TRUCK SINITED IN STREET IN

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(Continued from Last Sund 66T SHOULD be glad to obli

charming sister," he re smiling, "but none goes the city without a passport. "Would our kind be carrying ort from the Duke of May uoth Gilles.

"It seems improbable," the smiled, pleased with his wit. ommode yau, my dear. haps, lacking a passport, you olige me with the countersign, oes as well. Just one little wo and I'll let you through."

"If monsieur will tell me word?" she asked innocently. He burst into laughter.
"No, no; I am not to be ca

"Oh, come, monsieur captain," irged, "many and many a fellow and out of Paris without a pa The rules are a net to stop big fillet the small fry go. What harm do to my Lord Mayenne, or you, or body, if you have the gentleness three poor servants through to dying mother?"

"It desolates me to hear of he

three poor servants through to dying mother?"

"It desolates me to hear of he tremity," the captain answered, a fine irony, "but I am here to d duty. I am thinking, my dear, tha are some great lady's maid?"

He was eyeing her sharply, su ously; she made haste to protest:

"Oh, no, monsieur; I am serva Mme. Mesnier, the grocer's wife,"

"And perhaps you serve in the a "No, monsieur," she said, not sthe drift, but on guard against a "No, monsieur; I am never in the I am far too busy with my work. sieur does not seem to understand a servant-lass has to do."

For answer, he took her hand and

sieur does not seem to understand a servant-lass has to do."

For answer, he took her hand and ed it to the light, revealing all its significant whiteness, its dainty, polished nail. "I think mademoiselle does not u stand it, either."

With a little cry, she snutched hand from him, hiding it in the of her kirtle, regarding him with terror. He softened somewhat at of her distress.

"Well, it's none of my business TChpalatdohshrdlushrdl. s shshrd si lady chooses to be masquerading it the streets at night with a porter lackey. I don't know what your put is—I don't ask to know. But I'm to keep my gate, and I'll keep it, try to wheedle the officer at the Neuve."

Neuve."
In helpless obedience, glad of e In helpless obedience, glad of ever much leniency, we turned away—to a tall, grizzled veteran in a cole shoulder strans. With a dragoon aback, he had, come so, softly our side aller that not even the captain marked him.

"What's this, Guilbert." he dema.

"Some folks seeking to get the the gates, sir. I've just turned away."

"What were you saying about Porte Neuve?"
"I said they could see how that ga kept. I showed them how this is."
"Why must you pass through at time of night?" said the commandin ficer, civilly. Gilles once again monaed the dying mother. The yeaptain, eager to prove his fidelity, rupted him: I believe that's a fairy tale,

"I believe that's a fairy tale, There's something queer about these pie. The girl says she is a grocer's vant, and has hands like a duchess. The colonel looked at us sharply, ther friendly nor unfriendly. He sa a perfectly neutral manner:

"It is of no consequence whether be a servant or a duchss—has a moot not. The point is whether these pie have the countersign. If they it, they can pass, whoever they are. "They have not." the captain and ed at once. "I think you would do sir to demand the lady's name.

Mademoiselle started forward for

Mademoiselle started forward to bold stroke just as the superior of demanded of her, "The countersis As she said the word, she pronour distinctly her name:

"Lorance—"
"Bnough!" the colonel said instar
"Pass them through, Guilbert."
The young captain stood in a mull, no more bewildered than we,
"Mighty queer!" he muttered. "V didn't she give it to me"
"Stir yourself, sir!" his superior a sharp command. "They have the cotersign; pass them through."

XXVIII. St. Denis—and Navarre!
As the gates clanged into place behus, Gilles stopped short in his tracks say, as if addressing the darkness

say, as if addressing the darkness fore him:

"Am I, Gilles, awake or asleep we in Paris, or are we on the St. De road."

"Oh, come, come!" Mademois hastened us on, murmuring half to self, as we went: "O you kind sain I saw he could not make us out friends or foes; I thought my no might turn the scale. Mayenne alw gives a name for a countersign; tonishy a marvel, it was mine!"

I like to think often of that fiven tramp to St. Denis. The road was drutty, and in places still miry for Monday night's rain. Strange shaddogged us all the way. Sometimes twere only bushes or wavside shrines. rutty, and in places still miry fi Monday night's rain. Strange shadd dogged us all the way. Sometimes the were only bushes or wayside shrines, sometimes they moved. This was now a wolf country, but two-foo wolves were plenty, and as danger. The hanger-on of the army—begg feagues, and footpads—hovered, like cowardly beasts of prey they were, ab the outskirts of the city. Did a laustle, we started; did a shambling shin the gloom whine for alms, we meredy for onset. Gilles produced fi some place of concealment—his jet of his leggins, or somewhere—a brace of some place of concealment—his jet of his leggins, or somewhere—a brace or istols, and we walked with finger trigger, taking care, whenever a ruin the grass, a shadow in the bush seemed to follow us, to talk loud cheerfully of common things, the limiterests of a humble station. Thanks this dlplomacy, or the pistol-har shining in the faint starlight, none plasted us, though we encountered muchan one mysterious company. We ne passed into the gloom under an arch trees without the resolution to fight our lives. We never came out again to the faint light of the open road without wondering thanks to the saints

ut wondering thanks to the saints