

"'Tis a woman's way, Denys, only and always a woman's way," he said, as Denys lingered a moment and then hurried after her.

Pascal watched them with a smile until they had gone, and then turned grave, nodded once or twice, smiled again, and again was grave, until, with a shrug of the shoulders, he turned and swung away.

The next morning all was bustle and commotion at the Castle, for the Bourbon troops were marching out. Gerard and Gabrielle and all from Malincourt were there to bid them farewell. They stood together, the centre of a large group, watching them start, and Lucette and Denys were a little apart from the rest.

Dubois, taciturn and quiet as usual, was busy seeing that everything was in due order; and Pascal, activity itself, moved gaily here, there and everywhere in the ranks, with eyes for everything and everybody, laughing and jesting in uncontrollable spirits.

His company was the last to start, and all his soldiers, although many of them were leaving behind friends in Morvaix and breaking pleasant associations, seemed to take the infection of their leader's gaiety, and faced the parting with laughs and jokes and pleasantry.

The merriest and most cheerful of all the companies was Pascal's, and he himself the merriest and most cheerful of them, as they saluted Gerard and cheered Gabrielle and then marched away with sturdy, stalwart stride.

Pascal waited to mount his horse until almost the last ranks were on the move.

"What spirits he has," exclaimed Denys to Lucette as they stood watching the men. "I am sorry he is going."

But Lucette was silent.

The last rank passed, and then Pascal, turning in the saddle, waved his hand and smiled. His eyes rested for a moment on Lucette's, at least so it seemed to her; and she raised her kerchief and waved back to him just as he touched his horse and moved after his men.