

hour had put a spell upon them; such strange things were happening, that anything at all might come to pass now. Only Sandy could not keep silent very long. "I can show you the cabin where he lives, if you want to take him there," he said eagerly.

Griswold shook his head, and Sandy saw that his face was full of pain. The stranger looked up and raised himself again, his breath coming in quick, audible gasps.

"It can't be you!" he cried weakly! "It can't; it can't; you've just come to torment me!"

"No, Don, I'm very real, but I haven't come to torment you. Better lie down again and take it easy. There's more coffee here."

"No, no! You don't know that I've broken every promise I ever made to you. It would have been better to have let me die in the rapids."

"No; don't think of that now. It's lucky for you that someone was here."

"I want you to know that I tried to keep straight. Oh God, *how* I tried!"

"You've been ill?"

"Yes, typhoid, but you can't kill me," he ended with a bitter laugh. Then he suddenly looked around and cried, "Where is Jack?"

No one answered. Then in the silence that followed, Griswold asked, "Was Jack your companion?"

His tone conveyed the truth, and the sick man's face was pitiful to see. It was too horrible; but he lay in silence with closed eyes.