

y, about seven
sing my arm,
who had pro-
nounced into the
standing up
out fear, "my
ter."

ssion, and his
ompletely by
our and the
gs their full
us answered.
l'Empereur,"
ter?"

t the top of

us to close

g him with
the shutter

ul; but he
ig through
the pitchy
he King's
; fearing
ves' trap,
oise and
from the
followed

nd it, and
ee; who

kept a little before us, saying continually, "This way, messieurs; this way!" His words had so much the sound of a signal, and the staircase was so dark and illsmelling, that expecting every moment to be seized or to have a knife in my back, I found it almost interminable. At last, however, a gleam of light appeared above us, the boy opened a door, and we found ourselves standing on a mean, narrow landing, the walls of which had once been white-washed. The child signed to us to enter, and we followed him into a bare attic, where our heads nearly touched the ceiling,

"Messieurs, the air is keen," he said in a curiously formal tone. "Will you please to close the shutter?"

The King, amused and full of wonder, looked round. The room contained little besides a table, a stool, and a lamp standing in a basin on the floor; but the alcove curtained with black, dingy hangings, broke one wall. "Your father lies there?" Henry said, pointing to it.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"He feels the cold?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Will you please to close the shutter?"

I went to it, and, leaning out, managed, with a little difficulty, to comply. Meanwhile, the King, gazing curiously at the curtains, gradually approached the alcove. He hesitated long, he told me afterwards, before he touched the hangings; but at length, feeling sure that there was something more in the business than appeared, he did so. Drawing one gently aside, as I turned from the window, he peered in; and saw just what he had been led to expect—a huddled form covered with dingy bed-clothes and a grey head lying on a ragged yellow pillow. The