

clinging to his hands. "You fought for me. May I not remember?"

Beaujeu, standing very stiff, stared over her head for a moment, then bowed swiftly and kissed her hands.

"But, Beaujeu, man, how were you hurt?" cried Jack.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Does it matter?" he said, and laughed.

There was silence awhile, and then, "Will you hold this still, monsieur?" said Nell, tremulously trying to take the sword.

"Why, the touch is pleasant," said Beaujeu smiling, "and one likes one's little pleasures."

Nell's lip was trembling, and Jack came heavily forward to take the blade away, but she stayed him with her eyes. "At least you will sit with me, monsieur," she said, and she drew him to a chair and sat beside him with her hand still on his, and Jack stood comically on guard by his right arm. "I do not know how to thank you——" Nell began.

"*Corbleu*, do not try!" cried Beaujeu sharply. "It is one of the few things I think of with pleasure." There was silence awhile, and to break it, "You are new come from Surrey then?" says he.

"How do you know that?" cried Jack.

"Ah, Mistress Nell has heather in her dress."

Nell looked down at the little grey sprig on her shoulder, then turned in surprise to the blind eyes. "But how could you guess?" she cried.

"Have you never met the wind from the heather after rain?" said Beaujeu smiling.

"Ay, a west wind on Monument Hill," says Master Jack, laughing at Nell. And Nell blushed. "Faith, Nell has never been there!" and daring her frown, he laughed wickedly.

"'Tis a place where one does foolish things," says Nell, with a toss of her head.

M. de Beaujeu began to understand. "At least you were happy in the scene," he said smiling.