

ilous indeed, for no one could go among the honey pots without taking his life in his hands; and yet here was Reube, here was that interfering Carter chap, running toward him as if there were no such things as honey pots. He could not understand it. The deadly mud was sucking, sucking, sucking at his feet, his knees, his thighs. It was like dumb, insatiable tongues of strange monsters curling about him. Nevertheless, he half forgot the horror in a new feeling which broke upon his spirit, and this emotion spoke in his eyes as Reube arrived at the edge of the honey pot. Reube saw it, and it insensibly softened his voice as he said:

“Keep up your nerve now, and we’ll get you out all right.” At the same time he stretched out the boat hook, which Mart grasped with desperate strength, pressing it to his breast with his one sound arm.

Flinging all his weight into the pull, Reube surged mightily on the boat hook. But his utmost force produced no effect.