

at all, but to live yet—well, it was a good blade. Might serve him once again, never yet so well. M. de Beaujeu laughed to his sword and caressed it.

He stood up and walked to the corner, feeling his way along the wall. He set the hilt in the angle of the wainscot, and steadying the blade in his bandaged hand stepped back to get his distance. Then, with the point set against his heart, paused for a moment. Other fortunes than his own troubled suddenly the thoughts of M. de Beaujeu.

Thus far he had been a curst bad friend, a curst bad lover. Was there aught he could do still? For Rose? No. The hour was past for that. To her he could be only a wretched burden, such as she must not bear. For Healy? Ay, Healy had begged a promise to wait his coming. Healy wanted something, perhaps. Bah, but what could a blind man do? *Enfin*, he had promised. He would wait. M. de Beaujeu made his way to the window, nursing his sword. Of instinct he yearned for the light.

But the sun had passed to the west, the fire was no more than quivering red ash, and Beaujeu stood in shadow and shivered.

Soon the latch clicked, there were footsteps, and the rustle of a dress, and a gay voice cried, "Beaujeu!"

M. de Beaujeu turned with the naked sword in his hand.

"Beaujeu, 'tis I—and my wife!"

"You? You are Jack, I think?" says Beaujeu slowly.

Jack had come close to him and stared, round-eyed.

"Egad, have you forgot us?" he cried. "Jack Dane and Nell."

Beaujeu bowed at the sound. "Pardon. You see I—I do not see very well. I am blind."

"Blind!" Jack gasped, and started back, and Nell came running forward crying

"Monsieur!" and caught his hands on the sword in hers.

"Pray do not be distressed," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Did I understand, Mr. Dane? May I give you joy?"

"Ah, monsieur, am I not to care?" says Nell very softly,