

Lescalle seated at the foot of the Sugar-loaf Hill he seemed to be expecting somebody. Now and then, shading his eyes with his hand, he glanced at the new road, as it was then called. The white pebbles sparkled like diamonds, the ground glowed like burnished gold, the olive-trees glittered like quicksilver ; but it was not the peculiarities of the landscape which occupied M. Lescalle. He beguiled his impatience by reading over a letter which he drew out of a huge portfolio on his knees, and then by looking every two or three minutes at his watch with manifest signs of impatience.

At last he got up, seized his portfolio and a bundle of keys which had been lying in his hat, and began to ascend the path up the hill. As he was slowly advancing the sound of a horse's trot reached his ears, which made him suddenly stop and turn round, and then he saw a man on horseback approaching at full speed, upon which he retraced his steps.

"Upon my word, M. le Baron, I had given you up," he exclaimed, as the gentleman came up to him.

"No wonder, my good friend," was the reply ; "but if I am late, I assure you I could not help it. I have been spending two days with the Marquis de Prévis, and did not arrive at Marseilles till this morning."

"Will the marquis lend a helping hand about the election ?" the solicitor enquired.

"We had some conversation on the subject," the baron said, in a way that showed he did not intend