

THE TROTH OF A SWORD.

forced look on his face when they came up that he was prouder of his position than of any other dignity whatever that might be his.

The chase was one of those events of which the going out and the returning are a pageant wherein the actors love to see and be seen, and the real game about which so much ado is made is of short length. But the time did come at last when the dogs were let go and soon, too soon, I thought, they were close on the trail. The whole band put their horses to it and moved down the incline toward where I had taken my station. The Lady Margaret, both because the gentlemen allowed it where they conceived no danger to lie, and because of the swiftness of her horse, was well in front of them all, riding like the queen of huntresses herself. I did not fail to observe that Mornas, though he suffered her to lead the riders, yet drew well up to her, to be near in case of danger, for this was the way of the gallant gentleman, always willing to yield ap-

pearances but never to be behind where a friend might need his aid.

It did not then impress itself, but I called to mind when other events had passed that it was at the spot where Stephen the page and I had spoken, that something seemed to be wrong in the scent. There was a pause, a moment of indecision, and then all came steadily on. The Lady Margaret alone had not stopped in her course, and was now well ahead. A thrill shot through me at the thought of danger to her thus unattended. At the same moment I descried the long tusks and the ugly head of the boar as he broke from cover and planted himself fiercely in the path of the approaching rider. Something was wrong. The prey should not have been there at his leisure. What could be the cause of this? These were the thoughts that flooded upon me for an instant, but in the next I had only one concern and was racing madly away.

(To be continued.)

