

the quietude. The jabber and fuss of Blain the village doctor, when Dupont had found him and brought him to the château workshop that day eight ages ago ! The jabber and fuss of the *juge de paix* and the *juge d'instruction*, and then of all the other *juges*, the red-capped and mantled ones ! Bodinton's fuss, too—Dick Stewart had even tired of Bodinton. "Though he meant well, and did well, poor old Frenchy, hurrying down from Paris and cut up as he was !" Dick Stewart now thought. "Things might have gone a good deal worse, but for Frenchy. But for Frenchy that confounded fellow Leroux might have scored after all !"

Stewart passed his finger-tips over his chin and cheeks ; yes, they needed shaving quite badly. And a bath—oh, great heavens above, how he longed for a bath ! "Good thing nobody can stare in through the window at me !" he thought ; and he shivered a little when he thought that, for there had been too much looking in through windows at Château Royal, that damnable day last August. Shott had stared in ; so had Leroux, confound him ! If there had been no peeping and interfering Leroux there might have been hardly any trouble at all : Archange would have convinced the doctor that the poor bounder died of epilepsy, the *grand mal*, and then. . . . Oh, confound that village doctor too, fussy and pompous ass ! aspiring to represent his district in Parliament and glad of any fuss which would advertise his incorruptible and truly Roman republican zeal ! Of course the poor bounder *did* die of his *grand mal*, and not of the squeezing grip of anybody. If the village doctor would have said so, all the *tohu-bohu* of French law would have said so too. And then . . .

As for the peeping Shott, he must have cleared away with the two hundred and fifty pounds pretty cleverly, as well as swiftly ; for even the great Leroux had failed to find him, in the Limousin at first and afterwards at Boulogne. Good thing, too, Dick Stewart reflected ; for if Shott had been found and caused to give evidence, things would have gone hard with the poor old peacock. Poor M. de Grandemaison, Dick Stewart could pity him still. Poor old Sire ! Dick Stewart felt no resentment, he could understand him ;