

*PART I*  
TOLD BY CLIVE FORRESTER

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CHAPTER I

A TIMELY RESCUE

AS I rode slowly along to the meet that dull April morning—they hunt foxes late in Wales—I thought I was the most unlucky man in the world. I had missed by two paltry marks my last chance of getting into the army—the profession upon which I had set my heart—and my prospects seemed as gloomy as the cloud-capped mountains around me.

I had just re-read the fateful letter, and was crumpling it in my hand, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road behind me. At the same moment a voice, which I