

De Landremont house. But she was prompt to say, somewhat stiffly indeed :

“So much the better ; for there’s no getting anything out of a bag but what’s in it. This way, then, if monsieur pleases.”

But Kendal could catch a murmur now and then, as she lighted him up-stairs :

“Truly! and he in the village two whole weeks! And to think all the world could forget that little history! But, all the same, le Bon Dieu has brought him just in time, in place of the old one.”

Kendal smiled rather grimly. If she thought the death of his predecessor providential, what would she think of that episode in Kendal’s own life, which had more or less remotely brought about his being here, in the stead of the medical adviser madame would not have sent for?

The sound of footsteps on the stairs must have announced them ; for as the two reached the landing, a door was opened by the girl, who flitted past without speaking, and they entered the room.

Kendal’s expectations, on the basis of so much of the house as he had already seen, were at fault here. It was as if all that the other rooms had ever known of quaint and massive, in the way of old mahogany, had marshaled themselves about the mistress antiquated as they. In the light of