

She heard him in absolute silence. Finally, as they were nearing the Cree camp, he taunted her with having been rejected by the white man.

"And my shame is yours," said she softly. "I love him ; he sends me away. You love me ; I send you from me — it is the same."

Jaquis, quieted by this simple statement, said good-night and returned to the tents, where the pathfinders were sleeping peacefully under the stars.

And over in the Cree camp the Belle of Athabasca, upon her bed of boughs, slept the sleep of the innocent, dreaming sweet dreams of her fair god, and through them ran a low, weird song of love, and in her dream Love came down like a beautiful bird and bore her out of this life and its littleness, and though his talons tore at her heart and hurt, yet was she happy because of the exquisite pleasure that surpassed all pain.