

8 The Shadow of a Great Rock

that was known. And suddenly a light of pleasure shone in his eyes, as they rested upon three men at the opposite side of the room, grouped about a small table, on which was a single flickering candle, a litter of papers, and a torn outspread map. Two of the men bent over the map, deeply intent, following its lines with their fingers and talking earnestly, but the third leaned idly back with his shoulders against the wall, giving only light heed to what his companions were about.

His was a handsome, boyish face, its youthful flush heightened and its eyes feverishly brightened by drink. His full lips were relaxed in an amused smile at the fervid spectacle before him; his eyelids drooped heavily; the pipe he held between his teeth was tipped sidewise and its ashes spilled thickly over his wool-len shirt. Seen thus, his was the face of a devil-may-care; his features were well-lined, good-tempered, betraying a generous warmth of impulse; but they were