

BESIEGED

marched up the causeway. Marishka, on the other side of the gate, had started up and was regarding him anxiously.

"What you say, Hugh—it can't be that——"

"It's true, dear," he almost shouted. "The Russians. They're coming below there in the valley. I have just seen. The Austrians are in full retreat. The army has been retreating all night, and we thought there were reënforcements. If we can hold out a short while longer, we will be safe. Are you frightened?"

"No. Will they come again, you think?"

"Yes. They'll hardly give up so easily. But keep down, Marishka, further—in the corner. You can see as well. Ah! I wasn't mistaken. Here they come!"

Into the squad of Austrian soldiers advancing Renwick emptied the magazine of his repeating rifle, and took up the other. Two men fell and the remainder paused, only to be brought on by the Austrian officer who led them, sword in hand. Renwick could have shot him easily, but he held his fire and as the mass of men came on he saw them raise their rifles to their shoulders.

"Keep down!" he shouted to Marishka, "they're going to——"

Dust and mortar flew from the ancient gate and behind in the castle, windows crashed.

"You are safe?" he shouted.

"Yes," her voice replied.

"Now watch the gateway."

A plank came over, but profiting by their earlier experience, they shoved it off before it came to rest. Another, a longer one, and another, both of which found lodgment squarely between the gate posts. Renwick