

burdened with a few pounds of food and the covering necessary to protect from freezing at night, would be able to make not more than three or four miles per day. Now, as we frequently had to travel twenty miles a day to secure water, the shorter march might be fatal. Of course, the immortal principle of Micawber would doubtless keep a live body moving as long as motion was possible, but I had now revolved the situation in many different lights, and had become convinced that relief could come only from the down-stream course of the black valley in which we found ourselves. If not there, then a good dose of Mauser lead could at least shorten heartache and hunger pangs.

Anginieur's spirit had for days been far stronger than his body, and even now, when this sore affliction fell upon him, he always joined me in whiling away the long hours by talking about what we should do when we should get out. When several days had passed, and our poor ministrations to the invalid leg were shown to be futile, there came—so secret and complex are mental processes—a sort of resignation to our inactivity, a sort of restful finality concerning the impossibility of walking out of our trouble. As the days wore on we even tried to bar the wearisome discussion of what to do if the men came not back within the necessary limits of days, or if they came back empty-handed. And in this the phlebitis helped us. Nursing it gave occupation to sunlit hours that came staring at us, and to rushlit hours that came peering at us, inquiring, "What can you do with us? We must be lived unto our death." Anginieur's leg and the Bible,