

and the Persians, and the Persians over-ran the Greeks' country until they came to a pass in the mountains where a few men could stand against many. There three hundred of the Greeks had posted themselves, despising death, to oppose an army of tens and hundreds of thousands. The Persian king sent forward a horseman, and he came near and looked along the pass and saw but a few Greeks combing their hair and dressing it carefully, as I am dressing mine."

"But what happened, Ma'amzelle?"

"They died, and live in song for ever and ever!"

She faced them, her cheeks glowing, and lifted a hand as the note of a sweet-toned bell rose upon the morning air above the voices of the birds; of the chapel-bell ringing the garrison to Mass.

The two young men scrambled to their feet.

"Come!" said Diane, and they walked back to the Fort together.

*(To be continued)*