

Gold and silver he will bring,
Vive le roi, la reine !
And eke the daughter of a king—
Vive Napoléon ! ”

The crowd—women and men, youths and maidens—enthusiastically repeated again and again the last lines and the refrain, “Vive le roi, la reine ! Vive Napoléon ! ”

Meanwhile the stranger stood, now looking at the singer with eager eyes, now searching the faces of the people, keen to see the effect upon them. His glance found the faces of the Curé, the avocat, and the auctioneer ; and his eyes steadied to Medallion’s humorous look, to the Curé’s puzzled questioning, to the avocat’s bird-like curiosity. It was plain they were not antagonistic (why should they be ?) ; and he—was there any reason why he should care whether or no they were for him or against him ?

True, he had entered the village in the dead of night, with many packages and much luggage, had roused the people at the Louis Quinze, the driver who had brought him departing before daybreak gaily, because of the gifts of gold given him above his wage. True,