

pass on, following the blood trail of the man, leaving more bones upon the plateau, more blood upon the trodden snow; and the royal dwellers of that little plain have vanished as though they had never been.

The path has taken a downward slope and the man looks ahead for the fair face, hungrily, feverishly. Again it has vanished. His heart cries out bitterly, and his despairing voice echoes through the barren hills.

As he advances the path declines lower and lower, till out of the shadowy depths the tree-tops seem climbing to meet him. The air he breathes is denser now, and respiration is easier. As the path declines its mountainous sides rise higher and higher until overhead only a narrow streak of sky is revealed, like a soft-toned ribbon set in a background of some dun-coloured material. Ahead is a barrier of snow and ice, while below him, down in the depths of the gorge, the earth is clear of the wintry pall and frowns up in gloomy contrast. The sparse vegetation, too, has changed its appearance. Here towers the silent, portentous pine, but of a type vaster than can be seen in any other corner of the earth. The man hastens on with all the speed his weary limbs will permit, stumbling as he goes, for the frost of the high altitudes has