



unprofessional for a beggar. Also he smiled pleasantly as he held out a heavy bag of gold.

"There," he said, "there is the gold that M'sieu' has lost. And I am sorry that I was the cause of so much trouble."

Louis stared at him. "It is you," he said, "and I was unkind to you. Forgive me. Ah, the gold! Will you not keep it in memory of one whom I loved, but whom I shall never see again?"

"Louis," said the beggar, in the old familiar voice, "do you not know me? Is it possible that I have changed so much?"

"Poleon," said Louis,