

"*Oui.*"

"And Campbell Creek, above?"

"Sure t'ing."

"Well, I know a deserted cabin in between. I've a job to finish here first, but after that you and Chasni Jim can find me if you want to."

"Ba gar, we want to! Eh, Chasni?"

The Sitka's eyes lightened.

"Dam' bad we want to!" he vowed.

"And I want you both damned bad," confessed Jules. "Savvy? Damned bad! Now get over to the other peak with the food. I think that's all."

"No, not all!" interrupted someone behind.

Dane turned.

Enid Mavor had slipped, unnoticed, out of the cabin.

Food and drink had driven much of the starved look from her face. There was a faint glow stealing through her wan cheeks.

"No, Jules, not all," she repeated, "I heard you. You've thought about everyone but yourself. What about yourself?"

"Myself? You know!" he cried, fiercely. "The word'll go down to the Mounted Police. It'll be a rabbit hunt from now on. They'll chase me all over the Yukon from the Liard to the Porcupine. There'll be a price on my head, and I'll live the life of the hounded."

Enid drew closer. Her eyes, that had seen some-