

growl. Then, at the critical moment, a leader sprang out on the northward side of the crowd.

"Men of Yorke," he shouted two or three times, as he ran, "to the Hanging Rock. Follow me!"

Without a cheer, without a sound save the rumble of their feet, the people flowed away like a deep and sullen river through its broken banks. I saw a bitter smile come into my lady's face as she lifted her husband and carried him back into the house. Then of a sudden I cried out like a madman in the middle of the street. That hellish mob was bound for the manor-house and Miriam was there. For the first time I stopped to think how headless this mob was like to be. They would not stop to question when they were once before the house. The least they could do would be to burn it, even if the patroon could make good its defense. Then I set out at the top of my speed. It was little I could do, but if need be, I could die with her, and some chance might come that would help me to save her. In a moment I found myself mingling with the silent runners bent on destruction. The crowd swept on in that terrible stillness. It swirled out at the crossing of streets and jammed back resistlessly into the narrow ways. It poured through the Land Port like a flood and across the Kissing Bridge. Still we surged on.

Yet it was but a mob. A score of Lady Marmaduke's retainers, armed to the teeth, had got to the front. The rest were without weapons. What