

"Yes; she thinks such a manner of exit is undignified."

"Undignified!" cried Cardillac, so loudly that the girl whispered, "Hush! Hush!" Then he added in a lower tone: "Her Majesty should be thankful I did not expect her to climb the inside of the chimney, and so to the roof. Did you not tell her the ladders are made of the finest silk?"

"Yes; that somewhat mollified her, but I think you must give me a week to win her consent."

"This is the fourteenth; what do you say to the twentieth?"

"Give me till the twenty-first, Victor. That will be the even seven days."

"Very well. I shall come on the night of the twenty-first."

"At what hour? About midnight?"

"Isn't that rather too early for such a roystering town?"

"I don't know. Everyone is going home about that hour, and if once we got her down into the town, it would be safer with many people around us than if we were alone in the street."

Cardillac shook his head.

"Too great a risk! How would one o'clock in the morning do?"

"The morning of the twenty-second?"

"Yes."