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The Call of Honour

CHAPTER I

THE SCOUT'S MESSAGE

A couple of bronchoes—sleek and clean-limbed bays—that tread the grass of the prairie with an action that suggests springs instead of muscles.

A couple of lads—healthy, well-knit Saxons—who sit these bronchoes with an ease that suggests the fabulous centaurs more than individuals of human creation.

Such were the four beings of flesh and blood that were riding along one of the glades in the bosom of the Moose Valley one summer afternoon. Besides their similarity of garb and perfect horsemanship, there were other points in which the boys resembled each other. They were both about the same age; they were both well developed in frame and muscle; they both betrayed the same jolly “don't worry” countenances that mean a love for out-of-door hard work and the possession of good tempers and clean minds.

That one was dark, and the other com-