

in a room with moving walls. Or was it a room? It could be a tent, he thought, or a ship. He liked the place, but would like it better if only it didn't shake so much, and if only there could be some good way to keep his enemies out. They would ask how he was getting on, and that was done to deceive him. He knew very well that they didn't want him to get on.

While lying outdoors on a buffalo robe he would see the stars swimming in the sky, and when Mrs. Ross came to sit by him, she had the oddest way of turning into someone else. Once she was metamorphosed into a man with reddish whiskers, a meddlesome person who restrained him by force, and senselessly refused to let him get up and do what he wanted to do.

Exhausted by efforts to get free, North sank back and slept for twelve hours at a stretch. The first time that he returned to complete consciousness was toward evening, on the second day after rejoining the wagon-train. By the odour of camp-fire smoke he knew the caravan had corralled for the night; but he could not understand the good moist fragrance coming up from the ground all about the place where he lay. Drops quiver on grass-blades, many shower drops brightened into liquid jewels by the westering sun.

"Has it rained?" he inquired of a tall man looking down at him.

"Hullo, he's come to!" the watcher exclaimed. And he asked with surprised elation: "Do you know me?"

"Marvin," the injured man replied, sitting up at