

"Good God!" he muttered. "You've got him! Is he dead?"

She shook her head. "Sleeping," she said. "Come away a little."

They sat on the other side of the fire. "Davy has gone back to the cache," she said, taking care to avoid Jack's eyes, "for milk powder, if there is any, and whiskey, and any medicines he can find. He will be back before dark."

"Has he said anything?" asked Jack, looking toward the tent.

Mary shook her head. "Nothing you could understand. He is very low. We will not get him back to the fort. He was four days in the bush. He had only berries."

"Then it's too late after all," said Jack apathetically.

"Who can tell?" said Mary. "They say often they get their full senses back for a little while before they die."

Jack shrugged. "Who would believe what he said at such a time?"

Mary was silent. Her capacity for silence was greater perhaps than Jack's.

"Tell me about finding him," Jack said.

"We started out as soon as you left," she said, carefully schooling her voice. "It was clear Jean Paul would take him among the hills to lose him, so we struck up the coulée at once. Too many days had passed for us to find their tracks, and it had rained. But