

o. 4

of the locket)

guel Siliceo, goldsmith, of
 presence of Brothers Jehan
 re set out as have relation
 and perspicuity.

ing in the town of Rouen,
 to unburthen his soul of
 ppenings which preyed
 tion of mind, having first
 lagoon of Compostella, his

r of grace one thousand
 solicitation of its lord, he
 Douro for a master work-
 vices, both of metals and
 rs I rested in and about
 bath need of ease and

ked and much disturbed,

much softer than was his
 st skill."

commission.

n never saw before, of
 h make it for me, show-
 d of d'Artin, and quar-
 other and hidden side,
 e, but surcharged with
 be concealed by so se-
 can touch or find," and
 is eyes roved about, he

kept tight grip upon his sword as if he feared. He, Raoul of Car-
 tillon, the man whose headlong courage was an army's byword, he
 feared in his own hall.

Even so, for proceeding further, his speech grew more wild, and
 I fain would have fled.

"You know my oath to my father." I of course knew naught of
 the matter, nor do I know it yet, though I have diligent inquired.

"My oath to forego the hall, give up my place with my fighting
 men. Yea, upon my father's sword I swore, recking light of an
 oath, and the old man, dying, would have it so. That oath tor-
 ments me now. The evil demons of the air haunt my bed; fiends
 leer at me through the day and whisper all the night. I see my
 father's soul writhing in the fires of Hell, and there he lays and
 beckons me to him. But no, by the heart of Mars I'll be no
 craven fool to give up my castle and my name. Perhaps my son
 may, I'll make him swear to me to do so. Yet I fear; I fear; I like
 not that pit of scorching flame where my father suffers because he
 did lay his hand upon his brother."

I could not but look him in the face, and he thought there was
 wisdom in my glance, for he clutched me at the throat.

"Ah, thou prying hound, what dost thou know? Speak! Speak!"
 But speak I could not, though a soul's salvation hung on my
 glib and nimble tongue.

Count Raoul soon loosed me, seeing my ignorance. Yet some
 dark story had I heard and repeated not—the crimes of the great
 are too dangerous morsels for a poor man to mouth.

"Go now to thy shop, and mark ye, sirrah, that no man sees thy
 work."

I had hardly gotten well to my forge before three stout varlets
 came in on a pretense of seeing a golden bracelet which I showed
 them without suspecting aught. When, my back well turned, they
 slipped gyves upon my wrists, bound me by a great band of iron
 at the waist, and made all fast to the huge stone pillar.

Thenceforward, all through the days and nights which followed,
 one of these men stood ever at my window to see I worked with
 speed, worked on the locket and not upon my chains.

Count Raoul came many times as the work progressed, but the
 guards were alway at too great a distance to tell in what quaint
 form my beaten gold was fashioned.