

oice. The
l, the roar
banks be-
guish.

water edge
n, wading
near the
ch carried
opped and
sock which

penny was
avoured to
which it was
red to pull
head and
and were

might, but
was almost
ed, Nathan
nd sharing
leavouring

most super-
ne edge of
n the sod-
ed up, and
r help, he
rden upon
o his own

The candle he had lighted was still burning, though it seemed to Nathan that he must have been a very long time away. He let the body fall upon the settle bed, and then, catching sight of the pale features, dripping ghastly under the flicker of the farthing dip, he sank dismayed on a chair.

It was Doog Carnochan — Dahlia Carnochan's husband. The story was plain enough. Stumbling homeward from the "Golden Lion," he had missed his drunken way, and wandered down by the "hooping" place to the water's edge.

Nathan stared open-mouthed. What should he do? — go for assistance? That perhaps had been wisest — yet, to leave a man in whom there might be some faint spark of life! He rose and stretched Doog's arms out over his head and back again time after time, as he had once seen a doctor do on the ice after a curling accident.

But there was no drawing of breath, nor could he distinguish the least beating of the heart. He took down the little hand-mirror, which had satisfied the frugal demands of his toilet all these years, and put it close to the drowned man's lips.

Yes — no — it could not be, yet it was just possible that there might be a faint dimming of the surface of the mirror.

Then a hot wondrous thought leaped up in Nathan Monypenny's heart — the devil in the garb of an angel of light.

What if he were simply to hold his hand — the man was as good as dead already.

And what then? There rose up before Nathan Monypenny a vision of the woman whom he had loved more