

—in case England kept her promise to him, who kept no promises himself.

Presently the judges began to question Joan. One of them, named Marguerie, who was a man with more insight than prudence, remarked upon Joan's change of clothing, and said—

‘There is something suspicious about this. How could it have come about without connivance on the part of others? Perhaps even something worse?’

‘Thousand devils!’ screamed Cauchon, in a fury. ‘Will you shut your mouth?’

‘Armagnac! Traitor!’ shouted the soldiers on guard, and made a rush for Marguerie with their lances levelled. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was saved from being run through the body. He made no more attempts to help the inquiry, poor man. The other judges proceeded with the questionings.

‘Why have you resumed this male habit?’

I did not quite catch her answer, for just then a soldier's halberd slipped from his fingers and fell on the stone floor with a crash; but I thought I understood Joan to say that she had resumed it of her own motion.

‘But you have promised and sworn that you would not go back to it.’

I was full of anxiety to hear her answer to that question; and when it came it was just what I was expecting. She said—quite quietly—

‘I have never intended and never understood myself to swear I would not resume it.’

There—I had been sure, all along, that she did not know what she was doing and saying on the platform Thursday, and this answer of hers was proof that I had not been mistaken. Then she went on to add this—

‘But I had a right to resume it, because the promises made to me have not been kept—promises that I should be allowed to go to mass, and receive the communion, and