

deep and keen emotion, that his wife came to him anxiously asking for news.

"Dearest," he said, "I do not want to frighten you, and yet it is right that you should know that Michaud's death was meant for an indirect warning to us to quit——"

"For my own part," said M. de Troisville, "I should not think of going. I had these same difficulties in Normandy under another form; I persisted, and now everything goes well."

"Normandy and Burgundy are two different countries, my lord Marquis," said the sub-prefect. "The fruit of the vine is more heating to the blood than the fruit of the apple-tree. We are not so learned here in legal quibbles, and we are surrounded by forests: we have as yet few industries; we are savages, in fact. If I have any advice to give to M. le Comte, it is this—to sell his land and invest the money in the funds. He would double his income, and he would not have the slightest trouble. If he has a liking for a country life, he can have an estate near Paris, a château as fine as the château of the Aigues, a park enclosed by walls which no one will climb, and farms which he can let to tenants who will come in a cabriolet to pay their rents with bank-notes. He will not need to make out a single summons in twelve months. He can go and come in three or four hours.—And, then, Mme. la Comtesse, M. Blondet and my lord Marquis would visit you more frequently——"

"Shall I fly before the peasants, I, who stood my ground on the Danube?"

"Yes, but where are your Cuirassiers?" asked Blondet.

"Such a fine estate——"

"It will fetch more than two million of francs to-day."

"The château alone must have cost as much," said M. de Troisville.

"One of the finest properties for twenty leagues round," said the sub-prefect, "but you will find better near Paris."

"What would two million francs bring in, invested in the funds?" inquired the Countess.