

maybe you are right ; I suppose I was made so and it is now too late to mend.

"A broken-down motor-car of theirs still stood before the garden gate. In the hall stood two packing-cases ready for the pictures already detached from the walls. In the drawing-room the big Venetian mirror was smashed to pieces, and there was not one single chair that had not its legs broken, its brocade ripped open. In the dining-room the big table was loaded with empty champagne bottles, and the floor was strewn with broken glass and china and playing-cards. In the bedroom of the mistress of the house all the wardrobes and drawers stood wide open, with all their contents flung in heaps on the floor, dresses and cloaks of muslin, silk and velvet, all torn to rags as if some sort of savage satisfaction had been derived from the harsh sound of the very tearing. Two carefully sorted piles of *lingerie* lying on the table revealed the presence of an officer—as usual the temptation to secure fine underlinen had proved irresistible to the head of the band.

"' *La chambre des enfants*,' said the old caretaker as she opened the door to the children's nursery on the top floor. The room was large and airy, the walls were white, and the setting sun shone in through