

lost consciousness in sleep. She covered him with a deer-skin and stumbled to the pile of leaves, fainting with exhaustion of nerve and body.

She was awakened just as the pallorous dawn began to finger its way into the mouth of the cave, by an insistent, questioning voice saying: "Is that you, Ned? Where in the devil am I?"

For an instant Faith McKnight could not herself have answered the latter question; then yesterday's terrible experience suddenly flooded her memory and she recognized her environments—but not the voice. Her captor's tones had been soft and thick, and these were steady and clear, although weak. She threw off the skin and went over to him.

"Say, can't you speak up, man?" he was complaining.

"Yes; what is it?" she asked.

He rose on an elbow and stared in bewilderment.

"Who—who are you? How did I get here?"

"You met with an accident, but you'll be all right in a few days. Lie down and keep still."

"Were the others all drowned — Ned, Rutter, the whole crew?"

He was evidently in his right mind, although she could not comprehend his references.

"I don't know. You are in the British Columbia woods now."

"British Columbia!" he gasped. "I thought we had blown on the Washington coast somewhere. By Jove!" and he fell into a puzzled reverie.

The girl started a fire from matches scattered about the floor, and presently was broiling hunks of the venison on the end of a stick. It was now fairly light in the cave and the man was watching her curiously.

"Mayn't I know who my nurse is?" he asked, and she told him.

"How did I get here? Tell me all about it, please."

She tried to put him off, saying that he was still too weak to talk; but he would not be denied, and so she told him how he had carried her away and how she had sought to escape his maudlin attentions.

"My God!" he cried. "And yet you

stayed to care for me after all that! What nerve you've got!"

"You were not responsible. I couldn't leave you to starve to death. It would have haunted me all my life."

"And in return for my treatment you've given me back my sanity as well as my life! I must have hit my head on a rock as I was washed ashore and been wandering around as a harmless lunatic ever since. A clot on the brain, likely, which a good bleeding has removed. What a miracle! By Jove, what a miracle!"

After they had chewed a while on the tough meat and quenched their thirst with a can of water from the spring, Philip Norwood, college graduate, ex-newspaper writer on the *Portland Oregonian*, sole survivor of the sealing-ship *Nancy Star*, announced his readiness to strike out for civilization, and rose to his knees to prove that he could do it. However, he immediately sank back on the leaves again, and the girl forbade him to make another effort.

"But think of your father," he groaned. "Won't you start out alone? I can take care of myself until they find me, or my strength comes back."

"Hush, Mr. Norwood. I'll make a smoke outside which they will see, and in the meantime you must sleep." She threw a skin over his ill-clothed form, and then left the cave. From the ridge above she could see miles of second-growth and valley stretching away to a far horizon, but no signs of humanity. Still, the searchers must be drawing near. Went certainly wasted no time in overtaking her father and his guides. She smiled quietly to herself as she remembered how easily he had been discouraged in his attempt to save her from what might well have been a fate too horrible to contemplate. Norwood had raised his eyebrows when she had spoken of her escort, and she knew what he had thought. Of course Went was a dear boy and possessed a pretty income and knew how to paddle a canoe, but—well, she hadn't really intended to accept him, anyway, so it didn't much matter.

She had soon collected a pile of dead brush, moss and ferns which, when lit, sent a dense white column snaking high into the blue heavens. Two lives now depended upon the discovery of their retreat. for as long as her captor lay helpless she would