

quicksand at the bottom of the channel. The tide was already frothing in like yeast upon him. How gloriously the tide shoots up that tide-creek! It hisses. It comes like thousands of horses galloping one behind the other and tumbling over each other, — fierce and snorting spray, and climbing the banks, and still trampling down and flying over the ones who have galloped in first.”

“But what did D’Aulnay de Charnisay do?” inquired Antonia.

“He stuck in the quicksand,” responded Le Rossignol.

“But did he not call for help?”

“He did nothing else, indeed, until the tide’s horses trampled him under.”

“But what did you do?”

“I sat down and watched him,” said the dwarf.

“How could you?” shuddered Antonia, feeling how little this tiny being’s humanity was developed.

“We had some chat,” said Le Rossignol.

“He promised me a seigniory if I would