

"Wan is plaintee. Don't break it w'en you be off dis countree. If dey come huntin' Jules, I'll be know who gave de sign. Den I'll mak' de journey, an' you'll die queeck."

As he bent to cut the straps, the shadow of a movement in the doorway flickered darkly on the bright steel. He turned quickly. Sonia stood there. She had stolen up without Chasni Jim's notice in spite of his Indian ears.

"W'at you be find?" demanded Félix.

"Nothing. But I've heard."

"Den you remembaire, too. I'm not wan coward for threaten de woman, but you must not spik, either. I mak' Canard answer for you. You spik, an' he'll die just the same."

He freed the captain.

"Yesterday," he told him, "you be slip down precipice. You fell in de snow pocket an', burrowed in de drifts, managed to kip alive. We be find you dis mornin' an' rescue you. Is dat all plain?"

"Yes."

"Wait here, den, till we come back. We're goin' on de tip of de peak."

A thousand feet the greater peak rose above the lesser. Its tip was the highest point in hundreds of miles of country. From the summit they could see whether Canard lied.

The laborious climb along the grim-mouthed precipices, over the talus slopes, and across the