

taiti," and the dark wave rolled steadily over the crest upon the helpless mass below. Then it was slay, slay, slay! upon the common men, and "Yield you my prisoner!" between the knights. King Edward, his father's spirit afire within him, had ridden forward in the mellay. Edward de Brus's men had nearly taken him; their hands were actually on his horse-trappings; but he plied his mace and cleared his room. Then Aymer de Valence, pale as parchment, but sweating great drops of agony, cried in his ear so that he might hear above the din—

"The day is lost, sire; you must turn with me and ride for your life."

His other attendant, Sir Giles de Argentine, was of a like mind. He bade the king ride to Stirling, where he might be in safety.

"But I must resign your rein, sire. An Argentine quits not thus a stricken field. I commend you to God!"

Then this famous knight turned his horse's head, and, laying lance in rest, drove at speed into the press. There was a crashing sound, and such stir in the multitude as a bold swimmer makes when he plunges into the tide. Argentine transfixed a Carrick spearman, and, dropping his lance, plied right and left with busy mace. This tall figure, clad in scarlet, closely semée with golden cups and crosslets, towered for an instant over the throng; then he too went under, and the hero of a score of battles was no more.

When the gillies and camp-followers beheld the Scottish line move forward, they could be restrained no longer. With loud cries of "Spulzie! spulzie!" and with blankets and plaids set on poles in lieu of banners, they broke through the baggage-guard and rushed down the hill,