

With difficulty Delaval kept up with him.

They had need for all their speed too. Others besides themselves had held their *rendezvous* at the Dog's Nose that night. Barillot's inconsiderate cry had drawn attention; and though no counter-challenge had been heard, Delaval had the vague sensation of one who is being followed.

He stopped an instant to listen. Yes, there they come! That is the rapid beat of many rushing footsteps; and those are the audible pantings of labouring respiration.

Away, away! No time for lingering now!

"They are after us!" he hisses in the ear of his confederate.

A few furlongs more; and at last Delaval's horse is reached.

In an instant he is in the saddle; his companion seizes hold of the mane; and they are off with redoubled speed.

* * * * *

Marie's sagacity has not failed her. Eleven has scarcely struck, when she hears in rapid succession the clatter of a horse's hoofs, the hoarse challenge of the sentry, and the wild response in her brother's voice:

"To arms! They are upon us!"

All the inmates of the dwelling have retired. Only from the roisterers in the Hall, are heard at intervals, occasional bursts of revelry.

At the first challenge, the men half-sobered, spring for their weapons. Delaval, bursting in, cries:

"Look to your prisoners, men. In five minutes they will be here."

With the steadiness of men on dress-parade, the sergeant marshals his little troop. Two are told off to guard against any attempt at escape from the interior. The rest issue forth and line the terrace, whose parapet forms an admirable breast-work round three sides of the house. The outlying pickets are called in and stationed to guard the stables and out-buildings, thus completing the *cordon* round the dwelling.

Not a moment too soon are these arrangements accomplished. An approaching clamor, momentarily growing more distinct, is heard. The domestics, pale and frightened, rushed forth from their apartments into the common hall. Harvey and Calvert amongst them, make for the door; but the troopers on guard crossed their weapons, barring the exit. In a respectful tone they answer to