

thing of the ruthlessness of the North to those in its power, looked sagely into his.

"And you'll play the game out with them alone?" she asked.

He nodded. "Alone! Unless it's what little time the Mounted let Félix and Chasni Jim share with me."

"Isn't there any one else you want to share it?"

Her challenge took Dane's breath away, sent the blood racing to his face. So close she stood that he might have reached out his arms in that moment and stayed the heart hunger of the years. An instant he hesitated, wrenched by a great temptation. But the dynamic force of the realization of what the fugitive life would mean for Enid blasted the selfish desire out of him. He shook his head and turned back to the cabin.

Enid took a step after him, touching his shoulder with a movement irresistibly feminine.

"Isn't there any one else you want to share it?" she repeated, in a whisper.

"There's no one else I can ask to share it," he answered, and walked on.

Sonia and Canard were coming out of the cabin doorway as he reached it. He let the woman pass, but he barred Canard in with his hands against the jams.

"You stay here!" he glowered.

Famine had broken the spirit of the captain. He cringed.