

"Ay, one!" cried Mareel back, flinging himself forward and taking the thrust; "but not that one! God for Bernauld—God—God——" and he went down upon his knees in a heap, swayed, frothing redly at the mouth, and rolled back upon the floor.

"Two!" cried Henry, lunging aslant, and striking the villain in the throat with such force that he drove him off the bridge, still standing: "two; God for Navarre!"

On this there came such a battering at the inn door as shook the very house, and above the din rose the clatter of horse-hoofs on the stony road.

"What?" he went on bitterly; "both behind and before? Well, we two are men, and can take our turn as well as Mareel. God for Navarre!"

As for me, I was shaking in every limb, and nigh upon cursing in my bitter despair and forlorn helplessness to succour the man who had given his life for mine.

But others had heard the clatter of horses as well as we. For a moment a silence fell upon the mob; then with a roar of fear and disappointed rage they turned, and every man fled up hill for his life.

"Has their master, the devil——" began the King. But he checked himself. "Nay, it is worse," and all unwiped he pushed his sword back into its sheath. "Ha! Roquelaure, you are welcome, as you ever are. How many men have you?"

"Mercy of God! What is the meaning of this, Sire?" I heard Roquelaure's rough voice reply. See