

to me ! " and Hugh ran forward to hold Harold, that had slidden down in the chair.

"Hearken," said Rahere, his arm round Harold's neck. "The King—his bishops—the knights—all the world's crazy chessboard neither mock nor judge thee. Take that comfort with thee, Harold of England ! "

'Hugh heaved the old man up and he smiled.

"Good comfort," said Harold. "Tell me again ! I have been somewhat punished——"

'Rahere hallooed it once more into his ear as the head rolled. We heard him sigh, and Nigel of Ely stood forth, praying aloud.

"Out ! I will have no Norman ! " Harold said as clearly as I speak now, and he refuged himself on Hugh's sound shoulder, and stretched out, and lay all still.'

'Dead ? ' said Una, turning up a white face in the dusk.

'That was his good fortune. To die in the King's presence, and on the breast of the most gentlest, truest knight of his own house. Some of us envied him,' said Sir Richard, and fell back to take Swallow's bridle.

'Turn left here,' Puck called ahead of them from under an oak. They ducked down a narrow path through close ash plantation.

The children hurried forward, but cutting a corner charged full breast into the thorn-faggot that old Hobden was carrying home on his back.

'My ! My ! ' said he. 'Have you scratted your face, Miss Una ? '