selwyn's arm, and pointed to a distant section of the sky, where a faint rosy light appeared, wavering and evanescent, like a blush on a woman's cheek, fading away to return again.

"What is it?" asked Selwyn. "I am going to see. I believe it to be the bivouac fire of a French detachment; Indians would not make such a blaze, and it is far off. Where is Ariel?" A slight touch on his hand answered the question.

"I will go with you," Selwyn said. "No. We must not take the risk," and he and the boy disappeared like ghosts.

Selwyn, leaning on his rifle, watched the roselate gleam as if by its aid he could follow the track of his friends, when a scream rang out, echoing through the woods with shrill vibration. Involuntarily he grasped the rifle and made a step forward, then paused and smiled at his own nervousness; it was the cry of the cougar; he had heard it often before. Then the guttural voice of Brant, the Mohawk chief, muttered in his ear:

"The Hurons will be here at daylight!" He was about to reply, but the red chief was gone.

An hour before daylight he withdrew the sentinels from the other side of the creek and aroused all who were not on duty. Every man was at his post; the

canopy of smoke and completed the rout of the terror-stricken foe.

When the smoke cleared away, Selwyn was surprised to see Renwick and Ariel at his side. "We came in behind the Indians," Renwick said, "and dropped on the ground when the firing began. The redskins passed over us in their hasty retreat, not having time to investigate or to take our scalps along with them, and here we are, tired and hungry."

"The sun came up and showed the result of the conflict. The banks of the creek were thickly strewn with the bodies of the slain, while the rocky gaps between it and the woods were dotted with the forms of men arrested in their flight by the tomahawk or knife of the pursuing Mohawks.

"It is not often that the redskins fall into such a trap," said Renwick, "and I congratulate you on your success; but this is not the end of the campaign, my friend, and we will soon have a more determined foe to deal with. Ariel and I found their camp, and I think there must be at least two hundred French regulars there."

"How do you account for their not aiding their allies in their attack?" asked Selwyn. "Well, the Indian is usually cautious enough; but he is also jealous of the white man, and when he thinks he sees a chance to steal a march on him and snatch his laurels and a few scalps, he is apt to lose his head. But the Frenchman has the laugh on him this time."

"We must strike while the iron is hot," cried Selwyn; "we will attack the enemy at once before the Indians recover from their panic."

The Mohawks, straggling in from the pursuit, were collected by their chief, while the rangers, flushed with victory, were eager for another dash at the enemy. These, marching in open order, while the Mohawks formed a skirmish line in front, forded the creek and moved forward silently to the attack. It was apparent that the demoralization of the redskins was complete, for the attacking force met with no impediment until, within a few hundred yards of the French camp, the Mohawks drove in the outposts.

The French, though taken by surprise, and having no breastworks to check their assailants, fell into ranks with the instinct of veterans, and presented a serried front before which the Indians recoiled for a moment and cleared the way for the rangers who came on steadily and delivered a volley, which the French returned and then charged with the bayonet; but the steady fire of rifles which were not aimed at random checked their advance while the Mohawks with Brant at their head stormed their flanks with tomahawk and rifle. Retiring slowly with their faces to the foe, they gained the shelter of the heavy timber, which aided their retreat. Selwyn halted his rangers and left the pursuit to the Mohawks.

"It is my belief," said Renwick, "that this is the advance guard of a stronger force, to whom the redskins fled whom you defeated this morning, instead of reinforcing these regulars."

Late in the afternoon the Mohawks returned with the news that they had pursued the enemy within the lines of a force the numbers of which could not be estimated. A council of officers was called to whom Selwyn submitted the alternatives of an immediate march to Oswego, or to remain and fortify their position and send a messenger to the fort for instructions. The latter proposal found favor with the majority, as Renwick suggested that they would thus be enabled to discover the force of the enemy and to retreat if necessary. But Selwyn and Brant urged the prudence of continuing the march until a better position be found, and game collected for subsistence, while if the enemy attacked them with cannon, they could not hold their present exposed position. It was therefore decided to continue the march, and also to send a runner to the fort. For this duty Ariel was selected.

