

As for Dirck, I never saw him again, but I heard of him. After the war and his return to England he went so far as to write to Dorothy and congratulate her on her marriage with a man for whom he had then nothing but respect. So much for him.

Rance is now white headed and decrepit, and calls me "colonel"; and some time I may tell how I obtained my rank, but not now.

And Dorothy? Need I say more than that her heart still beats close to mine, as warm and as true as ever. When she is very, very severe she takes my now lined face between her hands and calls me her "bird of prey"; and when she is tender and reminiscent she goes to the attic with her children and shows them the old cabin door with a musket ball imbedded in the thick plank, and tells what she suffered and endured when she took part in the swoop of the hawk.

THE END