

limits to most things, even to the staying power of a growing boy, who has been at work for a long hard day already. Elgar's legs would feel unsteady in spite of himself, there was a feeling of tightness about his head, as if it would burst, and he panted as he ran in a distressful fashion.

But he had plenty of pluck left, and clenching his fists hard, he set his teeth fiercely together, and plunged ahead. Then, suddenly, he never could understand how it was that he did not see what was in front of him, the ground dropped away from under his feet, he took one stride out into nothingness, and then down, down, down he went until he wondered when he was going to leave off falling. A horrid, sickening sensation it was, but he never really lost consciousness until he plunged right into a thicket of thorns, which nipped, tore, and scratched at him until from head to foot he was one long torture of pain.

He must have lost his senses then, for he did not seem to remember anything more until he became conscious that it was getting light, and that from head to foot he was caught and held in a thorny embrace from which he could not free himself.

He cried out with the torture of it, and then the sound of his own voice brought his courage back again.

"Well, it is an awkward fix, certainly, but I don't seem to be broken anywhere, so it might be worse," he muttered to himself, as with many oh's! and ah's! he stretched out first one foot and then the other to see if he had still the use of those limbs, finding that he was apparently none the worse, bar scratches, his courage came back with a rush, and he made a bold bid for freedom, by wriggling fiercely to get clear of