CHAPTER VII. WOMAN'S TACTICS.

No blood having been spilt, the provost marshal contented himself with a reprimand of the two officers, secretly resolving, however, to lay the matter before the Commander-in-Chief. But with a view to prevent a renewal of the quarrel, requested De Barzac to accompany him as far as the officers' quarters.

The character of Lemourier was so well known that the marshal had no doubt that he was the chief offender, and De Barzac, whom he questioned, confirmed his opinion, while he was careful to omit the name of Mlle. Destain. In the marshal's mind, therefore, the occurrence resolved itself into a drunken freak on the part of Lemourier, which it was his duty to report. The next morning, therefore, he was arrested and marched to Montcalm's quarters, while De Barzac received a polite note requesting his attendance at the same place. Rumors of the affair, however, were not wanting, nor were they long in reaching the ears of Mme. Chevreul and her niece.

"The coward! the assassin!" exclaimed the former, "to draw his sword upon a wounded man! and oh! how delighted I am to know my young hero defeated him! how brave he is! Like the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach!"

"Dear aunt, you forget that I am betrothed to Colonel Lemourier. Doubtless he was under the influence of wine and may have been provoked."

"Ninon," exclaimed the elder lady, "it is your pride that prompts you to excuse this bandit. He is your fiancé, and therefore he must be purged of his crimes—the stains of drunkenness and cowardice erased from his name—that the world may believe him to be, what he is not, a man of honor!"

"It is your partiality for M. De Barzac that warps your judgment. He may be all that you say—but what is that to me? I am bound, chained, perhaps you will say, to Lemourier; not by love or choice, but the command of my family. If he is brave and honorable I will be proud of him. If he is not, what then? His wife must believe that he is that

which he is not, and scorn the world's opinion for his sake."

Mme. Chevreul was silent. For a moment her heart sank at the thought that Ninon loved this man—this bravo! But no; there was no indication of tenderness in look or tone. Then came the second thought. But she will marry him all the same. She will make the sacrifice to family pride and her father's authority, and what a sacrifice! But Mme. Chevreul was proud herself—

prided of her name, her ancestry, like a grand dame of France, and, above all, proud of her husband. Therefore she sympathized with the young girl, her sister's child, and recalling the military ardor that when a fortress can not be taken by assault, it must be undermined, she resolved to tax her woman's wit for the inception of some scheme to prevent the marriage of Ninon and Lemourier.

Among the friends of Mme. Chevreul was a lady, the widow of an English officer, and for some years a resident of Montreal. So quiet and unobtrusive in her habits, she attracted little attention among the crowd of officials and their families, who constituted the "society" of the embryo city, although her stately figure was daily to be met in the hospital and on the river bank, which was usually lined with the barks of the natives. To these children of the forest she seemed a being almost divine. She talked to them in their own language, ministered to their sick and wounded, especially to the children; spoke words of Christian hope to the toil-worn and neglected mothers and won from their love and gratitude a title which, in their soft, expressive language, signified the Daughter of the Great Spirit, for she was of their own race—a pure-blooded princess of a noble line. Not many of the loungers on the promenade suspected that the veil which shrouded her from their curious glances concealed the features of an aborigine, but Mme. Chevreul had been attracted by the sweet, resigned expression in those fathomless dark eyes, and succeeded in winning her confidence.

To-day the scene on the river was unusually lively; several transports laden with troops and military stores had arrived from Quebec and were being unloaded; the soldiers glad to be relieved from confinement, singing as they marched to their quarters with their knapsacks on their shoulders—heroes every one of them, lured on to glory by the hope of one day wearing the chevrons of a sergeant; for in those days the epaulets of an officer could only be worn by one who could boast a noble descent of three hundred years.

Mme. Chevreul and the Indian princess walked along the river-path, almost unconscious of the stirring scene, the French lady pouring into the ear of her friend the story of Mlle. Destain's unfortunate engagement to Lemourier, his cowardly attack on De Barzac on the night previous, and her anxious desire to prevent an alliance which promised the most unhappy results. She listened with grave attention.

