

ease. There was plenty of hard dry sand to bed him out, and when the apron was taken from his eyes, the little horse instantly indulged in a good roll—bad, perhaps, for the coat, but an excellent indication of temper.

The gipsy girl took from her plaid a provision of oats, half of which she gave to Glenkens now, saying as she rubbed her finger between his eyes, "To-morrow we shall see!"

"And now, brother," she went on, turning to Paul Wester, "go down to the first spring and bring up this flask full of water. Taste it first. I brought a small mutton-ham with me from the wagon. I shall see that it is cut when you return."

Paul had brought nothing but himself and a tolerable hunger, so he felt stupid and strangely forlorn. But at least he conducted himself as a man under authority, for he took the tin flask and groped his way back into the darkness again. And as he went the roaring of the tide in the throat of the rock tunnel sounded more guttural and menacing.