

and Canolles sat up late. The long hours passed like moments, and Lord Ferriers seemed to revel in gay recollections.

"What was better than all, Canolles, was that night in the Swamp!" he exclaimed. "What wine! what wit!—and to think that I've just been supping again with you, old boy!"

He raised his glass.

"Do you remember a toast I drank that night in the Swamp?"

"Tell me what it was, my dear Colonel," said his host laughing.

"It is useless to tell you, as I mean to drink it again!"

And with glass raised high above his head, and ruddy, martial, beaming face, the brave old *militaire* exclaimed:

"A health to the robber and marauder of the Swamp
—CANOLLES!"

THE END.

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