

logists. If you let a loose stone go, it may fall upon them and crush them."

The engineer looked back upon him with a somewhat puzzled expression. "Well, that's carrying conscience a point too far," he said, with one strong hand on the rock and one sure foot in the first convenient cranny. "If we're not to climb cliffs for fear of showering down stones on those who stand below, we won't dare to walk or ride or drive or put to sea, for fear of running over or colliding against somebody. We shall have to stop all our trains and keep all our steamers in harbour. There's nothing in this world quite free from risk. We've got to take it and lump it. You know the old joke about those dangerous beds—so many people die in them. Won't you break your rule just for once, and come up on top here to see the view with me?"

Tyrrel shook his head firmly. "Not to-day," he answered, with a quiet smile. "Not by that path, at any rate. It's too risky for my taste. The stones are so loose. And it overhangs the road the quarrymen go to the cave by."

