

captive could hardly like to hear about. At last Will remarked :

“It’s warm, Reube, and your patient must be thirsty.”

“That’s so,” said Reube, springing up. With a tin of fresh water he stepped over to Gandy’s side, slipped an arm under his head to raise it, and said :

“Here, Mart, take a sup to cool your lips. They look parched.”

Instead of complying, Gandy grasped and clung to the hand that held the cup.

“Forgive me,” he begged. “Reube Dare, forgive me. I never knowed what I was doin’. To think of all I’ve done to you, an’ then you to treat me like this!” And he covered his face again.

“Mart,” said Reube, more moved than he was willing to let appear, “never mind about that now. We’ll let bygones be bygones. Here’s my hand on it.” And he grasped the hand that hid Mart’s eyes.

In his weakness Gandy was so overcome that he tried to laugh just while he was struggling not to cry, and he made a