

its grating was like that of a feather. Then MacAlpine led the way and four strong men stepped off with locked arms, carrying the limp body.

It was too true. Charlie was dead.

At the house Marie met them at the door. Premonitions of evil had possession of her for the entire night. She had not slept at all. Now with one arm thrown round a pillar of the porch for support—her limbs shaking beneath her—she waited the coming of the sad procession. Usually strong and collected, even in depressing moments, to walk down the pathway now seemed impossible. With a feeling of despair, she could only wait while every moment seemed to be an age.

The stern agony on her father's face, as the light of the candle fell upon it, suddenly loosed both her tongue and her limbs, and with a cry she threw her arms around his neck.

"Not now, girl, not now," he replied in rough tenderness, pushing her away; "I can't stand it. Is Charlie's bed ready?"

"It is always ready," was her answer, and with choking sobs she led the way.

"It's the last time he'll need it," muttered her father, his own frame shaking with irrepressible emotion.

The next day they buried Charlie's body in the grove at the back of the Eagle's Eyrie. It was dangerous to wait longer. The fleet was closing in around them; and as this was reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops, every delay would add to the danger of the few fol-