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begin with, the night they left the hut Wyndham owned he had a dose of fever. In the morning he was worse, but time was valuable and they pushed on. Then, at evening when they came down from the hills to cut the soldiers' line of march, they saw two or three *peons* run out from a ruined village and plunge into the bush. Another, who was slower and was caught, stated that they had been left behind to wait until some more troops came up. The village was empty, but the *peon* took the party to a hut he had been ordered to watch. It was getting dark and when they went in Marston struck a match. Next moment he let it drop, for a white man lay on the floor and something strange about his attitude indicated that he was dead. Then Rupert picked up the burning match and lighted a lantern.

Marston shuddered as his memory recaptured the scene the dim illumination touched. The dead man had drawn up his legs and his face was distorted, but Marston did not want to remember this. It was Peters' face, and he knew the fellow had not met a peaceful death. Father Sebastian knelt down by the body; Rupert stooped and smiled.

"You cannot help him and I do not think you will find a mark. I doubt if he belonged to any flock, but it was not to yours. Anyhow, he is dead, and you need not bother about how he died."

"Yet you know," said Father Sebastian, fixing him with steady eyes.

Rupert nodded. "He meant to sell me, and it is possible he got his reward, although he did not enjoy it long. One could philosophize about it, but I leave this to you. Well, I think we will not wait until his friends arrive."