

ders, and upon his tanned cheeks, where it was streaked with sweat. But it needed only a glance to show that whatever had befallen him weighed lightly upon his spirit. He was not past five or six and twenty, with the buoyant health and strength which make physical endurance a joy. He stood straight and tall, his features showing firm and resolute; his every muscle was lithe, free-moving, full of sturdy agility. A pistol was in a holster at his belt—his only weapon and burden.

After a quick glance over the crowd he walked to one of the counters and bought food; then, finding a seat, he ate with ravenous appetite. No one gave heed to him; he was but one of many; a hungry wayfarer more or less counted for little in that throng.

When his wolfish hunger somewhat satisfied he looked about him again, at greater leisure and with keener interest, scanning the faces one by one, as though he hoped yet hardly expected to find one