

the thorns, and it was then that the greatest disaster overtook him, for, after all, the thorns had saved him from something worse, so far, and when he wriggled himself free of them, he dropped down, down, down again, until he plumped into a muskeg

It was fortunate for him that it was morning, and that some one happened to be near, or it is certain that he must have been suffocated where he fell.

As it was, after what seemed to be a long period of awful dreams, which had no beginning and no end, Elgar opened his eyes again, and stared about him in bewildered surprise.

Where was he? And what had happened to him?

He was lying on some sort of a rough bed, there were smoke-blackened beams over his head, a window somewhere out of his range of vision, or was it an open door? Anyhow the sun was shining in upon him, but when he tried to move, he could not, and the sharp exclamation of dismay which broke from him caused a little stir close by, and a man crossed the floor to bend over him.

Elgar was just opening his lips to ask what was the matter with him that he could not move, when a sudden recognition of the countenance bending over him flashed into his mind. It was the face of the man he had seen pressed against the window of the store that night, when he had been looking at the emerald locket and the broken fan.