

was too late. I was hard to her, and Armitage, do you know, I think it killed her. That's what has broken me up. I could have got over the effects of exposure easily enough but for that. I vowed I wouldn't speak to her and I didn't. It was just like me—just like the gov'nor. I told her that night that she'd forfeited my respect and that the only thing we could do was to make tracks for the camp again as quickly as we could, and that she must go back to 'Frisco as soon as I could get her down to the coast. She never said anything, but her face has haunted me ever since. On the fourth night I woke up suddenly. She was leaning over me. 'Let me see your face, Mr. Evan, won't you?' she said; but I pushed her away and turned round in my blankets. The next morning I found her lying dead just as you found Jim, and I got her body up the tree to save it from the wolverine—the same wolverine I'll lay odds, that spoilt your traps too. I got down to another camp; I didn't want to be asked any questions; but I had a terrible time through the mountains; that's where I got this lung trouble, and—

He stopped utterly exhausted and gradually fell into a doze. They stayed with him and did all