

Bédard, and the most of the men could only guess, as their enemies had guessed, that he was giving the signal of surrender.

But this M. Etienne could by no means believe; it belied his brother's nature as well as his declared resolve. And so, while the English captain with great politeness stated his terms—which were unconditional surrender and nothing less—the poor gentleman kept glancing over his shoulder and answering at random, “Yes, yes,” or “Precisely—if you will allow me,” or “Excuse me a moment, until my brother——.” In short, he rambled so that Captain Muspratt could only suppose his wits unhinged. It was scarce credible that a sane man could receive such a message inattentively, and yet this old gentleman did not seem to be listening!

Now Diane meanwhile stood at the mouth of her shelter with her eyes lifted, intent upon the tower's summit. She, too, had seen the flag run down with the bursting of the bomb, and she alone had hit in her mind on the true explanation—that a flying shard had cut clean through the up-halliard close to the staff, and the flag—heavy with golden lilies of her own working—had at once dropped of its own weight. She had caught sight, too, of her father's arm reaching up to grasp it, and she knew why. The flagstaff had a double set of halliards.

She waited—waited confidently, since her father was alive up there. She marvelled that he had escaped, for the explosion had seemed to wrap the battlements in one sheet of fire. Nevertheless he was safe—she had seen him—and she waited for the flag to rise again.

Minutes passed. She took a step forward from her shelter. The firing had ceased and the courtyard was curiously still and empty. Then four of the five militiamen posted to watch the back of the building came hurrying across towards the gateway. She understood—her senses being strung for the moment so tensely that they seemed to relieve her of all trouble of thinking—she understood that a parley was going forward at the