

worked his way to an alder clump and cut long sticks from it; these, with cloth as bandages, he used as rough splints and tied up the broken leg securely.

"Ah go jus' sam'!" he said, and started on the trail again on his hands and one knee, dragging the useless leg. It was slow, rack-ing work, but Jules forced himself, though the maimed leg staggered him with its thrusts of pain. In a little while the palms of his hands were raw and his one good knee ached and bled, but he kept on.

The darkness was still and hot; summer in-sects burned his skin and tortured his face; the unevenness of the trail made him slip and fall flat often, forcing groans from him, but he pushed ahead slowly and resolutely. He was exhausted and throbbed from head to foot.

"Marie, Ah comme!" he whispered, spoke, then called, and struggled forward on the dimly visible trail.

All through the summer darkness he fought on, finally but worming his way. The light of day stole through the forest and found him creeping on.

At sunrise he dropped on the edge of the