

A Ladder of Swords

Her father drew near and interposed.

"Let us kneel and pray for two dying men," said he, and straightway knelt upon the sand.

"By St. Martin, we've better medicine than that, apothecary!" said Lemprière of Rozel, loudly, and, turning round, summoned two serving-men. "Launch my strong boat," he added. "We will pick these gentlemen from the brine or know the end of it all."

The men hurried gloomily to the long boat, ran her down to the shore and into the surf.

"You are going—you are going to save him, dear seigneur?" asked the girl, tremulously.

"To save him—that's to be seen, mistress," answered Lemprière, and advanced to the fishermen. By dint of hard words and as hearty encouragement and promises, he got a half-dozen strong sailors to man the boat.

A moment after, they were all in. At a motion from the seigneur the boat was shot out into the surf, and a cheer from the shore gave heart to De la Forêt and Buonespoir, who were being driven upon the rocks.