

plunged the spear with all the force he could give it.

It struck something softer than the logs : a hideous snarl came forth. The boy threw all his weight on the weapon ; the Beast was struggling to get at him ; he felt its teeth and claws grating on the handle, and in spite of himself it was coming on ; its powerful arms and claws were reaching for him now ; he could not hold out long. He put on all his force, just a little more it was than before ; the Beast lurched, there was a growling, a crack, and a sudden yielding ; the rotten old spear-head had broken off, the Beast sprang out—at him—past him—never touched him, but across through the hole and away, to be seen no more.

Thor fell on the bed and lost all consciousness.

He lay there he knew not how long, but was awakened in broad daylight by a loud, cheery voice :