

He knew nothing whatever of what the chevalier called "the filthy mess of the scientists." He knew as much Latin, geography, and history as a priest needed to know, and had some ideas about mythology. Whatever inclination toward learning the child had was overcome by this martinet, and Henri turned willingly toward the system of education preached by his uncle.

"Henri, my child," he would say, fiddling with his useless spectacles, "you are the Marquis de Puy-maufray. Few can say that much. Every day I am increasing your property. Your first duty is to preserve it. You promise me to preserve it?"

Henri, deeply moved, promised with a nod of his head.

"Good. When you have the château, which we will restore some day, and the farm lands and the pastures, you will not have to worry about anything except defending yourself against the mistakes of your time."

The devious turns of this speech were difficult for Henri's dozen years, but at "the mistakes of your time" he pricked up his ears. He knew what was coming; questions and answers and a long litany of the things that no one need know.

"The men of to-day want to know everything. They are blasphemers, they are revolutionists. They're bandits. Now, Henri, you don't like bandits, do you?"