

his jackal had gone down in the first onset, and as for their led wolves, their power for harm was lost with their leaders.

Then it was, or a little later, when the stress was over, that Roger Patcham remembered his promise to Denise.

"Woman's work!" said he bitterly, and eyeing the terrible picture flung into vivid clearness by the light of the torches now thrust into the sconces along the wall; "devils' work first and woman's work after! Were we and they men or beasts that we so mishandled one another? The only comfort is that God knows the fray was none of our seeking, though that will be small comfort to Mademoiselle when she hears all the truth. Bring her here we cannot, for this is no sight for a woman. To bind and bandage will be bad enough without seeing the—the rest of the victory! Victory! Well, God be thanked it was di Gadola's doing and not ours."

A pitiful fruit it is the palm of victory sheds so lavishly from its boughs. There they lay, God's likeness, sprawled and hunched as they had fallen away or flung themselves in the last agony; friends and enemies, their love and their enmity alike quenched for ever in the sudden rising of the red flood-tide which had swept them so swiftly into the silence where not even the groanings of their fellows could reach them. At last, Patcham roused himself.