

with a covert glance at Dallas Fraser—"I may as well say that, now the *choux* are safe, I shall devote my attention to the *lièvre*."

De Landremont made an impatient movement.

"Take care what you are about, Marie! Kendal is no dull creature, to be caught in a springe. If you don't know a man when you see one, let me tell you what he is. The bravest comrade a man ever fought side by side with, in the ranks; the gentlest soul to pain and suffering of others; the stoutest heart to bear his own—"

To Frank, half putting out her hand with a rush of sympathy toward the speaker: then letting it fall, in a sudden sense of shame that only through another's witness did she know this friend of hers at last—to Frank, in a vivid flash of memory, came back a certain passage which Kendal himself had read to her one winter evening, out of an old-time book, for which he had sent away. She was startled by Marie's voice demurely taking up De Landremont's tone:

"'A syr Launcelot, ther thou lvest, that were head of all crysten knyghtes! And thou were neuer matched of none erthly knyghtes hands. And thou were the curtoyste knyghte that euer bare shelde. And thou were the truest frend to thy louer that euer bestradde hors, and thou were the truest louer of a synfull man that euer loured