

checked himself. His keen, quick blue eyes were everywhere; and presently catching sight of two closely-cowled monks clad in the black habit of their order, who showed at a secluded corner of the square, he left his shelter and went toward them quickly but cautiously.

As he reached them one gave him a monkish greeting and the other a military salute.

"I half feared you had forgotten the appointment," he said, in a tone of authority; "and you are certainly forgetting your part, Pascal. Monks don't salute like soldiers."

"Don't I know it?" was the reply, laughingly spoken. "I haven't trained all our tough fellows in the monkish drill for nothing. I'll tell my beads against Dubois here for a stoup of wine"; and taking in hand the rosary which hung conspicuously at his side, he commenced to mumble a string of nonsense words, and laughed again.

"Peace, man, peace!" said the other monk, much older in years. "You'll be overheard and ruin all."

"Tush! they'll only think it's my priestly Latin."

"I fear I ought to have left you in Paris, Pascal," said the cavalier. "I was warned your unruly tongue would play the mischief with a scheme that calls for tact and silence."

"Nay, my lord——"

"Not, my lord, here. I am not Gerard de Bourbon for a few days. I have borrowed the name of that dicing scoundrel, Raoul de Cobalt, and am Gerard de Cobalt. Remember that, and watch your words until you have learnt that lesson."

"I shall not forget. This holy man here, Dubois, will keep me in order," answered Pascal with a smile.

"Tell me the news, Dubois."

"All has gone as you wished. The men have all arrived; and yesterday I sought an interview with the Governor and did all as you had directed."