

tores of Big Bemidge, and on them there is the most beautiful head that each great artist can paint, but I best describe her when I say that the finest of these was as coarse as a horse blanket beside the beauty of the girl that stood in the trail. I took off my cap at last, with a hand that trembled, and my lips seemed numb when I tried to say quite unconcernedly, "B'jour, mam'selle."

"Bon jour, monsieur," she replied in a soft low voice. I had expected her to reply in English, and it added, you may believe, something to my surprise when she replied in French that was far better than the patois of the habitant—like that of the cultured people of old France. She did not say anything else, but stood there with the smile on her lips and in her great dark eyes with the long lashes. I could think of no remark to make, and stood in her way, like one whose limbs are stone and whose mind is thick with liquor.

And then I noticed that the smile had come from her eyes—her eyes, M'sieu, for she still smiled with her lips—and as if the order had been spoken, she stepped aside into the snow-laden brush, and she walked by me, still smiling with her lips. I stood looking after her, and she cast one glance over her shoulder, and without words from her I knew in my deepest soul that she had been commanded to follow. And I, Jean Larue, who had looked little on women, trailed her like an obedient dog those four miles back to the Diamond Hill camps.

It was afternoon when we arrived at the first skidways, and every man there, from wampers to toploaders, stopped in his tracks and stared at her. She stood quietly a little off the road and watched them when they resumed work. The smile was back in her eyes now, and I heard passed from man to man, in half a dozen tongues, M'sieu, exclamations on her beauty.

And Buck Logan, who was a handsome man, and thought himself, perhaps, the most fit, to bid her welcome, went over to her and raised his hat, and talked to her in English. And she responded in the same tongue, speaking as excellently as she had spoken briefly to me in French.

Later that afternoon I saw her talking and laughing with Richard Connelly, who came from the East and had an excellent education. He shaved daily, with the same care as if there were some one at camp who cared about his appearance, and now, suppose, he rejoiced.

Only four or five men had the great courtesy, M'sieu, to approach the beautiful visitor, and among them was not to be numbered, I noticed, the son of the owner, when spending a few weeks at camp. His name was Harvey Gale, and he was perhaps the best fitted to converse with the strange young lady. He was handsome in a slighter and more refined way than big black Logan, and his learning, I should have judged from his arguments with Connelly, was greater than that of any other man at the Diamond Hill.

But he walked past the girl, scarcely glancing at her, and her eyes followed him toward the little office, and I who took pains to watch thought that the smile had again gone out of them. But while she looked she was smiling with her lips, and talking to Logan and Connelly.

Often in the next week she came to sit, and always Logan and Connelly talked and laughed with her. They talked about her at their private table, and joked

young Gale about being a woman hater and a grouch because some girl in the East had, as you say, thrown him over. They wondered at her nerve, they said, living so far out in the woods, with only one old woman for companion. They wondered why she was out there and who she was, and from that I guessed that the woman in white had left some things to be conjectured.

Then one night late in December Logan shaved with great care and put on his serge suit and new mackinaw. Connelly said many things that the other men at camp thought to be funny, and Logan admitted that he was going to Eagle Island. He took his rifle with

at her cabin. He suggested that it might be preferable if he call in the afternoon, but she laughed at him with her lips and eyes and asked him if he feared the wolves. So Connelly went at night. He had no gun of his own, but Senrick, the cookee, gave him a Luger pistol. I went outside that night and stood in the chip-lit-

nelly. The moon had disappeared, and the wavering light of the lanterns, playing upon the torn object on the trampled snow, and dancing erratically among the trunks of the tall pines, produced a very queer effect upon us all.

It was not the odor of warm blood that did it. Most of us had faced the spectacle of violent death ere that. But Connelly's pistol was missing from its holster and could not be found in the surrounding blood-soaked snow. I need not tell you that wolves do not eat steel.

In the farthest circle of dim light I thought for a moment that I had seen a flitting figure in white. And others beside me, M'sieu, who had never heard of old Dr. Galloway or of Joe Tesreux, the guide, said that they thought they heard a sound as of some one laughing.

