

scratch. Eight days of rest will be sufficient to heal it. The shoulder-blade is bruised; but nothing has been broken.—Yes, indeed, I have done him the service of ridding the colony of him. I knew he was prowling about here; one of our people had seen him; so this morning, when I saw you going out, I took the liberty of following you at a distance. This was not exactly right, I know; I was prying after you. Punish me, monseigneur; I deserve it.”

“Good Philip!” murmured the viscount, extending to him his hand.

“Then,” resumed the pilot, “I arrived at the corner of a little grove, a few perches from this, and like a novice, instead of mounting guard, I amused myself by pulling grass.”

“Here is some water,” interrupted Guyonne, bringing a skin pitcher filled with cold water. “But how is monseigneur, tell me, Philip? It is not serious, is it? Oh, holy Virgin! how the blood flows.”

“Fear nothing, my daughter,” replied Malificieux. “Fortunately, the awkward fellow has missed his aim.”

Assisted by the young girl, he washed the wound, applying cold water to it, in order to stop the blood, bandaged all tolerably well, while he continued his history; and when he had finished it, he presented a bottle to the viscount.

“Take a small drop, monseigneur; nothing is better to restore one’s strength. This has been my *vade mecum*, as our late friend, Grosbec, used to say. Happily I have found it, for I had lost it in the snow. A famous gourd—Yes, indeed, by the trident of Neptune! I would not give it