

tions held diverse opinions, and that some Oriental people considered it a creditable pursuit, but that personally it did seem to me wrong.

M. des Illes was distinctly of that opinion; but, after all, his (François's) account of what he had seen and been was not limited to mere details of business, and I might discover his adventures to have other interest. When he heard at last that some day I might, through his writings, enlighten the nations outside of the pale of Gallic civilization, he went away with the satisfied air of a young author who has found a publisher with a just appreciation of his labors—a thing both rare and consolatory.

His personal history, as I have said, was well known to the entire household; nor did he resent a jest now and then as to his disused art, if it came from one of a rank above his own. The old duke would say, "Any luck of late in snuff-boxes, François?"

"M. le Duc knows they are out of fashion."

"*Eh bien*; then handkerchiefs?"

"*Diab!e*!" says François. "They are no more of lace; what use to steal them? M. le Duc knows that gentlemen are also out of fashion. M. le Bourgeois is too careful nowadays."

"True," says the duke, and walks away, sadly reflective.

This François was what people call a character. He had a great heart and no conscience; was fond of flowers, of birds, and of children; pleased to chat of his pilferings, liking the fun of the astonishment he thus caused. Had he really no belief in its being