

He had always been as brave and fearless as a lion before. It was the mortal disease that had him in its grip that made a coward of him now. The simplest thing was to make tracks for somewhere without delay. I was very much of a stranger in that part of the country. No help could be got from Jake, who had started off to keep clear away from any suspicion of being mixed up in the move of Cyrus. I wanted the old man to walk out of his shack without any baggage at all, but he would insist on taking an old camp-kettle with him. He said it had been his companion on too many journeys to be left behind now. To humour him, and because I was afraid I really should not be able to get him away without it, I let him take the pot. Indeed I carried it myself, and jolly heavy I found it. We reached the depot soon after dawn. The first cars that came along went east, so we went east too. The main thing just at first was to make sure of getting away without anyone on our track. At the first place we stayed, Cyrus declared he was being followed. He wept and cried like a baby, saying that nothing but the sea could separate him from his enemies. It was then I thought of this house standing empty. Surely, if anywhere in the wide world he could be safe, it would be here. I was taking no risks. We went east farther still, to a place where we could board a train that had come straight through from Quebec.