
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

aid me. I feel better, however, and if I can reach what looks like a small stream of water yonder, a taste of it will revive me."

He then rose slowly and carefully to his knees, and resting one hand on the rock, made his way inch by inch to the dripping water, the last of the brook that found its course out of the cliff above and lost itself in the loose material of the shelf.

After much difficulty he reached it, and stooping down, caught up the precious drops in his hand and raised them to his lips.

"Thank heaven for that!" he murmured, looking down again at the anxious faces below.