

A Man of His Age

from his mistress as it seemed to me, as the lines of the walls would let him go, and with such a craven look on his face as not Catherine, nor Philip, nor Alva, nor all three confederate, could have set there. As I entered he threw up his hands a half foot, but gave me no greeting, as neither did the Queen, who was marching up and down the cabinet keeping her passion well on foot.

"So, Monsieur de Bernauld," she cried, "you have heard that Longoumeau is like this and this and this!" and she tore across, and across, and yet again across, a paper she had been twisting in her hands, and flung the fragments from her angrily.

"By so much the better, Madame," answered I, with a bow, but taking her in her mood and giving her no greeting either. "By so much the better, as an open foe is better than a false friend."

"By so much the worse," answered she, testily; "and you would do well to remember, Monsieur, that because a thing is a platitude it is not necessarily the truth. The good-will of France we knew to a hair's-breadth, and so were under no illusions, but the treaty at least gave Coligny and The Religion breathing space. That is lost, though I grant you we lose nothing of good-will with it."

"But, Madame," cried I, "the treaty was in solemn form. What right has France—"

"God grant me patience," said she, with a gesture of her left hand as if she flung a folly from her; "who talks of rights and courtesies of nations when it is a question of France and Navarre—Catholic and Huguenot? The right is the right of a bloody mind and