

Then, remembering a crust of bread in my saddle-bag, I providentially moved round the horse's head to get it, when a flash—no sound, but an instant's flash—struck through the black night. As we were the only men for several hundreds of miles about, that flash was conclusive evidence that the camp was near. Now we need not fight the bitter night through against hunger and the killing cold. I sprang to the saddle and again urged forward the over-worn horse. The signal he could not understand, yet he forged on, dejectedly but patiently.

In less than half an hour we were splashing through a good stream. Shot after shot guided us on, then shout after shout, then hand-grasp after hand-grasp, for even the men put aside the reserve of station to welcome the lost sahib. But the poor horse never recovered his spirit. He had endeavoured, yea, accomplished, too much. He could scarce make the next day's march, and, though he showed again a bit of energy, in a week he was dead. Even when an enforced halt had come to the caravan, and he had days of repose ahead of him, he chose eternal rest. Our trouble had arisen, like many others less serious, from a mirage. My long absence from the caravan caused Anginieur to feel that he must look out for water. A beautiful little lake spread out to the left of our agreed line of march. He veered over toward the vision, which was n't water, but only the ghost of it. That accounted for the long loop in the trail and my failure to pick it up when I reached the line of the direction peaks. Moral. When you have been long separated from your friends, remember that they may