

her down in a clear space where the moonlight fell. Then he sat down on the grass facing her, to recover his breath after his swim and his pursuit. He was soaking wet from head to foot, and but for the dangerous light of passion and wrath in his eyes, he would have been a rather ridiculous figure. But the girl's fear of him drove out all other emotions. She remembered with a pang of regret the little dagger she had left in the forest cabin.

Michel recovered himself quickly. He smiled, and in his smile Marjorie seemed to read her fate.

"Destiny has spoken again, sweetheart," said he. "You tried to kill me, but Destiny kept me alive. You tried to leave me, but Destiny gave you back to me."

"I did not seek to harm you, but only to escape," said the girl. She rose to her feet and Michel did the same.

"What does it matter!" he exclaimed impatiently. "All is fair in love." He took a step towards her. Like a helpless victim, spell-bound before the destroyer, she stood and stared at him with wide brown eyes.

"The canoe is sunk," said Michel, still smiling. "For to-night, at least, Destiny gives us to each other! In the morning—who knows? But to-night you are mine!"

Behind the smile she read the madness in his eyes, and knew herself the prey of a ruthless savage. Wildly she sprang back through the brushwood towards the river.

As she crossed a patch of deep, soft moss, something moved beneath her flying feet. But she gave it no heed. In her terror she did not hear the weird rattling noise that filled the bushes behind her. She did not hear André Michel stumble and fall as he followed in her track, but just as she reached the river's very edge an awful cry behind her made her pause. It was such a cry as she had never heard before. It struck a chill of horror to her heart.

Crouching fearfully at the brink of the current, she looked back over her shoulder. There was no one in sight.