

"How well you speak English!" says Halifax artlessly, and then laughed. "Monsieur (since you choose to be monsieur), I speak to you as gentleman to gentleman—I wish only to end this unhappy turmoil. In fine, I ask you—what is your purpose?"

Beaujeu shook his head. "My lord, I do not understand one word."

Halifax shrugged his shoulders. "You hate the King?" he asked bluntly.

But Beaujeu's eyes were cold and his voice passionless as he said, "I know no cause that you have to love him, my lord."

"The King is vastly afraid," Halifax remarked. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "Ah, but what has he to fear?" says Halifax. "Will you answer that?"

"I answer, my lord, I answer," says Beaujeu in a low voice, frowning—"three years of murder, three years of broken faith are not to be wiped out by a month of folly." He paused while Halifax watched him closely. "And that I would say to his face as I say it to you," cried Beaujeu.

Halifax stared at his flashing eyes: "And what does that mean?" he inquired.

"It means, my lord, justice."

"What! Would you kill him?"

"Ah, you know then what justice demands?"

"You dare not."

"Confess, my lord, we have dared a little, my friends and I."

"Why, 'twould raise the country!"

"I had thought the country was raised already—in another cause."

"Ay, but the King's murder would turn all men against you."

"*Bien, bien*, it is possible. But at least the King would be dead."