

his face with its forepaws, reassured me. It would certainly not have been there if anyone had been close at hand.

Within a minute or two, I saw the beautifully marked and fantastic-looking reptile pause, cock its head to one side, and listen.

Someone was coming. It wheeled round till it faced some bushes, then flattened itself against a convenient limb. Or had it somehow or other vanished ? I could not see it now against the mottled bark. If it was there at all, it had become part of the tree ! Marvellous provision of Nature to make the skin of a reptile the exact image of the bark—to a half-turned knot and a tiny splash of orange imitating a fungus against an olive background ! Caprice indeed !

That lizard probably saved my life, for if I had lain as I was, I could not possibly have seen the desperado approach. Moreover, he took good care to follow a vein of sand so that I could not have heard his footsteps.

I crawled round the rock, and with my face to the ground, watched Hawker. A picturesque old villain truly—a veritable man-slayer—surely one of those criminally mad, the sort of man who should have been taken in hand before he was old enough to prey upon society, and been placed where he had no chance of doing any harm. I watched him as a hunter might have watched the approach of some royal specimen of the animal world in the jungle. His face and movements were a study. The man seemed to have reverted to the beast of prey. He moved as stealthily as a tiger. His face was instinct