The next day Harvey Gale talked to the girl in white, and many days thereafter. And then one day when they did not think themselves overheard young Gale promised that he would call that night, and the girl laughed and said that no doubt he could muster out the camp for a bodyguard. The young man's face flushed and he said that he thought that he was capable of traveling about without chaperonage. He said that he would leave camp quietly, to avoid unnecessary explanations. And so he did.

He was not alone, however. I followed him, M'sieu, at a distance, that he might not know that he was shadowed. Ten minutes after he had crossed the glare ice and was well in among the thick evergreens of Eagle Island, I followed. I traveled up the narrow, twisting trail silently, because I wore moccasins, while I could hear the frozen snow creaking beneath Gale's boots.

From my covert of fir I watched him approach the cabin. He knocked, and the door swung open. Framed as a slender silhouette against the warm light within was the girl in white. I climbed a little scrub pine cautiously enough and waited. It was the coldest night of the year, I believe. It had been 40 below that morning, and must have been as cold that evening. The frost-rimmed pines crackled with a sound that resembled an occasional rifle shot. I have never seen the northern lights so bright since then. Their long, wavering fingers, blue, yellow and green, danced against a black sky, like the beckoning fingers of fate.

After a while I heard Gale's voice raised within the cabin, as if in argument. Clearly enough, once I heard him say: "My God, no! I couldn't! It couldn't be!" The girl's reply I could not hear. But no more that night could I discern any words from the conversation within.

Agas later, it seemed to me in my cold, cramped hiding place, the door opened and cast a cheerful beam of light across the gloomy clearing. Gale emerged, and with him, clinging to his arm, was the woman in white. He seemed struggling to tear himself away, and said something in a low voice that awakened her rippling laugh. His right arm was crooked before his eyes, and his left was extended, as if to hold her off. But she entwined her arms around him and said:

"Will you kiss me before you leave?" He turned abruptly, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her once upon the lips. And as he did so her hand crept to his waist and removed his revolver quietly from his holster. Then he hurled her away from him, as if by main strength, and with an inarticulate cry started running down the path. The girl stood there, in the light of the newly risen moon, and watched him. I was hoping, M'sieu, that she would go within, that I might make my conge unnoticed.

But she did not. Instead, she extended



*Mon Dieu! It was a beautiful young girl we saw, and she was dressed from head to foot in white.*

him, and left immediately after supper. It was a clear night, very still and cold, and the thermometer on the outside of the bunkhouse registered 36 degrees below zero. About 10 Larson, the straw boss, called some of us out to listen to the howling of the wolves. The unusual stillness of the air made the cry of the wolf pack strangely distinct. The long, eerie quavering of the wolves sent a chill down my spine. The sound came from the west, and McGraw, who was standing beside me, said he thought that it came from the vicinity of Eagle Island.

I joined the party that went out to look for Logan the next morning. We found his skeleton in a tangled thicket on the mainland, in a straight line and about two miles from Eagle Island. He had been torn to pieces by the wolves. Search as we would, we could not find his rifle. To all of us that seemed rather strange. We didn't go on to Eagle Island, but the next afternoon, when the girl in white appeared, Connelly told her. I heard him remark to Harvey Gale with what seemed like just a trace of elation that she took it damned unconcernedly.

It was hardly a week before Connelly accepted her invitation to call upon her

tered yard, M'sieu, and listened for the howl of the pack. And, sure enough, about 10 o'clock, when the rest of the camp were asleep, it broke forth clearly enough, this time to the southeast. But the sound grew fainter and fainter, and then rose more clearly over in the west. It seemed to draw closer to camp, and suddenly above the wail of those gray devils I heard—I swear it, M'sieu—the shriek of a man. I went into the cook camp, where a light still burned brightly, and told Swanson, the new foreman, that I thought the wolves had gotten Connelly. He turned out the whole camp, and armed with all manner of guns, axes and clubs we started out in search.

The lantern light and the shouts of eighty men scattered half a hundred wolves that fought over something on the summit of Shoepack Ridge. It was Con-