

water is entering the tent... I will make a trench along the side of the tent and by the base of the rock... That will be a change, and with a little rest after it I think we may continue."

The trench diverted the water into a tiny rivulet along the base of the rock and down the face of the cliff. As he was working Hunchy thought of his dream in which he had seen himself digging at the foot of the rock, and a strange feeling of impending evil came over him as he re-entered the tent and lay on the cot.

For some time Hunchy had realized that his illness was dangerous, and since the night he had knelt in prayer beside the road he had longed for the touch of a mother's hand, the strengthening thought of a mother's love and the courage of her presence when he met death as meet it he must. He wondered if she were alive and if she knew of his illness for he could not believe she knew how he longed for her or how his lungs were aching then or she would surely come to him. He believed in God and that He answered prayers and though his own had not been answered he felt certain they would be soon for he needed her so.

While Donald had been dictating the words of the stormy scenes at the signalling station, the elements in the vicinity of the tent seemed to accord with the story. The rain increased in volume of downpour, the wind strengthened to a near gale and violently rocked the tent, the flashes of lightning became more frequent and distant rumbles of thunder were heard.

There came a lull in the storm when the woman detective sadly admired the beauty of the dead girl but its violence increased again as Hunchy lay on the cot.

Donald became restless and ill at ease, his head and eyes were aching and an impending danger filled his mind. The tent rocked violently as a terrific gust of wind struck it and tore one of the guy pegs from the ground, the freed rope beating a wild tattoo against the canvas.

Hunchy sprang from the cot, a violent fit of coughing seized him and he cried out in agony from the intense pain that shot through his lungs.

Donald sprang blindly toward the boy, too late to prevent him from falling to the wet floor of the tent but his groping hands came in contact with the misshapen form and he stood erect with it in his arms as another gust of wind tore out the remaining pins, the freed tent enveloping the blind man and his burden, felling them to the floor.

Donald succeeded in struggling free from the folds of the tent, his arms still holding the unconscious boy, but the rain soon revived Hunchy and his intelligent mind at once conceived a plan for shelter. The great rock was close at hand and placing his mouth close to Donald's ear his voice was heard above the roar