

"*Va pas !*" says the post, in its wooden and imperturbable way. "I give you a hint. Take it or leave it—doesn't matter to me—I'm not going anywhere—I stay here."

*Va pas !* Dick Stewart stares at the scratched, irregular letters of the warning. A witless kind of warning he thinks it—so general, so wide.

"And *va pas* means, I suppose"—he pulls at his moustache—"turn round—go back—don't go on !"