

Suddenly one of the two who seemed to be in attendance upon the dead or wounded man turned. The soldiers recognized him at once. It was Father Aubril, the French missionary, well known in the American ranks for many a kindly deed. He had served as chaplain until an illness, caused by exposure, had forced him to take up his residence for the time being in the neighborhood of Kingsbridge, where he exercised his ministry in the surrounding country. For in those days priests were few and far between, and the need of their services was often keenly felt. He had always retained the dress which he was accustomed to



*"They rode along jesting, as men are wont to do who take their lives in their hands every day."*

wear in France, and the soldiers and civilians as well had grown to love his cassock and his three-cornered hat. The cavalry officer saluted.

"Is he dead, Father?" he asked.

"Yes, my son; yes, monsieur, he is dead."

"Have you discovered his identity?"

"Alas, yes! It is the brave Captain Pilkington."

"Pilkington! Great heavens!" cried the soldier, aghast.

"Harry Pilkington?"

The priest made an affirmative gesture.