

ing him with the food for which all others starve, it is first cousin to cannibalism."

"The number of the soldiery has surprised me," said Dubois seriously. "They are far too many for our small band to do much. It is well your cousin's army lies so close to Cambrai. This governor will fight hard."

"If his soldiers are loyal to him, it argues in his favour," replied Gerard thoughtfully. "We know to what lengths the burghers of a town may be driven by their jealousy of us soldiers. We must wait."

"And if we wait but a little while there will be no grievances left. Those who have them will be dead," cried Pascal with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I need no taunts of yours, Pascal, to stir me to do great Bourbon's will," answered Gerard with some sternness.

"I meant no taunt, and spoke only my mind as friend to friend," said Pascal.

"The Governor is coming now," put in Dubois.

"We had better not be seen longer together. Where shall I find you at need?"

"The Duke has lodged Pascal and myself in his castle," answered Dubois, and the two were turning away when Gerard exclaimed, in a tone of excitement—

"See, Dubois, see, that man riding by the side of the Governor. Do you recognize him?"

"It is that villain, de Proballe."

"The old rat, so it is," declared Pascal. "If there is devil's work to be done in Morvaix he'll be in it. Paris was too hot for him. I thought he was in hell by now. By the saints, he is long overdue."

Gerard did not wait to hear the conclusion of the speech, but mingling with the crowd watched the proceedings with close interest.

It was a very strong force of soldiery, both horse and foot, that gathered in the market place round the