

a passing glance. He had been too busy doing the things which he knew to be necessary. Now with a cup of strong coffee, he approached him and kneeling down, prepared to administer the stimulant, for the man had opened his eyes a moment before and consciousness seemed to be returning. Sandy heard Griswold give a low cry of astonishment, and saw his face grow white, as he looked for the first time on the death-like face of the stranger. Then quickly catching his breath, he gently raised the man's head and put the cup to his lips.

Slowly the eyes opened and fixed themselves, not on the fire or the faces of those around him, but on the river, and a shudder passed over his frame. He shivered in spite of the heat, and Griswold gave him the rest of the coffee, and slipping a coat under his head, stood up.

The stimulant had its effect. For the first time he was conscious of those around him, and looked wonderingly from one to the other, then raised his eyes to Griswold's face. A startling change passed over him. With a frightened cry he sat up, his eyes starting from their sockets, still fixed on the face above him, his expression that of incredulity, mingled with pitiful appeal.

"My God, it's the Kid!" he breathed, and sank back, apparently unconscious, once more.

The boys stood in speechless astonishment as Griswold sat down and took the stranger's head in his lap as gently as a woman might have done. No one asked a question, for the experiences of the past half