

The pull of the twisting mud was mightier. Instead of extricating Gandy, even by an inch, he found himself sinking. He was on treacherous ground. With a quick wrench he freed the leg that was caught by dragging it from its boot. Then, leaving the boot where it was, he ran around to the other side of the honey pot and felt for firm standing ground.

As he did so, Will came up breathing quickly.

"Be keeferful on your right!" cried Gandy, sharply, and Will sprang aside, just avoiding a bad spot.

"Thanks, Gandy," he remarked, in a casual way, as if Gandy had picked up his hat for him or handed him a match. Then he flung a coil of rope, saying:

"Fix the end of that under your arms; fix it firm, so that it won't slip."

Then he went round the honey pot to where Reube was standing, with pale brow knitted closely.

"What are we going to do?" asked Reube. "I can't budge him."