

bewilderment than from any purpose of renewing the attack upon the redoubtable leader.

"I am safe, my children," said Jambe d'Argent, smiling upon them, as Gaston and Richard almost at the same time reached his side, "but we have work to do yet. We must purge Saint Lyphar this time, or her atmosphere will become poisoned."

He was off to a distant part of the field as he spoke, his sword flashing as some magical talisman, his tall form everywhere conspicuous.

"It is the devil!" cried some of the republicans, flying before him.

"It is Jambe d'Argent, who has brought the brigands here by his accursed sorcery," cried others, slinking away out of his path.

"Give quarter!" cried Gaston, "give quarter to those who yield. Remember, we are the Catholic and Royal Army."

"But to those who resist, death!" cried the sterner Richard.

It was late when the fight was done. The republicans, dispersed, were flying in all directions, striving to leave Saint Lyphar behind them, save the score or so who had fallen and the prisoners who had been taken. That night the Red Inn of Saint Lyphar was full of sullen-faced men, securely bound and guarded. They were the revelers of the previous nights and the pillagers who robbed the Red Inn of its glory. But despite its half-ruined state, never in its history did a more joyful little party sit down to supper than upon that night. The materials for the supper were brought chiefly from the castle, and prepared and served by Henriot.

The three leaders of La Vendée, Jambe d'Argent, Count Gaston, and Duplessis, were seated with Count Robert, still weak and worn from his recent sufferings, and Dumartin, gradually re-