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THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 6.)

the result I was after just two days ago. It seemed to rise under my fingers on the bark as a photograph rises on the dry plate when it is developed."

He rose from the chair he had taken beside her.

"It is time for me to go, I fear. You are awfully kind not to tell me I have wearied you," he ended. "Take warning, and make a note of what happens when a man is allowed to talk about himself."

"Encouraged to," she corrected softly, rising also.

CHAPTER X.

CROSSING to the shelf Wynn lifted down the sleepy chipmunk. He glanced at the Indian woman. She stared unwinkingly at the beaver skins, and drew the shining needle in, and out of the fur. The ring of candle-light circled her quiet tiny body.

"Good night, Wanota," he said.

The squaw turned her face up and responded with a few soft Indian words.

"She wishes you a long sleep," interpreted Nance.

"A long sleep is good," he replied, with his sudden smile, "if it is not too long. Give Wanota my thanks. Now to start. If you should need me, fire two quick shots. I will hear the report. Your grandfather will rest, I think, till morning."

The girl went with Wynn to the edge of the verandah. A frosty wind caught the curling ends of her hair. She lifted her pretty head and looked up at the stars. They were startlingly big and bright, and the silver mist of the milky way wound in and out amongst them, a fairy road that led no man might say where.

"What a night!" she said, then looked down at Wynn. "You have not told me why you came to Lone Lake? There is that much of the story for me to hear yet—if you care to tell it."

"I have no reason to give for coming," he answered, his eyes on her face outlined in the starlight. "I just drifted this way. An unseen current brought me North, and it was the right way. Some unseen current always does drift us in the right way eventually, I have come to believe. But you are cold?—I must not keep you."

"I am not cold," she answered, looking up. "I'll just stay a moment. Ah! See that amethyst light flash from the North! Now the pink!"

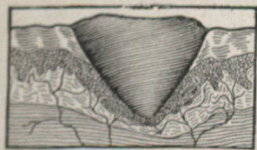
"The Aurora!" he exclaimed. "It is the first time I've seen the Northern Lights this year. Do you fancy you hear them unfurled with a soft rasp as of ribbon through the fingers?"

Nance nodded. "I have often thought I heard them. Sometimes they come like a great rose-coloured umbrella opening and closing over the world; and I have seen them like a fan of iridescent feathers, waving back and forth. Or they grow up softly in the sky as one might imagine fairy flowers would grow—queer coloured lily-like things with floating leaves, faintly green as seaweed—and they bloom and fade in the same moment. Once I saw them like chains of opals; and once they looked as though they were the long white fingers of a ghostly hand that moved among the stars. See! They are gone. Oh, I love the night, and the October stillness and the winds edged with frost!"

"Up here they remind me of the moor-winds that Stevenson loved. 'The winds austere and pure.'"

"Only a Scotsman would have described them so," she laughed. "Though I admit it does describe them." Then, irrelevantly, "Tell me, when did you meet Grand-dad?"

"When I got as far as the Post near St. Elizabeth's Mission. He chanced to be there. The Factor introduced him to me as 'The old man.' They both accepted me without comment or question. I had about come to the end of my tether in fact, and I



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