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gese banker ; but I ventured to interrupt the game and draw him aside. He might not have taken this well, but that my first word caught his attention.

"Sire," I said, "the shutter is open."

He understood in a moment. "St. Gris!" he exclaimed with animation. "Where? At the same house?"

"No, sir; in the Rue Cloitre Notre Dame."

"You have got him, then?"

"I know who he is, and why he is doing this."

"Why?" the King cried eagerly.

"Well, I was going to ask for your Majesty's company to the place," I answered smiling. "I will undertake that you shall be amused at least as well as here, and at a cheaper rate."

He shrugged his shoulders. "That may very well be," he said with a grimace. "That rogue Pimentel has stripped me of 2,000 crowns since supper. He is plucking Bassompierre now."

Remembering that only that morning I had had to stop some necessary works through lack of means, I could scarcely restrain my indignation. But it was not the time to speak, and I contented myself with repeating my request. Ashamed of himself, he consented with a good grace, and bidding me go to his closet, followed me a few minutes later. He found me cloaked to the eyes, and with a soutane and priest's hat on my arm. "Are those for me?" he said.

"Yes, sire "

"Who am I, then?"

"The cure of St. Germain."

He made a wry face. "Come, Grand Master," he said; "he died yesterday. Is not the jest rather grim?"

"In a good cause," I said equably.