

By A. CONAN DOYLE


spurred Pommers onward as he went.

at the place of Thor the wild Saxon  
worshipped their war-god. Nigel  
and say in his village."

aster at the craft. I pray you  
our cup again whilst I make  
the little time that is left to  
"Here is a pupil who never brings me  
shame!" he cried. "Be it lore of  
chivalry or heraldry or woodcraft or  
what you will, I can always turn to

ing towards his home. A woman  
by his side, and though her face  
glowed I heard her laugh as she  
me. That laugh I have heard

and then they were in the moon-sil-  
vered clearing in front.  
From the shadow of the arched door  
there sprang two rough serving-men,



minute to make your father a  
my man."

(To be Continued.)

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