

ingly with his hands, and his sight failed him. A spasm of anguish seized him and he attempted to rise, but stumbled and fell forward over the body of his friend. They lifted him quickly and turned his face up to the sun, but in it was no sign of life. The color had again faded from the worn features and left them ghastly pale. A soldier stepped forward and laid his ear against Mixer's heart.

"How is it, Jervis?" asked the Sergeant in a low tone.

"Dead, sir!" answered Jervis, after a minute's pause.

The Sergeant turned away with a cough that sounded very like a sob. The men crowded around with awe-struck faces, but not a word was said.

Mixer had gone to join Moors and Bessie in the Great Beyond.