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He seemed faint and dizzy and putout his free hand while he reeled, as though seekingsupport against the air. When he had steadied himselfhe stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell.Then he stood still and looked at the other man, whohad never turned his head.   The man stood still for fully a minute, asthough debating with himself. Then he called out: "I say, Bill, Ive sprained my ankle."   Bill staggered on through the milky water.He did not look around. The man watched him go,and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.   The other man limped up the farther bankand continued straight on without looking back. Theman in the stream watched him. His lips trembled alittle, so that the rough thatch of brown hair whichcovered them was visibly agitated. His tongue evenstrayed out to moisten them.   "BiU " he cried out.   It was the pleading cry of a strong man indistress, but Bills head did not turn. The man watchedhim go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward withstammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky- line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till hepassed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turnedhis gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world thatremained to him now that Bill was gone.   Near the horizon the sun was smoulderingdimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors,which gave an impression of mass and density withoutoutline or tangibility.   The man pulled out his watch, the whileresting his weight on one leg.

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