

mind: "Having already gone further than any one else dare go, won't it be certain death for me to keep on?"

Had it been night—even though there was a full moon—he would not have paused; but the morning of the long summer day was only well advanced, and time seemed too valuable for him to throw away the intervening hours in idleness.

Among the peculiarities of this remarkable man was a firm belief in what he was pleased to term his "promptings," which was another name for the more scientific term intuition—that mysterious impulse which is a more or less controlling factor in the lives of us all, and of whose nature the profoundest brain can form no clear conception.

Jed's "promptings" were to enter the jaws of death by passing over the ridge, or at least climbing to the summit; but an equally strong impulse advised him to be in no hurry about it.

In his favorite crouching posture, he had crept up to the side of a rock some twenty feet in extent, standing less than half his height above the ground in which it was imbedded. Instead of rising to his feet, now that he was at the end of his journey for the moment, he sat down in a peculiar sidelong position, with his head against the stone and most of his body on the ground. Almost unconsciously he placed himself under an overhanging bush, which