

glacier moraines took Bruneau and Chasni Jim an hour. Intense cold of upper space smote them to the marrow. Despite the fur fringes of the close-drawn parka hoods, the glacier breath seared their faces, but finally the two men stood, seven thousand feet in air, upon the pinnacle of the Pelly country. There the ordinarily restricted human vision was given unlimited range. The tremendous expanse of wilderness which stretched southward was as an open book.

"Look!" panted Félix.

He extended an arm, like a compass needle, southwest by west.

Many miles away a string of black specks broke the dazzling white reach of snow. Eight of those minute dots Bruneau counted—the man, the woman, five dogs, and the sled.

"Dere goes Jules on de outland forevaire," he breathed, with a choke in his throat. "We won't see heem any more, Chasni. He's got hees comrade for life."

"Sure," nodded Chasni Jim, and gazed mournfully.

Crawling as insects crawl upon a microscopic plate, the specks topped a low divide, and, paralleling it on the other side, disappeared. Again the limitless levels stretched away, unmarred.

"Dat course will land dem on de Kalzas Range," figured the voyageur. "Dey'll go down de Kalzas Rivaire into de Macmillian Rivaire, cross to de Pelly,