

Captain Macklin

And yet in an instant, without a moment's pause, at the first sound of "Boots and Saddles," I had sprung to my first love, and had forgotten Beatrice and my sworn allegiance. Knowing how greatly I loved her, I now could understand, since it made me turn from her, how much greater must be my love for this, her only rival, the old life that was again inviting me.

I was no longer to be deceived; the one and only thing I really loved, the one thing I understood and craved, was the free, homeless, untrammelled life of the soldier of fortune. I wanted to see the shells splash up the earth again, I wanted to throw my leg across a saddle, I wanted to sleep on a blanket by a camp-fire, I wanted the kiss and caress of danger, the joy which comes when the sword wins honor and victory together, and I wanted the clear, clean view of right and wrong, that is given only to those who hourly walk with death.

I raised my head, and spoke very softly:

"It is too late. I am sorry. But I have decided. I must go."

Lowell stepped out of the shadow, and faced me with the same strange look, partly of wonder, and partly of indignation.

"Nonsense, Royal," he said, "let *me* talk to you. We've been shipmates, or comrades, and