

cooked food. Nothing much, plenty of us have done the like; but I am wasting a lot of breath if I have not conveyed to you what an accumulation of little things means. Seton had fallen into a black melancholia. He was very weak from his fever, he could not eat, he could not sleep, he had been much in the sun. Most of the time he plied his paddle feebly and stared at the bottom of the canoe. The only time he showed a spark of animation was when Charley, his merry face concealing a deep anxiety, deliberately made fun. Then Seton's spark of spirit stirred deep down within him, and he achieved a slow, tired smile. Of course you know what happened next."

Lord Marshlands nodded.

"I've seen 'em like that—and so had Middleton, I fancy."

"You must believe me, Middleton thoroughly realized. He scarcely slept; but he could not achieve the impossible. The shot waked him from a sound sleep, but he was on his feet before the report had died. The men knew, too. They were already squatted close about their little