

"Come to my rescue, Denys," cried Pascal gaily. "Here is Madame Burgher trying to cross-examine me."

"Aye, come and take a lesson in word fencing, Denys," said Lucette.

"You may need many lessons when you fence with Lucette, my good friend."

"I know it," replied Denys with a smile, as he slipped his arm into hers and glanced at her.

"They would keep me in Morvaix," laughed Pascal.

"And not they alone, Pascal. Do you know, Lucette, I have tried by the hour to persuade him to stay. But he tells me there are—shall I say it?" and he looked at Pascal, who shrugged his shoulders. "There are a woman's eyes calling him away."

"Warning me away, was what I said, friend."

"'Tis the same thing," declared Denys.

"Maybe; but 'twas the term I used. I think I have learnt to read more warnings than beckonings in women's eyes. But 'tis the same in the end."

Lucette watched him steadily as he spoke, and then surprised Denys by saying very seriously, and with something very much like a sigh—

"If that be the reason, it is well that you go, Pascal."

"What, have you changed sides, Lucette?" cried Denys, rallying her.

"'Tis a woman's way, Denys, and ever will be," laughed Pascal.

"Wherever you go, Pascal, I wish you Godspeed with all my heart," said Lucette in the same earnest, almost strenuous tone; and gave him her hand, which he carried to his lips.

"Denys will not mind that, at any rate," he said. Lucette shivered.

"Take me in, Denys, I am chilled," she said; and without saying more or looking again at Pascal, she hurried in.