

"Why, I danced at his wedding scarce two years ago in York town—and his bride—why, she was the fairest of the fair, the beautiful Mary Clinton."

"Yes, it is of her I think," said the priest, sadly. "When these good souls came to tell me that a man lay wounded by the roadside, I ran hither in all haste, only to find my young friend."

He paused a moment, as if he feared his emotion might overcome him.

"Well, gentlemen," he said at last. "Captain Pilkington died as a soldier and a Christian. It has been a happy end, and so I tell you, I, who have knelt at many bedsides. But that fair young bride . . . I saw them but lately, so happy among the flowers, with smiling faces, as children who look but on the morning side of life. Alas! God's holy will be done!"

"How did this occur? There has been no fighting hereabouts for weeks," said the officer, in perplexity, while the others turned in their saddles to hear.

"It is a mystery. He knew not himself. He was riding with dispatches—a shot struck him, and killed his companion, an orderly."

The faces of the men who listened grew dark with anger.

"Some cursed treachery," said their leader.

"The body must be brought home," said the priest, "but not till to-morrow, till I have told *her*. Meantime I am taking it to my house."

"I would we could escort that gallant soldier," said the officer, "but we are under orders and must ride on to New York."

They saluted and withdrew, leaving the priest and the laborers in charge of the dead.

Only the evening before Henry Pilkington sat with his wife