

## THE FORTUNES OF GARIN

learned of values beyond these. Presently the old talk of liberty would spring up, not feared by this princess. When, in late April, she held high court and a great council, Thibaut Canteleu — Master Mayor, clear-eyed and merry — sat, with two of the town's magistrates, in the council chamber.

On the eve of that council Stephen the Marshal spent an hour with the princess. She made him sit beside her in the White Tower; she spoke to him at length, in a low voice telling a story. Stephen listened with his eyes held by hers, then, when she kept silence, bowed his face upon his hands and sat so for a time. At last he raised his head. "Mine is a plain mind, my Lady Audiart, — only a faithful one! There are many good words, and 'friend' is a right good word, a high knight among them, and 'friendship' is a noble fief. I take 'friend' and 'friendship' for my wearing and my estate, my Lady Audiart — aye, and I will wear them knightly, not cravenly, with a melancholy heart! Friend to you and friend to him, and Saint Michael my witness! loyal servant to you both."

"Stephen, my friend," answered the princess, "you say true that great liking is a great knight, and lasting friendship is a mighty realm! It plants its own happiness in its own fields."

She rose, and standing with him at the window, spoke of old things, old long memories that they had in common, spoke of her father, Gaucelm the Fortunate.

The next day she held council, sitting on the dais