

you've been doing since I last heard from you. Did you go to the diggings, as you said you thought of doing?"

Then Armitage told him how he'd met Jim Fink in 'Frisco and how together they had journeyed to British Columbia in search of him.

Evan's eyes filled with tears and he pressed Armitage's hand.

"That was good of you, old chap," he said. "Go on, tell me everything; I like to hear." He did not interrupt him again till he had finished his story, but lay perfectly still with his eyes fixed upon his friend's face.

"I can't tell you how thankful I feel," he said, "that dear old Jim didn't know the truth. He would have found it hard to believe I didn't go back on him, but I didn't—I didn't, really, Armitage. Will you believe it, she was with me from the time we left Victoria—up at the mining camp—nearly three months. We were in the woods together trapping for more than a week and I never guessed it. Nobody else did, either. She worked for me like a slave at the mines, looked after me like a mother, sister and servant rolled into one, and all the time I took her for the half-breed Indian Tom. She scarcely ever spoke and