

ment, and in distant corners and danced up and down the wainscotted walls as the blaze on the hearth flickered low and rose again. At the far end where the gloom was deepest loomed the high black chair of the lords of Port Royal, like the coffin of some monstrous giant, but now there were neither vassals to judge or Jesuit strivings to allay and dust lay on it in a heavy shroud.

Biencourt gave vent to a thick puff of smoke and looked reflectively at the fire. The vast ruined apartment was unutterably lonely with its old memories and its haunting sense of ill success. The very firelight seemed thronging with the pale sad faces of those whom Port Royal had already made its victims. DeMonts the Huguenot nobleman was there and Biencourt's father, and Gilbert DuThet, the Jesuit intriguer, and a dozen other cavaliers of France whom the colony had dragged down in its own dark ruin.

The wounded shoulder was paining sharply when Imbert returned. Snow lay in white dots on the coal blackness of the shaggy mane of hair growing low on his forehead, and tiny streams of water trickled across the grim scars upon his cheeks. He was quite sober, that Biencourt could see from the way he leaned against the fireplace, rubbing his high jack-boots together with the low swish of leather upon leather, and his face was unclouded.

"My sword is over in that dark corner I suppose," he said with a grim smile, "and I played the fool well enough for once. It was a shame to treat a good sword so. Pierre Euston gave it to me, as bold a man as ever laid aboard an Englishman in the old days and so now men say. It was a wild stormy night a dozen years ago and in the dark we had run upon a