

being here. I fancy we won't undertake to follow Mr. Gandy through these honey pots."

Reube made no direct answer. He was on his feet watching the fugitive, anxiously.

"Ah-h-h!" he cried, "he's got it. He'll never get through that patch of death traps along there."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Gandy seemed to wallow forward as if the ground had given way beneath him. With a mighty heave of his body he tried to throw himself backward as he had done before. But this time he was too late. The hungry, greenish-red ooze but lipped and clung to him more greedily. He flung himself flat, rolled on his side, and strove to drag one leg free. With the effort his other leg sank up to the thigh. Then he lifted his face and uttered a shriek of heart-shaking horror.

Reube and Will sprang out upon the sand, Will grabbing up the boat hook as