

He flashed a roguish look at me. "Ah!" he said
"I thought that that was a wicked rule which only
we Romanists avowed. But, there; don't be angry,
I am ready."

Coquet, the Master of the Household, let us out
by one of the river gates, and we went by the new
bridge and the Pont St. Michel. By the way I
taught the King the role I wished him to play, but
without explaining the mystery; the opportune
appearance of one of my agents who was watching
the end of the street bringing Henry's remonstrance
to a close.

"It is still open?" I said.

"Yes, your excellency."

"Then come, sir," I said. "I see the boy yonder.
Let us ascend, and I will undertake that before you
reach the street again you shall be not only a wiser
but a richer sovereign."

"St. Gris!" he answered with alacrity. "Why
did you not say that before, and I should have
asked no questions. On, on, in God's name, and the
devil take Fimentel;"

(To be concluded in our next).

STANLEY WEYMAN.

