

Our feet are sore and our crops are dry,
Bravement ! ”

This he hummed to the avocat in a tone all silver, for he had that one gift of Heaven as recompense for deformity—his long arms, big head, and short stature—a voice which gave you a shiver of delight and pain all at once. It had in it mystery and the incomprehensible. This drinking-song, hummed just above his breath, touched some antique memory in Monsieur Garon the avocat, and he nodded kindly at the dwarf, though he refused the wine.

“ Ah, M’sieu’ le Curé,” said Parpon, ducking his head to avoid the hand that Medallion would have laid on it, “ we’re going to be somebody now in Pontiae, bless the Lord ! We’re simple folk, but we’re not neglected. He wears a ribbon on his breast, M’sieu’ le Curé ! ”

This was true. Fastened by a gold bar to the stranger’s breast was the ribbon of an order.

The Curé smiled at Parpon’s words, and looked curiously and gravely at the stranger. Tall Medallion the auctioneer took a glass of