

## "A Man Shall Cleave Unto His Wife"

a strong arm, the right of intolerance and power, the right of the devil and his angels. Are you answered, and have you, perchance, a platitude to cap that, Monsieur de Bernauld?"

"Then, Madame," answered I, remembering the folly of the Prince of Béarn, and dreading what might lie behind all this, and so keeping my temper that I might provoke no greater irritation, "there is nothing left for us but to fight."

"Why," said she, with a bitter sting in her voice, "there is a platitude with some sense. Coligny and Condé are already on the road to Rochelle, and by the Lord's help I'll join them there and so concentrate our forces."

"Leave Navarre, Madame?" and as I spoke De Grammont shifted uneasily in his corner as one who would say, "Now comes the pinch." "Leave the kingdom with France in arms? Is that wise?"

"You are very ready with your advice, Monsieur de Bernauld," said Jeanne, sharply, "but on this point I have not asked it."

"I am no wiser than my fellows," replied I, nettled, and out of my soreness speaking unwarily, "but at least I advised against the progress of the Prince of Béarn."

"And well you might," she cried, "when you had given La Hake a rendezvous at Bernauld. Be in no haste to cast up the Prince of Béarn's progress. I'll warrant we will have enough of that when we come to it shortly. Let it pass for the present."

But it was not to be so easily let sleep. While she was speaking d'Arros, who was on guard without, knocked