

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW THE STORY CAME TO AN END

"**I** AM afraid," said Uncle John, when the chapter was finished, "that we shall not be able to have any more reading these holidays; for to-morrow and the next day I shall be away from home. There is one day left after that, as you know, but instead of the story I have planned an outing for us, which I have been trying to arrange ever since we read about the burial of the Old Chief. My plan is this. Up on the moor, beyond the place where we found the pit-dwellings, there is a barrow, as it is called, the burial mound of one of the old chiefs of the time that we have been reading about. The owner of the land, who is a friend of mine, intends to open the barrow; the work is to be begun to-morrow, and he has invited us to go and see what there is to be seen."

So on the next day they all set off to the