

there. "Wolf you say, eh?" she remarked. "He look all right lak' wolf. Much worse for mad though. Wolf no so bad as big black dog of yo'. My man, he say, dog one big devil-dog. He say 'kill, but no, dog who save master must no be kill, so me, I chain him up. My man he hot-head you call it. He French, and me Indian," and she threw her chest out proudly. "Me full-blood Indian, but spek' good Englis just lak' my man Cormier do."

Jim started. Vainly he tried to rise upon his elbow, but fell back with a moan. Cormier. The man he was after. Cormier, the thief; Cormier, the cause of Paul's death; Cormier, his rescuer. Ah. This last made a difference. But he must forget the rescuing part of it. Cormier should go back with him. Duty first always. Then he smiled. Blistered from frost bites as he was it was nonsense to think of going back for days. He must be the unwilling guest of Cormier. And then, when the Frenchman had nursed him back to health he must reciprocate by taking him to prison. Under his breath he cursed the circumstances that had brought this thing to pass. Still it must be done. Jim Driscoll never yet had failed to do his duty.

"My man he very good to me," rambled on the squaw, delighted to have some person to talk to, even although it was but an unresponsive invalid, and equally pleased at the opportunity afforded to display her knowledge of English. "He go hunt every day, snow, storm, or fine, and make much money in winter. Last fall though," and she became suddenly sad, as is the nature of her race, "bad Indian he come here one day while I and my man be fish, and steal all food. He leave us nothing—nothing but one or two bag potato" and she held up one of the potatoes she was paring. "My man he have no money. Winter he coming soon, and we starve with nothing to eat but meat, or get sick which be as bad with no doctor here. So Cormier he go to village far away and borrow money from rich Englishman. Then he come home with flour, sugar, fish, lots good food for we all winter. Now my man hunt more hard each day so next spring he pay back rich man money he borrow."

The squaw had unwittingly furnished him food for thought during the long day, and for many days after, during the period of his convalescence.

When the man of the house returned at night, and after throwing two fresh pelts on the floor, turned toward the stranger. Jim had no difficulty in recognising him as the Cormier he was after.

The Frenchman smiled as he saw that his guest was conscious. "You soon be all right again Mr. Driscoll," he remarked.

Jim started. He had forgotten his papers and the warrant. Clearly Cormier had not.

The hunter smiled again. "You see I know your name, Monsieur," he said. "You near dead and I look through papers to see who you are and where from. I no expect to see stranger up here so soon. But papers say you hunter too. Hunter for little game, eh? Bimeby I talk to you. Now—" and he placed his finger on his lips and glanced toward his squaw wife. "You papers be all in you pocket, Mr. Driscoll," he added. "My wife she no can read Englis."

Jim understood. It was several days before the men were alone. The squaw wife had been sent for a fresh supply of firewood and would be gone at least an hour, and Cormier had returned from the hunt earlier than usual. For a while they smoked in silence, broken at last by the hunter.

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