

leaped and palpitated above them. Upon the sled was supposed to be grub enough to take Mavor's party to the Stewart, and Félix was calculating on the weight of the load to make sure.

"Plenty?" Dane asked.

"I'm t'ink so."

"Leave a margin. Never take a risk again."

"No. I'm wan beeg fool to come in wit' dat chechahco Canard alone. I should be have anodder guide. Dat was de mistake. All de taim I'm afraid he swing hees thirty-thirty round and get me. No more chechahcos for me!"

"Good thing he didn't know you for a friend of mine. The hole might have been in your heart instead of in your hip."

"Dat *diable*. If he ain't be starvin', I let you kill heem a leetle w'ile back."

"I'm not done with him yet."

"Eh? W'at you mean? Remembraire de Mounted Police always find de missin' man oop here."

"I'm not likely to forget that. But all the same his medicine's coming when you people are gone. Chasni Jim'll go with you and help you get the party to the Stewart if I ask him. Here he is now."

The Sitka stalked from the cabin with a wide grin on his face.

"Eat um all supper up," he announced.

"Better not give them any more now, then," warned Jules. "Be careful on the start. Don't feed