

302 Jules of the Great Heart

post clearing, and looked with half-opened eyes that but vaguely saw the habitations before them.

"Leetle furdaire," he articulated, and dragged himself ahead.

The post was awake; smoke curled from the chimneys and floated off on the light morning breeze; figures moved about at the gates.

"Qu'est-ça?" a trapper asked as he saw the low crooked shape creeping in the clearing.

A shrill cry, and a woman leaped past him into the open.

"Jules! Jules!" she screamed in ecstasy, and ran to the form that had fallen helpless.

"Marie—oh, Marie, dat toi h'at las'?" Verbaux whispered as he felt warm arms about his neck and saw the longed-for face, as in a dream, looking into his.

"Mon Jules!" the woman sobbed, and pil-
lowed the weary head in her lap.

The others that had come out from the post disappeared quietly, and the two were alone.

The sun rose glorious and bright, gilding everything and casting warm lights over all; the air was still, the silence was absolute. Verbaux opened his eyes.