

XLI

"It's getting on for ten, deary," Bonne said, as she roused Consolata. "No, he isn't come yet, deary—no, deary—but there's a man been asking for him what looks like Peter Neigh, only dressed up, as says he's had a telegram about him, and Seer's asking for you, as is that excited he don't know what he's doing with hisself, and you sleeping like this, my beauty, it isn't natural, law! So there, deary, eat a bit o' something, do!"

Outside on the terrace, well round the corner from the widow-sills of Consolata's room, M. de Grandemaison's chair stood vacant, and the pile of small white grapes on the table under the awning had hardly been touched. M. de Grandemaison had gone into the workshop for the moment. In and out of his workshop he had been flitting—if so portly and magnificent a person could be said to flit—in and out of his workshop had he been, taking up the file and the key, laying them down, going out to listen for Stewart's automobile, plucking a grape or two, and then trotting back to the room of the bench and the vice. M. de Grandemaison was feeling very anxious and troubled, more troubled and anxious than ever he had felt before, since he had come to dwell in France. The waiting and the suspense were troubling him. No telegram had come to him from Stewart, and that in itself was an evil augury, M. de Grandemaison supposed.

What news would the young sir bring? That, of course, was the question troubling M. de Grandemaison. No doubt it had annoyed his pride at first, that he, Charles-Louis de Bourbon, King of France and Navarre, should be beholden to any young sir, particularly to a young sir from England, for aid and protection in a