

"The men were marching, and not walking," commented the Minister, and his great brows scowled, and his bulldog jowl hardened as he added: "And they carried guns, or you would not have taken them for keepers. . . . I have no doubt that they were *Francs-tireurs*."

"I lost them where the road winds by the Seine," P. C. Breagh continued. "And then I had a real stroke of luck. I came across a hack-cab from Versailles at a regular standstill. The snow had balled in the wretched horse's feet, and the driver was as drunk as David's sow. The fare was asleep inside, but he woke as I opened the cab-door and flashed one of the lamps in his face, and then he said"—the narrator unconsciously gave the tone and accent of the Doctor—"By the piper that played before Moses, my boyo! I was dreaming of you, and here you are!"

The Minister broke in:

"That man was the English correspondent of *The Times* newspaper. He is of the same surname, though no relative of Odo Russell, the English Envoy, who has been sent out here upon a Mission to our German Court. . . . Ill-natured diplomatists whisper that Great Britain is jealous of the great successes of Prussia, and does not welcome the prospect of a United Imperial Germany. *Au fond*, we Germans have a kind of sentimental regard for your nation. She is an offshoot of the great Germanic stem—it is impossible that we should not regard her as nearer to us than others. . . . Though, should we ever seriously quarrel, it may be found that the bitterest variance may exist between those of the same blood. . . . And so you have never confided to your friend the secret of your presence in Versailles! Reticence in the young is an unusual gift. Possibly he gave you a lift in his vehicle?"

"—Till the unlucky Rosinante gave out," acquiesced Breagh, "and we had to leave her with her Jehu at the wreck of the railway station; and then the Doctor stopped