

me, and press on to other folly, over which, in the solitude of my room, I would stamp my foot with vexation, and sometimes shed tears of anger.

This afternoon, when I thought of the long hours I had to spend waiting the Queen's pleasure, of the mellow sunlight which I could see through the glazing of the dinner window that lit the room, of the gaiety and brightness outside, I felt dull and wearied beyond description. I had foolishly neglected to bring a book or my embroidery, so that even my fingers had to be still, and in my utter boredom I believe I should have actually welcomed the company of Catherine's hideous dwarf, Majosky.

It had come to me that perhaps M. de Lornac, who had, no doubt, a weary enough watch in the corridor, might feel disposed to beguile a little of his tedium, and to amuse me for a few minutes, and I had purposely drawn the curtains and opened the door of the ante-room so that he might see I was there, and alone, and that the door of the Queen Mother's cabinet was shut. I then, I confess it, put myself in the most becoming attitude I could think of, but, as I have said before, he took not the slightest notice of me, and walked up and down, *tramp, tramp*, backwards and forwards as if he were a piece of clockwork—like that which Messer Cosmo, the Italian, made for Monsieur, the King's brother.

I began to feel furious at the slight—it was no less I considered—that he was putting on me, and wished I had the tongue and the spirit of Mademoiselle de Chateaufort, so that I could make my gentleman smart as she did M. de Luxembourg. For a moment or so I