

stone, disappeared one after the other. the wood lice were an especial amusement: when monsieur the viscount touched them, they shut up into tight little balls, and in this condition he removed them to the stone, and placed them like marbles in a row, monsieur crapaud watching the proceeding with rapt attention. after awhile the balls would slowly open and begin to crawl away; but he was a very active wood louse indeed who escaped the suction of monsieur crapauds tongue, as, his eyes glowing with eager enjoyment, he bolted one after another, and monsieur the viscount clapped his hands and applauded. the grated window was a very fine field for spiders and other insects, and by piling up stones on the floor, monsieur the viscount contrived to scramble up to it, and fill his friends oyster shell with the prey. one day, about a year and nine months after his first arrival at the prison, he climbed to the embrasure of the window, as usual, oyster shell in hand. he always chose a time for this when he knew that the court would most probably be deserted, to avoid the danger of being recognized through the grating. he was, therefore, not a little startled at being disturbed in his capture of a fat black spider by a sound of something bumping against the iron bars. on looking up, he saw that a string was dangling before the window with something attached to the end of it. he drew it in, and, as he did so, he fancied that he heard a distant sound of voices and clapped hands, as if from some window above. he proceeded to examine his prize, and found that it was a little round pincushion of sand, such as women use to polish their needles with, and that, apparently, it was used as a make weight to ensure the steady descent of a neat little letter that was tied beside it, in company with a small lead pencil. the letter was directed to the prisoner who finds this. monsieur the viscount opened it

eleanor, after a pause. so thomas says. but theyll be back in a day or two. we were driving up a sandy road such as we had seen winding over the hills. to our left there was a precipitous descent to the vale of the river. to our right, flowers, and ferns, and heather climbed the steep hill, broken at every few yards by tiny torrents of mountain streams. the sun was setting over the distant deadmanstone moors; little dropping wells tinkled by the roadside, where dozens of fat black snails were out for an evening stroll, and here and there a brimming stone trough reflected the rosy tints of the sky. it was grey and chilly when we drove into the village. a stone pack horse track, which now served as footpath, had run by the road and lasted into the village. the cottages were of stone, the walls and outhouses were of stone, and the vista was closed by an old stone church, like a miniature cathedral. there was more stone than grass in the churchyard, and there were more loose stones than were pleasant on the steep hill, up which we scrambled before taking a sharp turn into the vicarage grounds. the vicarage keziah the dear boys the cook a yorkshire tea bed fellows. it was midsummer. the heavy foliage brushed our faces as the old mare, with slack reins upon her back, drew us soberly up the steep drive, and stood still, of her own accord, before a substantial looking house, built like everything else, i thought of stone. huge rose bushes literal bushes, not dwarfs or standards the growth of many years, bent under their load of blossoms. the old maidens blush, too rare now in our bedding plant gardens, the velvet of the horsemen once or twice pentaur and his companions had had to defend themselves against hostile mountaineers, who rushed suddenly upon them out of the woods. when they were about two days journey still from the end of their march, they had a bloody skirmish with a roving band of men that seemed to belong to a larger detachment of troops. the nearer they got to kadesh, the more familiar kaschta showed himself with every stock and stone, and he went forward to obtain information; he returned somewhat anxious, for he had perceived the main body of the cheta army on the road which they must cross. how came the enemy here in the rear of the egyptian army could rameses have sustained a defeat only the day before they had met some egyptian soldiers, who had told them that the king was staying in the camp, and a great battle was impending. this however could not have by this time been decided, and they had met no flying egyptians. if we can only get two miles farther without having to fight, said uardas father. i know what to do. down below, there is a ravine, and from it a path leads over hill and vale to the plain of kadesh. no one ever knew it but the mohar and his