

behold! it was not young Sagamore, but Dominique, standing by the bed and talking with Menehwehna.

"We are to start for the Fort, it appears," said Menehwehna to John.

"Let us first make sure," said Dominique, "that he is strong enough to dress." He thrust his hand within the *armoire* and unhitched the white tunic from its peg.

John shrank back into his corner.

"Not that?" he stammered.

Across the lamp smoking in the dawn, Dominique stared at him.

(*To be continued.*)