

apologies. "He must overlook the unkempt condition of the fields. . . . Boisveyrac was not wont to make so poor a show . . . the estate, in fact, though not rich, had always been well kept up . . . the stonework was noted throughout New France, and every inch of timber (would M. le Général observe?) thoroughly well seasoned. . . . Yes, those were the arms above the entrance—Noel quartering Tilly—two of the oldest families in the province . . . if M. le Général took an interest in heraldry, these other quarterings were worth perusal . . . de Repentigny, de Contrecœur, Traversy, St. Ours, de Valrennes, de la Mothe, d'Estimanville . . . and the windmill would repay an ascent . . . the view from its summit was magnificent. . . ."

Diane, seated in the boat and watching, saw him halt and point out the escutcheons; saw him halt again in the gateway and spread out his arms to indicate the solidity of the walls; could almost, reading his gestures, hear the words they explained; and her cheeks burned with shame.

"A fine estate!" said a voice in the next boat.

"Yes, indeed," answered Bateese at her elbow; "there is no Seigniorship to compare with Boisveyrac. And we will live to welcome you back to it, mademoiselle. The English are no despoilers, they tell me."

She glanced at Dominique. He had filled a pipe, and, as he smoked, his eyes followed her uncle's gestures placidly. Scorn of him, scorn of herself, intolerable shame, rose in a flood together.

"If my uncle behaves like a *roturier*, it is because his mind is gone. Shall we spy on him and laugh?—ghosts of those who are afraid to die!"

Father Launoy looked up from his breviary.

"Mademoiselle is unjust," said he quietly. "To my knowledge, these servants of hers, whom she reproaches, have risked death and taken wounds, in part for her sake."

Diane sat silent, gazing upon the river. Yes, she had been unjust, and she knew it. Félicité had told her how the garrison