

## ILLUSTRATIONS

The fitful flicker of the lanterns played over rapidly cooling eggs and grave faces	<i>Frontispiece</i>
I never saw such little shoes . . . . .	FACING PAGE 14
Edelgard most inconsiderately leaving me to bear the entire burden of opening and shutting our things . . . . .	38
The sun shone its hottest while we slowly surmounted this last obstacle . . . . .	50
It was an unnerving spectacle . . . . .	80
"Dear Baron," said she, "do you think it is wrong to carry stew-pots?" . . . . .	100
Thus, as it were, with blacking, did I cement my friendship with Lord Sigismund . . . . .	102
Edelgard posing — and what a pose ; good heavens, what a pose ! . . . . .	114
"But surely not here," murmured Frau von Eckthum . . . . .	124
The two nondescripts, who were passing, lingered to look . . . . .	134