

he observed slowly, "but I'm blest if I ever saw one with such twisted ideas as you've got. Why, you ought to be made over again. Is it your grandfather who has brought you up?"

"Yes, Mr. Officer."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"He is called Monsieur le Comte Eugène Claude Louis Hernando de Vargas, formerly seigneur of the château of Châtillon-sur-Loir in the department of Loire-et-Cher in France; and he is descended from the Spaniard Hernando de Vargas, who was ennobled and made a marshal of France by the great Napoleon."

"Oh!" said the sergeant, "I see why you're so stuffy; and where does your grandfather live in this democratic city of Boston?"

"Yonder," said the boy, with a wave of his hand toward the south. "We have but small quarters. My grandfather is embarrassed in his affairs. I may tell you as an official, though I would never tell the schoolboys, that he was sentenced to banishment for conspiring against the abominable so-called republic of France."

"Abominable and republic," repeated the