

Knights Who Fought the Dragon

"Oh, poor Beauty! how could you let him do it, mother?" asked Ray.

"I was very fond of the little creature," said Mrs. Gilmour, "but a human life is more precious than a brute's. Then I was glad to see Paul do it, though it cost him so much. He has been the baby, and we have petted him until he was rather selfish. An act like this shows that we have not spoiled him. Others have had to sacrifice not only their dogs, but even their riding horses for the general good. Paul is suffering keenly, but he is not alone."

* * * * *

There were very few sleepers in the British Legation the night of August the thirteenth. The Relief Column was near at last. Without the walls the gunning could be plainly heard. The Chinese fired on the Legations more desperately and unremittingly than ever before. The besieged were almost wild with excitement. "After all our hardships can it be that deliverance is at hand?" three thousand five hundred men, women, and children asked each other.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of August the fourteenth the red-turbaned Sikhs, under British officers, reached the Legation. Never was there such joy, such welcomes. The women kissed the dusky hands of their liberators in