

Rand from his feet. The mill-hand was washed against them, his elbow struck Rand's cheek, he clung fast, yelling; and the big man staggered on, his feet among the boulders, fighting on, with both the others clinging to him, stumbling on, carrying them with the fury of the waves on their backs. He fell in the shallows, and then was crawling on, with the girl's hand trying to upraise him; while Karasac had left them, leaping on to the shingly beach.

But the other man stopped, lying tired, still, in the racing water, with the girl pleading, lifting, at his arm. "Come—another yard—just a step more."

"For what?" His voice took its old music. "The thing's done well enough. Here—get this from my pocket—for the little beast-brother. You'll see him well away?" He fumbled in his coat: her hand went to clasp the object. "Beast-brother," he went on, "comrade, you'll set him on the road. West . . . and say to him that I was not unkind after all—was I?"

She cried her terror at his weakness, on his face the gray of the sea. His tired eyes opened.

"Eh? Go leave me. Little comrade—go back. The other man—he's right—go serve them, somehow." And as she would not leave him, fighting to raise his head above the waves, he went on: "You'd like to die here with me, eh? Well, the pity that it's denied you . . . you'll be lonely, comrade. Sacrifice is a gift for few."

And when she cried out of her mighty loneliness