

meal being ready, they then plied him with hot coffee till his senses began to stir. This they knew to be a grand medicine for exposure, and Bruneau's hungering system absorbed it as fast as it was swallowed.

"Strong when um well," Chasni Jim commented, touching the muscles that now hung loosely, like plaited vines, on the voyageur's frame.

"Yes, and he'll be strong again after I've fed him up. He has the grit of a grizzly. Look at that! He wants to get out already!"

Dane promptly shoved him back on the bunk. The effort it required surprised him.

"*Mon Dieu, camarade*," moaned Félix, "give me two bags of meat an' flour an' loan me wan dog team!"

Jules wrestled with him, scrutinizing his face for signs of delirium. In the blazing eyes he thought he read it.

"Yes, yes, that's all right," he soothed. "But you're not on the trail now, Félix. You're at the end of it, and everything you need is here. Lie quiet. Don't you know me?"

"Yes, but you ain't be understand. I'm not crazy. De food's for dat chechahco bonch, four of dem. I'm get shot by accident an' have de brain fever. De wintaire's come before I get ma senses. Can't move den wit'out dogs. Wolves eat de horses. No game. Not'ing! Dey're four people starvin' in de cabin on de odder peak."

"Good God, starving! Four! Look after him for a little, Chasni Jim. I'll go across."