

IN THE MORNING OF TIME

wooded, were not more than a day's march ahead.

And just here, as the Fates which had of late been pursuing them would have it, the worn travellers found themselves once more in the line of the hordes of migrating beasts.

Grôm's heart sank. To reach the refuge of the hills across the march of those maddened hordes was obviously impossible. Were his people to be forced back into the swamp, to resume the cramped and ape-like life among the branches? Having ordered the building of a half-circle of fire around a spur of the jungle, he climbed a tree to reconnoitre.

The river ran but a mile or two distant upon his left. Immediately before him the fleeing beasts were not numerous, consisting merely of small herds and terrified stragglers. Further out, however, toward the hills, the plain was blackened by the fugitives, who were thrust on by the myriads swimming the river behind them. Assuredly, it was not to be thought of that he should attempt to lead his people across the path of that desperate flight. But a point that Grôm noted with relief was that only certain kinds of beasts had ventured the crossing of the river. He saw no bears, lions or sabre-tooths among those streaming hordes. He saw deer of every kind—good swimmers all of them—with immense, rolling herds of buffalo and aurochs, and scattered companies of the terrible siva moose, and some bands of the giant elk, their antlers topping the mimosa thickets. Here and