

a number upon the chaplain's chart corresponding with a name upon the governor's book.

The tapping upon the divisional wall became more imperative, and 430 cleared his mind of its morbid thoughts, and crossed over to the corner. For a moment he could not recall the telegraphic code which it had taken him weeks to master; but when he had given the mechanical reply to the call it came back to him, and he spelt out the question:

"Your time up?"

The signaller had already, by means of prison telegraphy, communicated to his neighbour part of the story of his life. He had served little more than half a long sentence for train wrecking and robbery; but 430 knew that he was not likely to complete the remainder, as he was breaking up fast. Nothing kills the vagabond so quickly as deprivation of liberty and the loss of the free air and the wilds. A sentence, which may be merely a standing at ease for the townsman, means often death by suffocation to the wanderer.

"I shall not go out," came the sounds, knocked rapidly, when 430 had answered in the affirmative. "Got a good memory?"

"Fair," rapped back the man who was soon to be free.

"Latitude 62.10 north. Longitude 120 east. Sand desert. Got that?"

"Yes."

"Opal. Good luck to you."

"Thanks," rapped 430, in a matter-of-fact manner; and silence ruled between the cells.

A murmur of voices sounded along the corridor. A key jarred in the lock, the door opened, and with