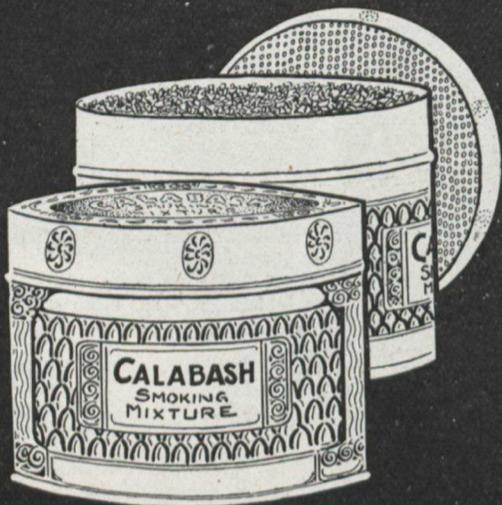


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He made his way downward, more easily now, as there were footholds in the decorated stonework. He felt no fear; once past that terrible place above, where he had hung suspended by his arms alone, he knew that death was not for him. It seemed ages—in truth it was only seconds—before his foot rested on the roof of the church.

He swung himself inwards, and fell flat, panting for breath, and dripping with perspiration. He lay half unconscious for a quarter of an hour, and then awoke to knowledge of dreadful pains in hands and feet, and stiffening and aching muscles. He got up with some difficulty, and found, as he had expected, a doorway. It was locked. He made his stumbling way round the roof, peering in the darkness from time to time over the leads, but his hasty search revealed no new means of continuing his journey. There was nothing for it but the lightning-rod again.

In another moment Percy Marshall found himself on the ground, leaning half fainting against the wall. Then he staggered forward. His dizzy brain had but one whirling thought now. The body up there in the top of that spire—the police—

A sound; he swung round sharply. Too late! A swift blow—he fell unconscious to the ground.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Little Bull of the Barrens

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

like battering rams. In a moment the flanks closed in behind them, and the completed circle, instead of flying to pieces, began ponderously to constrict.

As the wolves realised what was happening, the two hindmost whirled about, just in time to leap savagely at the old bull's neck, one on each side. But they had no room to act effectively, no chance to choose their hold. As he charged with head down and the full impetus of his bulk, their fangs gashed him to the shoulder; but slantingly, so that the wounds were not deep. The next moment his assailants were borne down, gored and trampled by the frantic cows, while he lurched onward into the hideous melee at the center. A second more, and the churning, snorting mass became wedged almost solid. Snapping silently at whatever was in reach, the wolves were overborne, trodden down with the dead or dying calves.

The leader of the pack, with one of the more astute of his followers, succeeded in dragging himself forth upon the packed shoulders of his adversaries, ran over the heaving sea of backs, and raced away through the storm, gored and streaming. Soon there was no sign of wolf anywhere to be seen. But still the packed herd went on with its trampling and churning, sullenly resolute to make an end of the matter, till even the sturdy unwounded calves were in danger of being downed, and the weaker ones perished miserably.

At last, in some way, the old bull managed to make his orders understood. The milling slackened. The pressure relaxed. Ponderously he shouldered his way out, and started off once more toward the north-east. Instantly the herd followed, lumbering at his heels. A few, badly wounded, limped and staggered in the rear; and three cows, their eyes rolling wildly, remained standing over certain shapeless masses that lay trodden into the red snow. For some minutes they stood there, mooring disconsolately; then, one after the other, they shook their shaggy heads and galloped away in pursuit of the herd, appalled at the solitude and the sight of so much death.

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