

some sharp twinges of remorse, and for awhile she thought that nothing would fill the void of the true unselfish love that she had never valued till now. Nevertheless, two years later, when Gualtier de Marsan urged his suit, she listened readily; and, during the brief peace of Bruges, they were married, and the intercession of De Guesclin easily obtained for Odille's husband the investiture of all the fiefs of Hacquemont.

There, for many years, those two dwelt very happy in a grave quiet way, for old times were never quite forgotten—and children grew up around them, who listened eagerly to the story of the puissant champion who once saved Hacquemont with his single arm; and afterward, by his desperate defense, made it famous through France.

Over Ralph Brakespeare's grave in the castle chapel was laid a fair marble slab; whereon were graven a name, a date, and an escutcheon. The escutcheon bore—not the arms of Hacquemont, but a device better fitted to the life, the fortunes, and the death of the strong soldier, who early in life cut himself adrift from kith and kin, and struggled onward as a nameless man—the device of

Two splintered lances, crossed, on a sable field.

THE END.

