

berry of the dog-rose gleaming in the rusty leafage like grapes of fire. He passed through the little garden and up to the door. Its arch, ponderous, deep-moulded, hung a scowling eyebrow over the black and studded oak, and over all was an escutcheon with a blazon of hands fesswise and castles embattled, and the legend—

“Doom.

Man, Behauld the End of All. Be Nocht
Wiser than the Hiest. Hope in God!”

He stood on tiptoe to read the more easily the time-blurred characters, his baggage at his feet, his fingers pressed against the door. Some of the words he could not decipher nor comprehend, but the first was plain to his understanding.

“Doom!” said he airily and half aloud. “Doom!
Quelle félicité! It is an omen.”

Then he rapped lightly on the oak with the pommel of his sword.