

He was running along, and swinging his lantern, when his attention was caught by a boot protruding from a heap of rubbish awaiting removal, and in a moment he was on his knees, searching for the remainder of the figure of which the boot was the natural end.

"Here, hi, I've found him!" he yelled, and his voice, although he knew it not, was a wail of misery, for he never doubted but that it was a dead body upon which he had chanced so much by accident, when the search had been so long carried on, at the other part of the danger area.

There was a rush of men to the spot, and very speedily poor Bob Townsford was lifted out from under the rubbish, where he had lain so many hours, and where he might have lain until daylight, but for Elgar coming to find the plank with which to bridge the trench.

They thought at first that he was quite dead, but the doctor, who had been hastily summoned to the spot, declared that life was not extinct, though the sufferer must have succumbed, if he had lain there many more hours. There was a broken leg, severe concussion, many bruises, a couple of severe flesh wounds, and there might be internal injuries which could not be discovered yet, but there was life, and while that remained there was hope.

"Shall we take him to the hospital tent?" asked the leader of the search party, who was considerably crestfallen to find that he had been following a false trail for so long, and entailing so much worthless labour on himself and his mates.

Elgar hesitated, not knowing what to say, but Dick Blore, who had been talking to Mrs. Townsford, and