

"And now one thing more before I turn in," he added in his quick, business-like way. "This has been on my mind all day, and as we have no secrets now that we can't share with each other, I want you all to hear what I am going to say. Will you come closer, Mr. Dinsmore"—it was marvellous how he never omitted the prefix; "would you mind moving up so that you can listen the better? I am going to do what I can to end your sufferings." The hide-out shambled up and sat in a crouching position, the blanket about his shoulders, his hollow eyes fixed on Thayer.

"What I want to say to you all is this: I have had several conferences with this poor fellow and he has my deepest sympathy. I believe every word he has told me. What I intend to do now is to find a place for him among the lumber gangs in the great Northwest. There he will be safe; there, too, he can earn his living for he knows the woods thoroughly, but he must get to Canada without a day's delay. I can handle the matter better there than here. I have some friends in Montreal who can help,