

rings of white shell angrily quivered, and the dark eyes feverishly blazed. The warrior had raised himself. By a grappling wilfulness of determination he sat up; and panting for breath, his white teeth a-gleam and the bullet-hole raucously wheezing, he leaned forward, shaking with weakness and racial hate. He did more than summon this remarkable energy. In a triumph of malignancy he spat a stream of blood-mottled saliva into the doctor's face.

"Such manners!" North exclaimed. "You don't like us, eh? Of course not, of course." Mopping his face with a sleeve, he dipped the dented cup right back into the bucket. "Cold water. Take some," he insisted with impatient eagerness. "It's fresh. You'll like it; sure to. The sun's so hot! What, you won't? Too bad. Sorry, but I can't stay here coaxing. Work to do. You might, at least, take this tin cup in your hand. There, that's it, that's the way. Now we begin to understand each other. Wish I might carry you in out of the sun. Can't, though. Maybe, if you hadn't stuck this into me. . . . How did you manage it, hey? with so little strength!"

North had dipped his handkerchief in the water, that he might sponge off the lips, the tumid lips all parched and glossy and cracking open like old varnish. The mouth began to relax, it opened a little, and the hand with the filled tin cup began to raise itself feebly.

"I thought so!" North exclaimed. "Water is what you want. I knew it. Well, then, drink!"

The hissing of the bullet-hole grew more pronounced while the Indian drank. He hardly swal-