

which he had felt at Saumur. About a picture that had been stolen from Saumur. . . .

Heavily he plodded on. He tried to forget that suggestion, he tried to forget about the boy, as he went along under ripening chestnuts that overhung the winding white way. But he could not forget, and now, to add to his depression, he began to feel hungry. It was good to be nobly hungry, good to have earned a large-size appetite and a copious thirst, yet . . . the boy, the signpost and the police, the picture at Saumur and the boy! . . .

But now, as he rounded the hundredth bend in the road, there, pat and ready and just what he could most have wished for, an outdoor table and a shady bench, in front of a thatched and mossy little auberge, rose to view.