

And then the man that had to fight the duel at seven was awake, cold sweat upon his brow; but from his dream, not from the knowledge in his mind of what manner of day was to come. And then a belated clock struck five: it was close enough, though, on the heels of the sundial.

He left blind and shutter untouched as he slipped secretly away to find the clothes he left overnight in another room. If the woman awoke it would spoil all.

He stole down the broad staircase, shrinking from the ground beneath at every creak; glancing round and backward, round and backward, none the easier in his mind that risk grew less at every step; too full of manly confidence in victory, of faith in the powers of his own sword-arm, to cherish stealthy longings for detection. Small fear of a mishap with that opponent, even if his own cause had not been so bad as to make the Devil's friendship sure: there was that Providence at least that he could trust in.

Across the dry firm foothold of the dewless turf, and through into the covert. The mid-June sun had given its earliest message to the daisies long since, but no cloud had come between them yet. The thrushes on the lawn were disappointed at the weather, as they knew the worms would stay below. Was it true, Sir Oliver found it in him to wonder, that the thrush can hear the sound of the worm underground, and knows from it where to watch for an unsuspecting head? The sound of the mole, too, he knows, and can imitate; and uses his skill to quicken the worm's pace. So Sir Oliver's mother had told him long ago... Ugh!—that intolerable dream! The very recollection of it made the cold sweat start from his brow.

Three horses and two men were silent in the shadow of the copper-beeches—three horses who knew nothing