

ant numbness began to steal over him. His sleeve was soaked, his left hand was red, and the blood dripped from his fingers and made round black spots in the dust of the road. A circle of this blackness was widening about the head of the fallen man. Maurice watched it, fascinated. . . He was dead, and the fact that he was a prince did not matter.

It seemed to Maurice that his own body was transforming into lead, and he vaguely wondered how the horse could bear up such a weight. He was sleepy, too. Dimly it came to him that he also must be dying. . . . No; he would not die there, beside this man. He still gripped his saber. Indeed, his hand was as if soldered to the wire and leather windings on the hilt. Mollendorf had said that Beauvais was invincible. . . . Beauvais was dead. Was he, too, dying? . . . No; he would not die there. The Mecklenberg started forward at a walk; a spur had touched him.

"No!" Maurice cried, throwing off the drowsiness. "My God, I will not die here! . . . Go, bey!" The Mecklenberg set off, loping easily.

His recent enemy, the great white horse, stood motionless in the center of the road, and followed him with large, inquiring eyes. He turned and looked at the silent huddled mass in the dust at his feet, and whinneyed. But he did not move; a foot still remained in the stirrup.

Soon Maurice remembered an episode of his school days, when, in the spirit of precocious research, he had applied carbolic acid to his arm.