

## How Marcel Parted La Hake and Bernauld

bid I should sink myself to your level!" and as I turned Marcel rode round by a knot of timber, and galloped up as hard as his tired beast could carry him.

Powdered with dust, and streaked with grime and sweat, the Squire's face was still whiter than La Hake's, and as he flung the reins from him and tumbled, rather than climbed, from the saddle, he cried, hoarsely:

"Leave the life in him for the Lord's sake, Master Blaise. My word for it, La Hake, you will kill no more lads!" and drawing his sword he rushed at the broken rogue, and would have cut him down had I not thrown myself between them and thrust him back.

"What folly is this, Marcel?" I cried, sternly. "If I, the lad's father, have spared him for this time—"

"The lad's father!" and his voice ran high and broken like a wrathful woman's—"the lad's father! 'Tis I am the lad's father, and, by the Lord who made me, I'll do no sparing! Stand aside, Master Blaise, stand aside, or, Bernauld though you are, I'll hack you down to get at him."

"The lad's father!" I echoed. "You—you? What madness has gotten you?"

"Look behind you for answer," said he. "Look at his coward face. There, in the wood beyond, as that bloody rogue rode upon us I lost the lad in the darkness, and he shouted for me—'Father, father!' 'What!' cried La Hake, reaching across the bridle that had slipped my grip, 'art thou not the Prince of Béarn?' 'Not I,' said the lad, with a laugh, and for answer, and while he still laughed, the villain cut him down, cursing him."