

hoofs. "For you? Nought for any man—now. And for you——" again she laughed, and my lord drew away from her at the sound.

They sped on through the night, and the cold dank air stang their faces. "So, ma'am, so!" my lord snarled. "But at least I have you! And I'll use you to my pleasure, begad. Do you taunt me, mistress? Zounds, I'll make you a woman of the town." She answered nothing. "You choose it, you choose it so," my lord muttered then to himself. "You choose it do you not?" he cried in her ear and clapped his arm about her. Still she answered nothing nor hindered. My lord pressed kisses on her cold cheek and held her hard against his side.

So they whirled on through the night away down the road to the west. And Rose lay still in his arms, past pain, past shame. For M. de Beaujeu was dead.

*(To be continued)*