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### *A SQUADRON OF GUARDS*

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"What is it, Saunders?" called out the voice of the officer. "Ah! a cracked shin: scarce occasion for so much fuss. Start a fire in the grate, man, and Austen make a search for lights. What think you has become of mine host?"

"Frightened away by our last visit, no doubt, Captain," replied another, laughing. "He was a cowardly fool, and the Lambs were frolicksome."

"Yet he had no knowledge of our return."

"No, but suspicioned that others of our trade might be abroad to ride this way. I wonder what the louts did with the body."

"Ah! faith, but I had forgotten that, Dorn. Here two of you men: flash a lanthorn up the ladder there, and see if there be a body above. If so, pass it outside."

I could see the faint glimmer of light as the fellows came through the opening, grumbling at their unpleasant task. I lay motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, for I recognized them now as a detachment of Shepard's Lambs, and knew my death warrant signed