

A Ladder of Swords

The Jerseymen rowed gallantly, and the seigneur, to give them heart, promised a shilling, a capon, and a gallon of beer to each if the rescue was made. Again and again the two men seemed to sink beneath the sea, and again and again they came to the surface and battled further, torn, battered, and bloody, but not beaten. Cries of, "We're coming, gentles, we're coming!" from the Seigneur of Rozel came ringing through the surf to the dulled ears of the drowning men, and they struggled on.

There never was a more gallant rescue. Almost at their last gasp the two were rescued.

"Mistress Aubert sends you welcome, sir, if you be Michel de la Forêt," said Lemprière of Rozel, and offered the fugitive his horn of liquor as he lay blown and beaten in the boat.

"I am he," De la Forêt answered. "I owe you my life, monsieur," he added.

Lemprière laughed. "You owe it to the lady; and I doubt you can properly pay the debt," he answered, with a toss of the head;