

Jules jumped to the supplies they had unlashed from the sledges and piled in the corner of the cabin, grubbed up some bags, and made for the door. But Bruneau rolled from the bunk.

"Stop! You can't be go down. Dose chechahcos know you. Dey're Americans. You must kip out of sight."

He seized Dane's arm as the latter kicked up the latch, but the door swung open under a pull from without, and Jules stared into the thin faces of Enid Mavor, Sonia Massinoff, and Haegar Canard.

The bags crashed from his arms to the floor. Inimical furies leaped up in him. For the moment they ruled him, driving out all other emotions of astonishment, fear, cunning, pity. He was oblivious to any fact, circumstance, or consideration except that his enemy was within reach. His leap at Canard was involuntary, mechanical, as if long pent-up desires and broodings had reacted viciously upon his physical organism. His face was savage, his intent murderous. It seemed to the cowed women that in one second the captain would be snatched up, broken to pieces, and flung like refuse to the slaving dogs. Yet Bruneau, weak as he was, threw himself between. His feeble fingers locked round Dane's neck, causing him to lose his balance, and together they rolled in the snow.

Jules jerked roughly loose. Félix clung to his legs. "Don't give blows to wan starvin' man!" he cried.