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hard, and making spasmodic motions with his hand, as though exhausted and unable to speak.

He fired again, and a soldier fell. The lust of fighting was in him now. It was not a question of country or of race, but only a man crowding the power of old instincts into the last moments of his life. The vigour and valour of a reconquered youth seemed to inspire him; he felt as he did when a mere boy fighting on the Danube. His blood rioted in his veins; his eyes flashed. He lifted the flask of whiskey and gulped down great mouthfuls of it, and fired again and again, laughing madly.

“Let them come on, let them come on,” he cried. “By God, I’ll settle them!” The frenzy of war possessed him. He heard the timber crash against the door, once, twice, thrice, and then give way. He swung round and saw men’s faces blazing in the light of the fire, and then another face shot in before the others — that of Vanne Castine!

With a cry of fury he ran forward into the doorway. Castine saw him at the same moment. With a similar instinct each sprang for the other’s throat, Castine with a knife in his hand.