

"W'at you mean, *camarade*?" interposed Brun-eau, alarmed.

"I mean what I say. He stays here. Tell Mavor any tale you like. Tell him Canard slipped over a precipice."

Again Dane faced the captain. "I could kill you now like a beetle, but I won't. I'll feed you. Meal by meal I'll build you up. Bit by bit I'll give you back every cursed ounce of your old strength. Then you'll pay for your deviltries here in this cabin. One of us will go out alone from the Kusawaks!"

The vision of Dane's face as he ground out the edict was one that the others took down the slope with them and into their dreams that night. Especially did it haunt the voyageur's dreams, and when someone pulled his blankets off him at morning he accepted it as part of his dream.

"*Camarade*," he murmured, reproachfully, "it's only de middle of de night."

He clutched sleepily at the warm coverings, instinctively resenting interruption of the sleep that hunger had so long forbidden. Then he awakened enough to remember that it was Chasni Jim who was his bunk mate, and it seemed to him to be the Sitka who was routing him out at the hour that passed for dawn in the eternal night of the Northland.

"*Mon Dieu*, Chasni!" he growled, "can't you be quiet?"