

ture with the portrait of a woman looking at him from the bottom of the bag.

"*Mort de ma vie!* what a fool I am, what a forgetful *vengeur*, to be chanting Gringoire in the house of Doom and my quarry still to hunt!" His voice had of a sudden gained a sterner accent; the pleasantness of his aspect—that came almost wholly from his eyes—became clouded by a frown. Looking round the contracted room, and realising how like a prison-cell it was compared with what he had expected, he felt oppressed as with the want of air. He sought vainly about the window for latch or hinge to open it, and as he did so glanced along the castle wall painted yellow by the declining sun. He noticed idly that some one was putting out upon the sill of a window on a lower stage what might have been a green kerchief had not the richness of its fabric and design suggested more a pennon or banneret. It was carefully placed by a woman's hands—the woman herself unseen. The incident recalled an old exploit of his own in Marney, and a flood of humorous memories of amorous intrigue.

"*Mademoiselle Annapla,*" said he whimsically, "has a lover, and here's his signal. The Baron's daughter? the Baron's niece? the Baron's ward? or merely the Baron's domestic? M. Bethune's document suffers infernally from the fault of being too curt. He might at least have indicated the fair recluse."