
THE FUGITIVE

make him content in his new quarters. In the gray dawn I was enabled to distinguish more of my surroundings, although the wood shut off all view to the south and east. The remainder of the circle was a flat plain, terminating in a rocky ridge through which the road ran, with a large building, having the appearance of a monastery, topping its summit. Even at that distance I could perceive it had been gutted by fire, and was roofless. In no direction was there sign of human life, yet I knew not what furtive eyes might be watching me from the wood shadow. Nevertheless, I must hide here if at all, and my needs demanded both food and a couch. Every muscle of my body ached from fatigue.

No sound reached me, not even a movement of my horse; by now, no doubt, munching away in content, well satisfied with his new quarters. The leverage of a billet of wood served to open the shutter, and I clambered easily enough onto the window ledge. Nothing within deterred me, and my feet touched the floor. Except for the faint gray light find-