

He tossed his curling black hair, showing up the gold rings in his ears, and flicked the red-and-gold tassels of his boots.

"You think that's it, eh?" rejoined Belward, as he tossed a shilling to a beggar.

"Maybe, too, your great Saracen to this tot of a broncho, and the *grand homme* to little Jacques Brillon." Jacques was tired and testy.

The other laid his whip softly on the half-breed's shoulder.

"See, my peacock: none of that. You're a spanking good servant, but you're in a country where it's knuckle down man to master; and what they do here you've got to do, or quit—go back to your pea-soup and caribou. That's as true as God's in heaven, little Brillon. We're not on the buffalo trail now. You understand?"

Jacques nodded.

"Hadn't you better say it?"

The warning voice drew up the half-breed's face swiftly, and he replied:

"I am to do what you please."

"Exactly. You've been with me six years—ever since I turned Bear Eye's moccasins to the sun; and for that you swore you'd never leave me. Did it on a string of holy beads, didn't you, Frenchman?"

"I do it again."

He drew out a rosary, and disregarding Belward's outstretched hand, said:

"By the Mother of God, I will never leave you!"

There was a kind of wondering triumph in Belward's eyes, though he had at first shrunk from Jacques's action, and a puzzling smile came.

"Wherever I go, or whatever I do?"

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