"Your plan is then to place M. De Barzac before your niece in such comparison with his rival that her heart will revolt against the sacrifice. But reflect. There may be another danger. De Barzac may not respond to her love because he does not know that her attention has been drawn to him. For men are not observant of the signs of a woman's partiality if she tries to conceal it. Besides, you know Lemourier's desperate and unscrupulous character—that he would not hesitate to remove an object of hatred by other means than that of the duel."

"How shall I proceed, then?" asked Mme. Chevreul, anxiously. "Your policy will be simply that of delay. Throw obstacles in the way of the marriage. Doubtless Lemourier will soon be ordered to join in the approaching campaign, and the fortune of war may relieve you of your anxiety."

"Ah, here comes De Barzac," exclaimed Mme. Chevreul, as the young man approached. "Have you seen Montcalm?" she asked, eagerly.

"I have, Madame; he questioned me about the affair of last night. Perhaps you heard a rumor?"

"We know it all by heart. We were speaking about it—Mrs. Vernon and I."

"The General was most kind. Thanks to the provost marshal, he knows the facts. He dismissed me with the hope that I would soon be fit for active service."

"And Lemourier?"

"Received a reprimand—and gave his parole of honor to abstain from duelling for six months."

"Was that all?"

"Ah, Madame, you know the campaign is at hand, and Lemourier is too valuable a soldier to be spared from service."

"And you? You are an invalid."

"Until the trumpet sounds," said the young man, gayly. "But see! They are landing some prisoners."

A crowd of Indians on the river bank were gazing with savage eagerness at a small party of prisoners, handcuffed and under guard of soldiers, who were being landed from a barge. De Barzac's attention was instantly attracted to one of the captives, whose air and bearing denoted a soldier of superior stamp, whom adverse fortune could not depress or dismay.

"Marden, do you not know me?" he cried, advancing with extended hand. Then perceiving the condition of his friend: "Unbind this man," he said. "I will be responsible for him. Marden, you saved my life at Crown Point; did you think I could forget you, my friend?"

"Ah, Captain, we did not tie him very tight, only to save appearances, you know. Was not wounded in that affair," interposed the sergeant in command, "and do not I, too, remember the Chevalier Joyeuse, who cheered us in the hospital and whom General Dieskan loved?"

"We have heard of you, gallant soldier," said Mme. Chevreul; "you are among friends who will make you forget that you are a captive." Marden bowed low and kissed the fair hand presented to him so graciously.

"Madame," said he, in French, "I twice vanquished by your kindness, a yield me, like a knight of old, rescue me rescue."

"And I claim you as a fellow-countryman," said Mrs. Vernon, "by right my husband, who was a native of Massachusetts."

"Ah, Madame," he replied, "you ladies belong to no nationality. You are our guards-angels."

"I will leave you with your guardians, then, while I make arrangements for your transfer to my care," said De Barzac.

When Mme. Chevreul returned to her home her husband informed her that Lemourier insisted upon the immediate fulfillment of the marriage contract, on the pretext that, as he was soon to join the expedition, he wished to gain a husband's right to dispose of her future.

At the first shock of this intelligence Mme. Chevreul wrung her hands in despair; then she sought her niece, whom she found paler than usual, but quite calm; and this state of quiescence was very explicable to the elder lady, in whose veins flowed the warm blood of the South of France, though a moment's reflection taught her that it was not a sign of joy at the prospect of her marriage.

Mme. Chevreul dissembled. "It is a thousand pities, dear Ninon," she said, gravely, "that these hurried nuptials must seem almost clandestine. There is no time to send to France for the trousseau—in truth, there will not be any. Then in the midst of hurried preparations for a campaign, there can be no grand fête; no lighted cathedral with anthems pealing, and bishops and priests in long procession—alast alas!"

Mlle. Destain, working on a piece of embroidery, did not raise her eyes;

but the watchful lady noticed that the slender fingers trembled.

"How different it was when your mother was married in the Church of Notre Dame," she continued, in a tone of lively retrospection. "All Paris stood expectant, as if it were a royal marriage, and well it might, for the Dauphin himself gave the bride away, and the Duke de Rohan was a