

him I did not, for I had Marcel in my arms and was cutting open his doublet at the breast.

God! What a vicious thrust it had been, and clean where the warlock had laid his stick's point, a thrust to let out a man's life were he as vital as Goliath or Gath.

"Marcel!" I cried, bending low. "Marcel! a word, old friend, a word, one, one!"

The lids flickered over the already dull eyes, the mouth quivered, and I saw his finger-tips twitch, but it was the last of life. The tears that fell from me like rain fell on a dead face, and the great unselfish soul had gone back to the God who gave it.

At my cry the King had turned to me, and that his eyes, too, were wet, was, as it were, another cord of love to bind me to him. Now laying Marcel gently down I rose upon my knees.

"Bid Monsieur de Roquelaure lend me a horse, Sire. There is vengeance to be taken."

"Not so," answered he, turning once more to the open doorway. "Not vengeance, but the King's justice. Again, man, how many have you with you?"

Roquelaure was still sitting his panting horse, and staring at the gangway, red to the edge with blood. Now he roused himself.

"Thirty men, Sire; but what is the meaning——"

"Take twenty and follow the rogues. Especially mark one, a fat-cheeked, ruddy-faced giant with a wild tangle of red hair. Mark him well, I say, but