

But an agitated voice clamoured in his ear, forcing awakening and understanding upon him. He realized that Chasni Jim, too, was being mauled like himself, and he woke with a start.

Mavor was jerking at them, his frightened face limned by the glare of a tallow candle.

"Enid!" he yelled. "I can't find her! Good heavens, get up! Enid's gone!"

Bruneau stood upright, ready dressed because he had slept in his clothes.

"W'en? W'ere?" he demanded.

"How can I tell? She wasn't here when I woke. She's not outside the cabin. There's no track, either. It's snowed a good deal. Great God, Félix, get the Indian out and see what you can do. Think of something to do. I can't think; I'm three parts crazy!"

The voyageur strode swiftly across the floor to where a canvas pack covering screened the bunk of Enid and Sonia. It was turned partly back. Sonia was sitting on the side of the bunk lacing her moose-skin shoepacks. She noted Bruneau's suspicious glance as it travelled over the disarranged blankets and rested on her.

"I know nothing," she told him. "Enid went to bed with me. I woke alone. Beyond that I know nothing."

"You know not'ing, but you guess, mebbe," he observed, in a low voice.