

have been worse men ; indeed what need I grudge admitting there have been few better ? He has seen this place more bien than it is to-day in my father's time, and in my own too before the law-pleas atc us up ; you will excuse his Scots freedom of spcech, Count, he——"

A shot rang outside in some shrubbery upon the mainland, suddenly putting an end to the Baron's confidencce. Count Victor, sure that the Macfarlanes were there again, ran to the window and looked out, whilc his host in the rear bit his lip with every sign of annoyance. As Montaignon looked he saw Mungo emerge from the shrubbery with a rabbit in his hand and push off hurricdly in a little boat, which apparently was in use for communication with the shore under such circumstances.

"And now," said the Count, without comment upon what he had seen, "I think, with your kind pcrmission, I shall change my boots before eating."

"There's plenty of time for that, I jalouse," said Doom, smiling somewhat guiltily, and he showed his guest to a room in the turret.

It was up a flight of corkscrew stairs, and lit with singular poverty by an orifice more of the nature of a port-hole for a picce than a window, and this port or window, well out in the angle of the turret, commanded a view of the southward wall or curtain of the castle.

Montaignon, left to himself, opened the mails that Mungo had placed in readiness for him in what was evidently the guest-room of the castle, transformed the travelling half of himself into something that was more in conformity with the gay nature of his upper costume, complacently surveyed the result when finished, and hummed a *chanson* of Pierre Gringoire's, altogether unremembering the encounter in the wood, the dead robber, and the stern nature of his embassy here so far from France.

He bent to close the valise, and with a start abruptly concluded his song at the sight of a minia-