

miles away. Whistling his inquisitive dog to heel, the old man plodded on down the slope and lost the other from sight. He did not note, therefore, how the soldier turned from that beckoning smoke—how he faltered in his tread and bent at length from his upright bearing to creep painfully across the scattered stones.

How long had it lasted—how long? It was still day, for Griffith could feel the sun's heat on the merciless stones and in an added fire in his own tortured brain; or was it another day, and had the night gone by in one of those aching pauses of the unending journey? As he crept on—he could walk but little, for he had wrenched his foot in one of the pitfalls set by the relentless moor—he became aware that part of his pain was a thirst which had been devouring him for an eternity. Water—there was water everywhere about him; he could hear its cool liquid call, luring, mocking him. And always when he sought to follow the sound, it shifted or was caught up by some wayward echo, and he was left helpless with a tenfold fever parching him. He half forgot that he had any goal beyond the finding of water; and then Robert Strang's voice came to him through the plash of streams, and he caught hold of sanity that he might strike that voice to silence. He bit the grasses as he went, but the sun's heat was in them, and the heather bells were choking dry. And then, after the thirst had eaten into his very soul, came the sound of a river full and clear before him. He stood upright in the sense of deliverance, and pressed towards it. Why did his feet sink thus in the ground—was it some new trick of weariness—and what was that faint sucking noise beneath him? He stooped again and touched the long sword leaves and tufted stems of rushes. The earth shook beneath him—he was walking into a bog. When he had flung himself backward to the firm ground he bent to the bog water, but the dank smell and slimy touch held him from it. Surely he could reach the river some time in some way. But before he had stumbled on two score paces he would have drunk even of the black ooze.