

He stood still, with both hands shading his eyes, looking out over the broad waters for many minutes. Out by the rocky islet lay the ships that would have taken him on the morrow, but instead he would be — where? The great stretch of black woods beyond the marsh was his only answer.

For the last time, doubtless, all these sights! With a weak, struggling heart Leon turned away and crossed to the north side of the square where the Governor's mansion was; he entered quietly and went up to his own apartment. The house was crowded with people, and Duchambon himself occupied with a delegation of the elders of the city. No one gave particular thought to the boy, and any who might, supposed him with the dying Abbé.

Shutting himself in, he fastened the door and lay wearily down across the foot of the bed. The sunset vanished almost as soon as it glowed. Then the storm began; the rain came down in sheets and the wind blew fiercely with it.