

elling words. She — the first spur to all his adventurous, aspiring pilgrimage, partner then, and in his late despair!

Clara leveled them a look of gladness, as for some great atonement. Dick with Pete, also enlivened by the finished duff, was loading their bedding on the dog-sled.

"Looks to me like the old man had better ride," said Trueblood to Gail, marking Dead-O's limps. "The blonde, too."

"I think mebbe the right foot'll have to come off," said Pete, hearing them. "But that won't bother me, as a millionaire with autymobiles. An' Perry — ye had better learn to chew. I'd call a celluloid nose dangerous to such a smoker."

"Look a-here, Thain," said Trueblood. "I got news for you, about that Charles Lamar you killed. You recollect the operator Gash, I had on my sled with rheumatism? Saw him in Chickaman the day I pulled out. He had a stake in Lamar's outfit, and was hornet-mad over a wireless in his fist that gave your townsite to Hartline."

"John!" exclaimed Clara. "Glory!"

IV

Dick and Sydney drove the sled, back-trailing to the rush camp above Gail's Gulch, as Arthur explained to Bleden how his foster-father had started on the main trail to Cook Inlet that morning, on a sudden errand which had terribly gladdened and distracted Sydney.

"He was hitting for the coast to get a parson to hitch them," said the boy.

Gail and Clara walked behind, through a gorgeous,