

and the young Count were meanwhile fed on the merest scraps of the coarsest food, barely sufficient for their sustenance.

The self-styled patriots scoured the streets, pillaged the farms, whence most of the men had gone to the camp of Grand Bordage. Saint Lyphar had become a horror to itself, with these hordes of bawling ruffians, in red cap, woolen spencers, hoarsely filling the once pure and peaceful atmosphere with the "Carmagnole."

They waited for Premion, but Premion did not come, and at last they made up their minds that they would wait no longer. He was not their master. He had no claim upon the chateau. They would go thither and enrich themselves with all that it contained. They were urged forward to this desperate course by the growing scarcity of food and drink in the neighborhood of Saint Lyphar.

It was a lowering afternoon, gray and threatening, when these demons of discord began to assemble about the castle, which had been so long a place of benediction. The terror was at its height all over France. Law and order had been set at naught, and the fire from burning chateaus mingled with the blood-stained atmosphere, and sent up fearful petitions to offended heaven.

Forth from the inn swarmed the leaders, if leaders any could be called in the motley throng of desperadoes, calling upon all to follow. Up the rocky path they rushed, arming themselves with sticks, with stones, with flails. But a few among them carried firearms. Their dark and evil faces were alight with the passion of greed, the fury of destructiveness. They made battering rams from the stumps of trees, and carried with them barrows, which they had stolen from the farmers, to bear hence the plunder. They raised a wild chanting of the "Carmagnole," and, with a storm of curses and execrations, shook their fists at the grand old