

icy hand seemed to grasp his heart, and with a little muttered prayer, he fell back against the body of his horse, as one dead. He was still, motionless—he could hear nothing, see nothing, for a long, long time. Then he felt a sense of being lifted and jostled. Gradually that chill, icy hand seemed to loosen its grip on his heart. He was feeling warmer now. His senses were returning. He wanted to sleep. Suddenly he came to himself, but the effort of opening his eyes seemed too much. He was not cold now, that was all; nothing else mattered. He heard, as in a distance, a man's voice saying: 'He'll come out all right, now, mais, he must have nourishment, and plenty of heat. I'm going to bed now. Bonne nuit, chérie.'

'Bonnie nuit,' came the answer in a sweet, musical voice, that seemed very near him. It startled him. He opened his eyes slowly and with great effort, and looked up into the face bent close to his. He could not distinguish it in the dim light cast by the shaded lamp in the corner; but that voice, he knew that, he had heard that before. He was too exhausted to try to think where. He closed his eyes wearily and permitted his head to fall back gently. The effort had been too much for him.

After what seemed to him to be a very long time he again felt his head raised, and then something warm, very warm, was pressed to his lips. He looked up suddenly and found himself sitting on a couch, supported in an upright position by a young girl, with very black lustrous eyes, who was endeavoring with one hand to hold him up and with the other to keep a bowl of hot broth to his lips. He looked up at her, into those big, black eyes.

'Miss Lang!' he exclaimed.

'Hush,' she whispered, 'don't let them hear you.' He straightened himself.

'Who?' he asked.

'My uncle Dubawnt,' she whispered, bending close to him. 'He has sworn to kill the first man from the lumber camp that he meets. I did not know you were the Mr. Bartlett of the lumber company till they brought you in. They think you are a traveller. Please don't let them know who you are, for they will surely kill you.'

'Dubawnt kill me!' he exclaimed. 'Why kill me? I have come up here to adjust that claim of his. Are things really as bad as that? How is it that you are here? You don't mean to tell me that Dubawnt is your uncle?'

These and a great many other questions followed in rapid succession. For fully an hour they sat there talking, each as surprised as the other at their unexpected and strange meeting. Their conversation was suddenly disturbed by the deep, solemn boom of the clock in the corner, which announced that it was midnight.

'You must sleep now,' she whispered. 'It is getting late.' She put her arm across his shoulders and helped him to a reclining posture.

'Miss Lang,' he whispered. 'Do you think I will be able to go out to the camp to-morrow?'

She smiled.

'It is to-morrow now; why it is nearly 1 o'clock.' He put out his hand to detain her.

'To-day, I mean,' he smiled, 'When it gets daylight.'

'It's snowing too hard,' she answered, 'you must not be caught in any more blizzards. I shudder when I think what might happen if uncle had not gone out when he heard your cries yesterday. At first he thought it was one of the men from the camp, or maybe the police were trying to get him out in order to arrest him, but though he is big as a giant, he cannot see anyone suffer, his heart is as big as himself—and bigger,' she added, giving the pillow a final pat. 'You just don't let him know who you are for a while and perhaps everything will turn out all right. Good night,' she said, then suddenly: 'Ah, I forgot that you speak French. Bonne nuit, monsieur, et bon sommeil.'

'Bonne nuit.' She was about to leave him. 'Miss Lang,' he called. She returned. He reached out and took her hand. He looked at her abstractedly for some

minutes, then he said: 'Quand vous priez ce soir, pensez a celle dont vous me rappelez.'

She looked down at him, and there might have been a gleam of pity in those eyes. 'Oui, monsieur.'

'Je vous remercie,' he said, pressing her hand, 'et priez pour moi.'

Next morning he awoke with a start, having been dreaming about blizzards, logs, giants, and a number of other things all in one. He was feeling much better, and thought that if the weather permitted he could make the camp without any trouble. However, he would have liked to adjust that matter with Dubawnt before leaving his house; if for no other reason, to put Miss Lang's mind at rest. He was wondering how this could be done when he was aroused by a heavy footfall, and a man, something over six feet and proportionately broad, entered the room. 'Bon matin, monsieur,' was his greeting in a loud voice. 'Comment vous portez-vous? Mais, I forget you do not speak French. How are you feeling?'

Bartlett assured him that he felt very good, and also that he spoke French, and after a short conversation, that he had been in France but a short time before, and one thing led to another so that by the time breakfast was ready they were deeply engrossed in conversation. Bartlett's first impression of the man was that he was a man of deep sympathy. It was not till one of the sons made mention of the fact that they thought perhaps he had come from the camp that he had an opportunity to see the other side of Dubawnt's nature. His features immediately hardened, he grew excited, words could not come fast enough for him to express what he thought of them and their thievery.

Bartlett listened for some time to invectives poured on the head of the superintendent, and anyone who had anything to do with a corporation who would willingly and knowingly take from a man the property that represented all the savings of a lifetime, and then see the man practically starve, were it not for the fact that their neighbors took care that they were well provided for.

'But look here,' Bartlett broke in, assuring Miss Lang with a look that he would not prolong the conversation on that subject. 'Is it not possible that there is a misunderstanding somewhere? Probably the people in New York do not know of the case at all.'

Dubawnt interrupted. He seemed to be getting a trifle suspicious.

'Why, they say over there,' he indicated the direction of the camp, 'that they have sent down to New York to get their people to bring the Canadian police on me. But I tell you, sir,' he brought his fist down on the table. 'They get me dead, see, dead. The first one of them I sees dies. They have stolen my land, they have killed my son. The law does nothing to them. But me! I am an outlaw. My sons, they are outlaws; and sir, if they find you here talking to us, you too are an outlaw. Is it right? Is that what the law is for?'

Bartlett had his answer ready, but seeing the look of fear in the eyes that were fixed on him appealingly from the other side of the table, he let it die on his lips.

'Uncle,' asked the owner of those eyes, 'don't you think Mr. William would be safer at the camp?'

'I didn't know your name was William,' said Dubawnt.

'It is,' answered Bartlett.

'Well, Mr. William, I do think you would be safer at the camp, though you would not be in such good, wholesome company. However, you'll have to stay here for the remainder of the day. The storm is too heavy now to venture out, and after all, I think you are as safe here; for if we cannot get out, neither can they get in.'

The greater part of the day was spent in talking, reading (for the average Northwestern lumberman is, as a rule, more educated than we are inclined to think), and in smoking bad tobacco. The subject of the lumber deal was injected every little while, and more than once Bartlett was about to explain to them who he was and what was his purpose in coming from New York, but the scowls and threats of the three giants

Ken. Mayo

THE PEOPLE'S WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

Opp. BANK OF NEW ZEALAND, STAFFORD STREET, TIMARU.

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