

THE MOONLIT WAY

things that had been wood and steel and clothing, perhaps—perhaps fragments of living creatures.

So passed into eternity Murtagh Skeel and his Green Jackets, hurled skyward in the twinkling of an eye on the roaring blast of their own magazine. What was left of their green flag attained an altitude unparalleled that sunny morning. But their souls soared higher into that blinding light which makes all things clear at last, solves all questions, all perplexities—which consoles all griefs and quiets at last the bitter mirth of those who have laughed at Death for conscience's sake.

Very slowly the dull cloud lifted from the sunlit water. Dead fish floated there; others, half-stunned, lay awash with fins quivering, or strove to turn over, shining silver white in the morning sun.