
THE PRECIOUS STOCKING

ting force into his words which rose above the increased sounds of the place.

Winslow slowly rose, obedient to the directing will of the old man.

"Lie down on the rock near the rope." The words were obeyed.

"Take the rope under you, and hold it with your hand." Painfully he followed the instruction.

"Move your body till your legs hang over the shelf." A few minutes passed away while Winslow slowly drew himself back, a few fragments of stone clattering down as he reached the position indicated by Pierre. Here he hung, his stronger hand holding the rope.

"Move your legs till the line is wound about them." As he complied the line was given a circling motion till it had wound about his legs and was held between them.

"Keep your legs stiff and hold on!" cried out Pierre, in a firm and earnest tone of voice. The order came loud and sharp to the dull sense of Winslow, and he put all his strength into play in a desperate effort, his brain acting by the inherent desire to live, and the man responding, though dully.

"Slip off the shelf, slowly, slowly."

In a moment Winslow was in mid air, clinging with one hand to the rope held stiff by Pierre and kept away from the bluff wall. He was able by means of the rope wound round Winslow's legs to control the speed of his descent, and relieve the