

ent, a leader
ne crowd.

r three times,
ollow me!"

ve the rumble
like a deep

anks. I saw
as she lifted

o the house.
adman in the

b was bound
there. For

headless this
not stop to

e the house.
urn it, even

ense. Then
was little I

with her, and
help me to

elf mingling
action. The

s. It swirled
ned back re-

ured through
the Kissing

ady Marma-

had got to

oons. What

THE LAST OF THE PATROON 353

could they do against the house of the patroon? As they spread out among the trees in the park a volley of shots were fired at them from the windows of the manor-house. Three of the foremost men fell dead or wounded. Then went up their first heartless yell of rage.

Lady Marmaduke's men stationed themselves behind trees and aimed with such certainty that they soon silenced the fire from the house. If a face appeared at a window, a dozen muskets were immediately discharged at it. Meantime, under this protection, the mob began to attack the house with stones. The windows were all broken at the first volley. They fetched a long beam to use as a battering ram, and were getting ready to beat in the front door. In this crisis, I cast about me for some means of help. But I was powerless. Once I thought that I saw Miriam for a moment at one of the windows. She disappeared quickly. Had someone dragged her back, or had she been hit by one of the marksmen? Such a thought was torment worse than death. But she might be safe. For all that I could do nothing to save her.

But what I could not do was nobly done by another. I had drawn back somewhat so as to go around the edges of the crowd and come at the house from the rear. I hoped to find some way by which I could get in and help defend it. I had half accomplished the necessary detour, and had reached a point where the woods hid the yelling pack from