

"Untie me! Untie me!" he kept continually exclaiming, and writhed in his bonds.

Bruneau shuffled out of his snowshoes and limped across to him.

"Hold on dere!" he advised. "No use makin' so mooch noise. You be in wan dam' beeg blue funk. Were's Jules?"

"Gone! Enid, too! And thank God for that! Now untie me."

"Bymeby. Tell us about it."

"There's nothing to tell. She came in the night. She pleaded with him. They went."

"So?"

Without his volition the scene of the midnight meeting flashed before the voyageur's eyes. He had a vision of the immensity of Enid Mavor's sacrifice, of Dane's struggle against acceptance, of mutual explanation, forgiveness, surrender.

"Nothing to tell," Canard repeated. "But the fires of hell to experience! To have your life hanging on a woman's words! I knew if she didn't take him away he'd kill me in the end. I guess she knew it, too. That's what inspired her. And I prayed she'd melt him. The only time I ever prayed! For God's sake, untie me!"

"Not before you swear nevaire to spik wan word of dis!" decreed Bruneau. "Nevaire to put de police on Dane's track!"

"A thousand oaths on it! Anything to get out of this!"