

"How if he *does* see?" said Rahere.

"Hugh covered his face with his sound hand.

"Ah, why hast thou shamed him?" he cried again to Rahere.

"No—no," says the old man, reaching to pluck at Rahere's cape. "I am Rahere's man. None stone me now," and he played with the bells on the scollops of it.

"How if he had been brought to me when you found him?" said the King to Rahere.

"You would have held him prisoner again—as the Great Duke did," Rahere answered.

"True," said our King. "He is nothing except his name. Yet that name might have been used by stronger men to trouble my England. Yes. I must have made him my life's guest—as I shall make Robert."

"I knew it," said Rahere. "But while this man wandered mad by the wayside, none cared what he called himself."

"I learned to cease talking before the stones flew," says the old man, and Hugh groaned.

"Ye have heard!" said Rahere. "Witless, landless, nameless, and, but for my protection, masterless, he can still make shift to bide his doom under the open sky."

"Then wherefore didst thou bring him here for a mock and a shame?" cried Hugh, beside himself with woe.

"A right mock and a just shame!" said William of Exeter.

"Not to me," said Nigel of Ely. "I see and I tremble, but I neither mock nor judge."