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floor of the house in the Rue Pourpointerie was empty—put another face upon the matter. The landlord declared that he knew nothing of the tenant, who rented the rooms, ready furnished, by the week; and as I had not seen the man's face, there remained only two sources whence I could get the information I needed—the child and the cure of St. Marceau.

I did not know where to look for the former, however; and I had to depend on the cure. But here I came to an obstacle I might easily have foreseen. I found him, though an honest man, obdurate in upholding his priest's privileges; to all my inquiries he replied that the matter touched the confessional, and was within his vows; and that he could, nor dared—to please anyone, or for any cause, however plausible—divulge the slightest detail of the affair. I had him summoned to the Arsenal, and questioned him myself, and closely; but of all armor that of the Roman priesthood is the most difficult to penetrate, and I quickly gave up the attempt.

Baffled in the only direction in which I could hope for success, I had to confess my defeat to the King, whose curiosity was only piqued the more by the rebuff. He adjured me not to let the matter drop, and suggesting a number of persons among whom I might possibly find the unknown, proposed also some theories. Of these, one that the benvolent was a disguised lady, who contrived in this way to give the rein at once to gallantry and charity, pleased him most; while I favored that which had first occurred to me on the night of our sally, and held the unknown to be a clever rascal, who, to serve his ends, political or criminal, was corrupting the, commonalty and drawing people into his power.