

They ate their supper, and the sun went down. Mary, leaving the boys smoking by the fire, took up her vigil within the door of the little A-tent. Davy chattered about the prairie chicken that had flown across the trail, about the squirrels that had broken into the cache, about the moose he had seen swimming the river. Jack with an unquiet breast sat listening for a sign from Mary.

Suddenly she came out of the tent, dropping the flaps behind her. "Jack!" she whispered breathlessly.

He sprang to her.

Her clenched hands were pressed hard to her breast. "He's awake," she murmured.

"Is he — sane?"

"I — I don't know," she said a little wildly. "He looked at me so strangely. Oh, Jack!"

He took her trembling hand in his firm one. There was no selfish passion in him now. "Steady, Mary," he said deeply. "We've done the best we could. Whatever will happen, will happen. Better go away for a little."

She gave his hand a little squeeze, and shook her head. "I'm all right," she murmured. "I must know."

Jack threw back the flaps, and, stooping, entered. "Hello, there!" he said quietly.

The sick man turned his head. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and a feverish colour suffused his face; his lips were swollen. "Macgregor," he whis-