

packet tied with rope, and heaved it forth. The astonished miller came running with a rope, and in good time we hauled up the treasure-chest of Colonel Borgia of Lammen fortress.

"Here is a little matter of gear bequeathed to my shipmate and me by the unfortunate Mr. Chidiok Marston," quoth Selewraith to the miller. "God be with you, miller, for we must go. Give honest master miller a piece of money, Roger, and let us be gone."

And having dismissed the man with a gift, I bestowed the chest in the litter beside Mr. Christopher Selewraith, and incontinently we set forth towards the Hunting Lodge. Behind us, the helpless thing that once was Chidiok Marston dangled betwixt the kindly earth and the be-starred, inscrutable heavens, a darker blot upon the darkening landscape. But I thought no more of that poor carrion; I thought of my comrade Selewraith imperilling his neck for me, the while I was doubting of his friendship. Never had I