

"How romantic!"

They chatted for a while longer. Then they parted—but her last words were like her first:

"Not to-night—not to-night—you must wait until to-morrow."

Three days later the white wings of the *North King* unfurled as they swept out to sea. Good old Sir George had come and gone. On the bridge beside him stood the Major, whose brave face, kindly eyes and compressed lips told of nothing but the brave and gallant officer. Silently they watched the receding shore.

"Another chapter of life closed," said Sir George at last; "though full of story, it will never be opened to me again."

"Yours was a chapter worth living," said Morris. "You have founded a fort and established a colony, which will go on growing, and may last forever."

The Colonel shook his head.

"Simply my duty," was his answer. "And what will become of the place in the end, God only knows. So far as military fame is concerned, you beat my record. That fight at Lundy's Lane was the turning point in the war, and your valor there is too well known to be forgotten."

"Pshaw, Colonel! I was only one of the many. Every man did his duty, and with all that, the bloody horror of it takes away the glory."