

past, and to compel me to acknowledge once more the dishonour which has befallen my name."

"I am here," said Charles, his hot blood all aflame in an instant at the implied slur on Marguerite, "to call you to account for the death of Claude de Pontbriand, and for the foul wrong you did your innocent niece."

As he spoke he rested his hand on his sword. De Roberval saw the action, thought he meant to draw it, and his own weapon flashed from its sheath. At this moment Marguerite appeared at the door of the church. She saw her uncle draw his sword, and thinking they were about to fight, rushed down the steps just as De Roberval made a pass at La Pommeraye, who, adroitly stepping aside, escaped being wounded, and drawing his own sword, stood on the defensive. As he did so, he heard a step behind him. A sudden instinct warned him; leaping back, he barely escaped a treacherous thrust from behind. At the same instant, De Roberval caught sight of his niece's pale face in the uncertain light; and, striking wildly at La Pommeraye, fell forward at the latter's feet.

Charles heeded him not. His blood was roused, and turning on the would-be assassin, who was about to flee in terror, he ran him through the heart.

Then seeing that De Roberval made no attempt to rise, he stooped and turned him on his side, and saw that his hand clung in a death-grip to his sword-hilt, while the point of the weapon had pierced his brain. It was Bayard's sword; the