

o'clock on a frigid February morning, with a monarch who would neither advance nor retreat.

Persuasion was without effect, and any attempt at coercion of royalty constituted high treason. The situation was ludicrous, but none the less dangerous. While the others held a consultation, Cardillac, in the darkness, investigated, as well as he could, the peculiarities of the terrace. He found that the recent heavy rains had formed a ravine down, which the water had forced a passage to reach the road.

Hastily returning, he, like a second Raleigh, spread his beautiful new cloak on the ground, and urged the Queen to seat herself upon it. She did so after great hesitation, and the situation was saved at the expense of the cloak. Grasping his garment, Cardillac dragged it and its burden down the valley to the highroad, as anyone may learn who consults a detailed history of France.

The whole party passed through the Faubourg du Foix, Cardillac singing a roysterer's song, being jeered at as drunk by the King's guard, who made jokes, not too delicate, upon the party. The jokes, however, returned home to roost next morning.

Once across the bridge, Cardillac was dismayed to find the carriage missing. A hurried search of Vienne discovered the inn-keeper asleep, and the horses wandering about trying to find the road