

with a strange feeling—perhaps because he was conscious himself of wearing a similar one ; perhaps because it might give him some clue to the man's identity. It contained only the photograph of a pretty girl, a tendril of fair hair, and the word 'Sally.' In the breast-pocket was a sealed letter with the inscription, 'For Miss Sally Dows. To be delivered if I fall by the mudsill's hand.' A faint smile came over the officer's face ; he was about to hand the articles to a sergeant, but changed his mind and put them in his pocket.

Meantime the lane and woods beyond, and even the slope itself, were crowding with supports and waiting troops. His own battery was still unlimbered, waiting orders. There was a slight commotion in the lane.

'Very well done, captain. Smartly taken and gallantly held.'

It was the voice of a general officer passing with his staff. There was a note of pleasant relief in its tone, and the middle-aged, care-drawn face of its owner was relaxed in a paternal smile. The young captain flushed with pleasure.

'And you seem to have had close work too,' added the general, pointing to the dead man.

The young officer hurriedly explained. The general nodded, saluted, and passed on. But a youthful *aide* airily lingered