

"No, sir, unless there is anything I can bring to the house for Mrs. Lathom."

"Oh, there is no need for you to do that. Old Tim will bring up everything that is wanted to-night." Then he added, in his usual kindly tone, "I thought that you might like to talk to some of the settlers."

"No, thank you, sir," she replied, as she fell back a little.

He nodded good-naturedly, and stepped out along the dusty road, and a few minutes later entered the house. His wife was awaiting him on the verandah.

"It has been such a dreadful day, Fred," she said, as he bent down, and kissed her. "I am so glad you have come back. The heat has made me feel quite faint."

He made some sympathising remark, and then sat down wearily.

"You look tired," she said.

"I am—very tired, Ida. Shall I have time for a plunge in the creek before dinner?"

Mrs. Lathom smiled an assent. "Of course. Dinner will not be ready for half an hour yet."

Lathom went inside the bedroom, took his towels and a change of thin clothing, and followed by the still excited Russ, slipped out into the starlight, and took his way along the same narrow winding path that had been traversed earlier in the day by his wife and Helen.