

"Father Andrews here!"

Carlisle leaned lower, his face abruptly charged with red blood.

"And he lived—lives yet?" he demanded.

"Why not? I have lived—till now. Wayne lives. Why not Charlie Carlisle? Take my word for it. If you don't take my word for it, ask Father Andrews here. Charlie Carlisle paid him to keep his secret and to raise you, and he knows. But be quick. I am weakening fast, and Andrews must give me absolution."

"Andrews—Andrews!" cried Carlisle, torn with emotion. "My father's alive?"

"Yes, Paul—yes."

"You know where he is?"

"Yes."

"And you'll take me to him now—I mean, soon, without delay?"

"Yes, soon," promised Andrews. "When we go down to Grande Portage I'll take you to him. Now go, quickly. Don't you see Richelieu's at his last breath?"

Andrews bent over Richelieu to give him final absolution, and Carlisle, with his heart in a tumult and his face alight, turned away to Wayne and Joan. Joan's eyes were shining into his through a film of moisture, but Wayne still stood like an image staring stonily at the strange confessional. Then he raised his eyes to Carlisle's and put out his gnarled hand.

"Richelieu isn't the only one who wronged you, Carlisle!" he exclaimed with a depth of feeling that shook his chest. "I've put a ter-