

TOLD IN A FRENCH GARDEN

missed a train — they found themselves at sunset of a beautiful day in a small village, and with no possible way of getting back to Paris that night unless they chose to walk fifteen miles to the nearest railway junction. After a long day's tramp that seemed too much of a good thing.

So they looked about to find a shelter for the night. The village — it was only a hamlet — had no hotel, no café, even. Finally an old peasant said that old Mother Servin — a widow — living a mile up the road — had a big house, lived alone, and could take them in, — if she wanted to, — he could not say that she would.

It seemed to them worth trying, so they started off in high spirits to tramp another mile, deciding that, if worse became worst — well — the night was warm — they could sleep by the roadside under the stars.

It was near the hour when it should have been dark — but in France at that season one can almost read out of doors until nine — when they found the place. With some delay the gate in the stone wall was opened, and they were face to face with the old widow.

It was a long argument, but the Doctor had a winning way, and at the end they