

ing back in the same disguise in which he had come, he made all haste towards Orleans, where he dwelt, and where he hoped to learn the location of the camp of the warlike Clovis. On nearing this city, he took for travelling companion a poor mendicant, whom fortune threw in his way, and with whom he journeyed for miles in the intimacy of the highway. Growing weary as night approached, and having confidence in his companion, Aurelian fell asleep by the wayside, leaving the beggar to watch.

Several hours passed before he awoke. When he did so it was to find, to his intense alarm, that his companion had vanished and his wallet had gone, and with it the gold which it contained and Clotilde's precious ring. In dismay Aurelian hurried to the city, reached his home, and sent his servants in all directions in search of the thievish mendicant, whom he felt sure had sought some lurking-place within the city walls.

His surmise was correct. The fellow was found and brought to him, the wallet and its valuable contents being recovered intact. What was to be done with the thief? Those were not days of courts and prisons. Men were apt to interpret law and administer punishment for themselves. Culprits were hung, thrashed, or set at liberty. Aurelian weighed the offence and decided on the just measure of retribution. The culprit, so says the chronicle, was soundly thrashed for three days, and then set free.

Having thus settled this knotty question of law, Aurelian continued his journey until Clovis was reached, told him what he had seen and what heard,