

"You would be far in front of me—Lartius would carry you into the very haunt of the swine, and I should find my lady sow snorting over you for the sport of her piglings."

So Attalus was forced to submit, with a sulky face, believing that Friedbald and Baldrik were laughing at him, though their father spoke to him in a friendly way: "Cheer up, young Herr, you will not find that anyone needs much speed if the boar lies where I am told to seek him."

They went out at the gate of the town, and a rabble rout of men and boys were following, when Garfried turned round, shook his great boar-spear, and shouted in his bad Latin that no one was to follow and disturb the animals. He only wanted as guides a couple of stout Gallic peasants, the same whose field had been devastated; as to the others, if they followed, they must expect to be treated—"like the swine they are," muttered Friedbald, looking ready to charge upon them with his spear.

They fell back, the boldest meaning to follow at a safe distance out of sight, where they might chance to pick up a little pig.

There were some twenty Burgundians besides Garfried and his two sons, Leo, and Attalus, and four great hounds, two and two in leashes, bristly, brindled creatures, with fine crested heads, fierce fangs, and deep thunderous voices. Attalus shrank from them, and wondered to see Baldrik fearlessly caress them, and the great heads laid lovingly against him.

They passed the field, where the stone fence had been knocked down, and there were traces of the hog family in the grievous trampling and rooting up, and the vine lying prostrate. Then they turned off the smooth Roman road into the forest, a tangle where the peasants led the way, and truly the horses had little chance of outspeeding those on foot, though there was a kind of rough path.

Attalus was not sorry now that Leo kept close beside his mule's head. The Burgundians, who went before, made the path all the easier for those who followed on their traces; but there were fears of being left behind and lost, which made the kind companionship welcome, as the rest hurried on their way, leaving their traces only in broken or bent boughs, which now and then swung back again, and were held or sometimes cut off by the great butcher's knife which Leo carried with him.

They had gone on to a more open space, where the trees had grown more scantily, and there was a marsh filled with rushes, a few alder bushes growing up among them, and a sluggish stream taking its course along the midst. They heard shouts, and cries, and blasts of a horn, and were about to direct their course by them when suddenly out of the thicket burst Baldrik on his horse, which was running off at full speed, quite beyond his con-

trol, and dashing blindly against a tree, fell with him. The horse was up again in a moment, and flew on; the boy lay senseless, and, before Leo and Attalus had had time to reach him, out came, with furious floundering pace, the much-dreaded raging mother-pig, and was about to wreak her vengeance for her scattered brood upon the prostrate boy, when Leo, standing over him, arrested her progress by seizing her by the ear with one hand, and with the other plunging his knife into her throat with all the judgment of his art, so that she fell dead just as Garfried broke through the trees with his spear.

CHAPTER IV.—GARFRIED'S GRATITUDE.

Baldrik lay insensible, and only groaned as Leo dragged the weight of the sow from off him; but he was living, as Leo assured the father, who threw himself from his horse to call to him to look up and say where he was hurt.

The rest of the hunt came clamoring up, and it appeared that while Garfried, Friedbald, and their men were engaged with the boar, which had slaughtered one of the dogs and torn the side of one of the men, standing at bay under a steep bank, where his lair was to be found, Baldrik had caught sight of some of the little pigs, and, remembering the exploit of yesterday, had ridden at one with his spear; whereupon their incensed mother had broken forth from the bushes, and his horse, taking fright, had rushed away headlong, and apparently had dashed his head against one of the branches of the trees, for there was a heavy black bruise and a wound under his hair across his brow, and his leg also hung as if it had been broken in the fall.

There was a certain rough knowledge of surgery among the Burgunds, and Attalus declared that Philetus would know what would be a cure, for he loved to be called Machaon, after the old man who doctored people in the "Iliad." This last piece of information was lost upon Garfried, who was, with the help of his shield-bearer and Leo, binding the broken limb with his belt to the shaft of a spear, and causing some brancher to be cut down on which Baldrik could be carried back to Langres, as he still lay unconscious, stunned by the blow, which might be regarded as the worst part of the mishap.

Leo did not, however, forget to secure the boar's head and feet and a couple of the unfortunate little orphan pigs, which he put, alive and squeaking, into a bag on his back, falling thus into the rear, while hungry townsmen and peasants, who had been watching in the distance, went out to dispute over the remainder of the booty.

Meantime, as the slow and melancholy march proceeded on the way, Attalus was replying to the chief's inquiries as to the manner in which the accident happened, the boy giving a true