

silent and thought-bound. She was in the dreary company of pain, and smiled sadly as she glanced back over the years in which it had been her foe or friend, and again, as often before, wondered how long it would last, and she be called upon to bear it with ever-weakening physical power to make the fight less easy.

At the landing, and while they were arranging to go to the station, a man came down the bank and asked for Mr. Lyndsay.

"That is my name. How are you, Carstairs? What is it?"

"This way, sir, a moment. Could you let Michelle come with me for half an hour,—or Tom. The body of a man has come ashore on Caribou Bar. They have taken it up to my barn. Some of the men say it is Joe Colkett. We think one of your people would know."

Lyndsay called Michelle, and, leaving proper directions, went away with him.

In the barn, after twenty minutes' walk, he found a number of men, and the local magistrate. Two lanterns lit dimly the threshing-floor.

The men stood about silent; the horses in the stalls beyond changed feet, and the noises of the never-quiet river came up through the night.

On the floor lay the body. Lyndsay took the lantern, and bent over it.

"Yes, it is Joe! Poor fellow!"

"He is badly cut up by them rocks," said Michelle, "and his foot."

"Was it rocks?" asked Lyndsay. "The skull seems