

THE WHITE COMPANY

BY A CONAN DOYLE
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "A Study in Scarlet," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "Beyond The City," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

How a Strange Company Gathered at the "Pied Merlin."
The night had already fallen, and the moon was shining between the rifts of ragged, drifting clouds...

Two of the company, who were dressed in the weather-stained green doublet of foresters, lifted the big pot of the fire, and a third, with a huge powder ladle, served out a portion of steaming collops to each guest...

"I pray you, good dame, to give me those three pigment pots and the brush, and I shall be able to tell you whether I cannot better this painting."
Dame Eliza looked doubtfully at him, as though fearing some other stratagem...

If we had to bend to our master's servants as well as to our masters?
"No man is my master save the King," the workman answered.

Alleyne stood still in the roadway for a few minutes reflecting upon what he should do. It was, he knew, only a few miles further to Minstead, where his brother lived...

The room was not unlike a stable. The low ceiling, smoking pipes, and dining, was placed by several square trap doors with rough-hewn ladders leading up to them...

"Who are those next to him?" asked Alleyne.
"Who are those next to him?" asked Alleyne. "He of the fur mantle has a wise and reverent face."

"I do not marvel at it," cried the Cambrige scholar, speaking in the high drawing voice which was common among his class...

Though it was an autumn evening and somewhat warm, a huge fire of heaped billets of wood crackled and sparkled in a broad, open grate...

Three or four of the men round the fire were evidently under-keepers and woodworkers, who were turned out and bedded with the quiet restlessness and the little movements of the deer among which they lived...

"And the other?" asked Alleyne in a whisper.
"Is he surely some very good man, or is he some very good man, or is he some very good man?"

"What cure the black death master?" asked Jenkin.
"Ah, truly would it, my fair son."

"I will take your orders, gentlemen," I will assuredly take your orders," the landlady answered, bustling in with her hands full of leathern drinking cups...

"This is Wat the limner," quoth the landlady, sitting down beside Alleyne, and pointing with the ladle to the sleeping man...

"This is a lad of mettle!" shouted another of the laborers, "He dares to give tongue to what all men think are we not all to Adam's loins..."

"By the holy Dion of Hampshire our silent clerk has found his tongue," said one of the workmen.

"Why, good dame, I would not offend the customs of your house, but it is only sooth when I say that my purse is a thin one...

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"By the holy Dion of Hampshire our silent clerk has found his tongue," said one of the workmen.

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"Why, then, did you join the brothers?" asked Alleyne.

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Little comrades had been over quick in reproof, he having gone early into the cloisters and seen little of the rough ways and words of the world...

"I have you, high and mighty grace," sneered one of the workmen, "have you in sooth so ordained?"

panies new James of Bourbon, and put his arm to the sword, there scarce a man of arms who had no count, baron of knight, Peter Kasso...

CHAPTER VI.
HOW SAMKIN ALLYARD WAGERED HIS FEATHER-BED.
He was a middle-aged man, of most massive and robust build, with an arching chest and extraordinary breadth of shoulder...

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