

"Bring them on," quoth Selewraith, pistol in hand. "Lead me round to the wheel, Roger."

I led his horse around to the back of the mill, where the great wheel, full thirty feet in diameter, stood silent, depending from its axle into a narrow, stone-lined ditch or canal, some three fathoms deep, whence the waters ran from the paddles of the wheel to join the back-water.

"Down with you," said Selewraith, "and dig beneath the wheel, as you love life. Heart up, miller, all shall be well, an' you do as y'are bid, and as all good millers should."

So I climbed down the slippery wheel, which was too heavy by far to stir with my weight, and stood ankle-deep in water among the stones at the bottom of the ditch. Above, very far away, I saw two-three stars shine out of the darkening sky, as the miller handed me down the tools. And delving beneath the water I struck upon a canvas