

"M'sieur Shott does not highly think of your English law and police, M'sieur Stoo-ar," said Joseph Leroux.

"You will be pleased to learn that I have the highest possible opinion of yours," Dick Stewart said stiffly. "Monsieur Pied-de-nez, I trust we may never meet again. If you have quite breakfasted I will bid you good morning and good-bye. . . . Governor, you have been the square thing to me, I thank you, but if you will permit me, I will now say adieu. . . . Bodinton, take me off to a barber's and a bath, and then an English tailor's. Oh, and you can advance me a thousand francs till I cash a cheque. Archange, you come with us, don't you? I hope you do."

"Of course I come with you!" the Abbé said. "I am to take you back to the châtean. Do you think we could let you enjoy your first freedom anywhere else? We will catch the night train, Stewart, if M. Bodinton and the tailor can spare you by then. . . ."

The night-train swung and clattered along its devious and tedious way, but Dick Stewart slept soundly and happily all the while. Outside the railway station at Limoges an automobile waited, its brass-work gleaming in the lovely April dawn.

"What?" cried Dick Stewart, "that you, Dupont?"

"We kept him on," the Abbé explained, as Dupont came towards his master embracingly. Yes, it was the same machine, the same chauffeur, the same wild hilly route as before, and the pace was urged as much as ever.

"Faster, man!" Dick Stewart kept on saying. "Now then, top power for this hill!"

Yet he could not know to what reception he went. The Abbé had kept counsel, the Abbé had hardly mentioned Consolata's name.

"Does Mademoiselle—I mean Madame Royale—expect us?" Stewart had asked.

"My cousin expects us," the Abbé had answered. "But we will not call her Madame Royale any more, Stewart—we have abandoned our rank for a time." And that was all the Abbé had said about the sweetest girl alive.

"Of course she will be mourning, sorrowing for a father