

of my love had passed over to you. Yet he was a good lad. The white-coat called across the stream to him, to kill you; but he would not, nor would he bring you over the ford until we had made the white-coat promise that you should not be killed for trying to run away. The man could do nothing against us two; but he bore ill-will to Muskingon afterwards, and left him to die when we could have saved him."

So, while John had lain senseless, fate had been binding him with cords—cords of guilt and cords of gratitude—and twining them inextricably. Therefore he feared sleep, because these dreams awoke him to pluck again at the knot of conscience. Ease came only with the brain's exhaustion, when in sheer weakness he could let slip the tangle and let the song of the rapids drug his senses once more.

He turned on his side and watched the sunbeam as it crept up the face of the *armoire*. "Menhwehna!" he called weakly.

From his seat in the corner among the shadows the Indian came and stood behind him.

"Menhwehna, this lying cannot go on! Make you for this fort they talk of; tell your tale there and push on to join your tribe. Let us fix a length of time, enough for your travel beyond reach, and at the end of it I will speak."

"And what will my brother tell them?"

"The truth—that I am no Frenchman but an English prisoner."

"It is weakness makes you lose patience," answered Menhwehna, as one might soothe a child. "Let the weak listen to the strong. All things I have contrived, and will contrive; there is no danger and will be none."

John groaned. How could he explain that he abhorred this lying? Worse—how could he explain that he loathed Menhwehna's company and could not be friends with him as of old; that something in his blood, something deep and ineradicable as the difference between white man and red man, cried out upon the Sergeant's murder? How could he make