Chapter 19 THE TWO FRIENDS. When Chicot entered, the prior did not rise, but merely bent his head. "Good-morning," said Chicot. "Ah! there you are; you appear to have come to life again." "Did you think me dead?" "Diable! I never saw you." "I was busy." "Ah!" Chicot knew that before being warmed by two or three bottles of old Burgundy, Gorenflot was sparing of his words; and so, considering the time of the morning, it was probable that he was still fasting, Chicot sat down to wait.

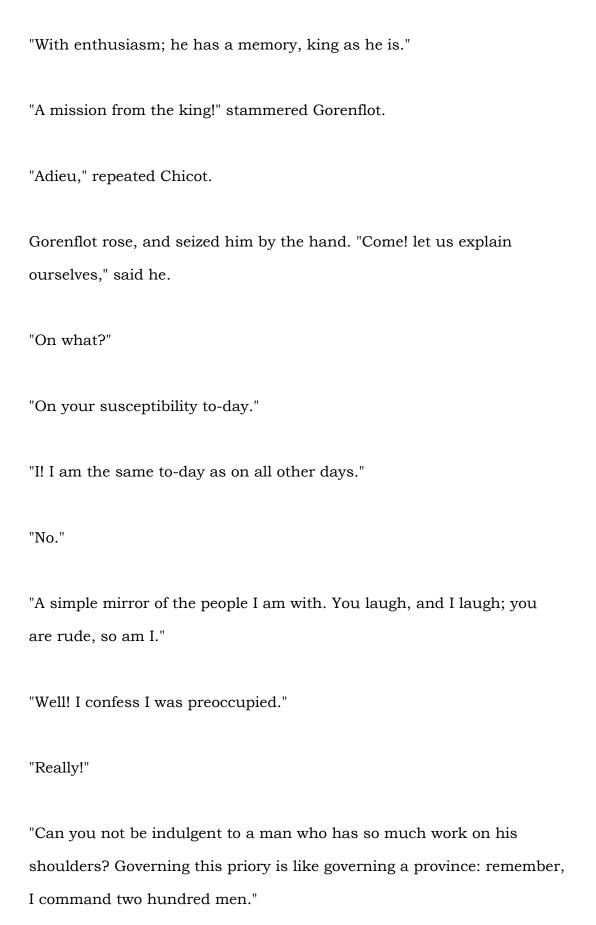
"Will you breakfast with me, M. Briquet?" asked Gorenflot.

"Perhaps."

"You must not be angry with me, if it has become impossible for me to give you as much time as I could wish." "And who the devil asked you for your time? I did not even ask you for breakfast; you offered it." "Certainly I offered it; but--" "But you thought I should not accept." "Oh! no, is that my habit?" "Ah! a superior man like you can adopt any habits, M. le Prior." Gorenflot looked at Chicot; he could not tell whether he was laughing at him or speaking seriously. Chicot rose. "Why do you rise, M. Briquet?" asked Gorenflot. "Because I am going away." "And why are you going away, when you said you would breakfast with me?" "I did not say I would; I said, perhaps." "You are angry."

Chicot laughed. "I angry!" said he, "at what? Because you are impudent, ignorant, and rude? Oh! my dear monsieur, I have known you too long to be angry at these little imperfections." Gorenflot remained stupefied. "Adieu," said Chicot. "Oh! do not go." "My journey will not wait." "You travel?" "I have a mission." "From whom?" "From the king." "A mission from the king! then you have seen him again?" "Certainly."

"And how did he receive you?"



"Ah! it is too much indeed for a servant of God."

"Ah! you are ironical, M. Briquet. Have you lost all your Christian charity? I think you are envious, really."

"Envious! of whom?"

"Why, you say to yourself, Dom Modeste Gorenflot is rising--he is on the ascending scale."

"While I am on the descending one, I suppose?"

"It is the fault of your false position, M. Briquet."

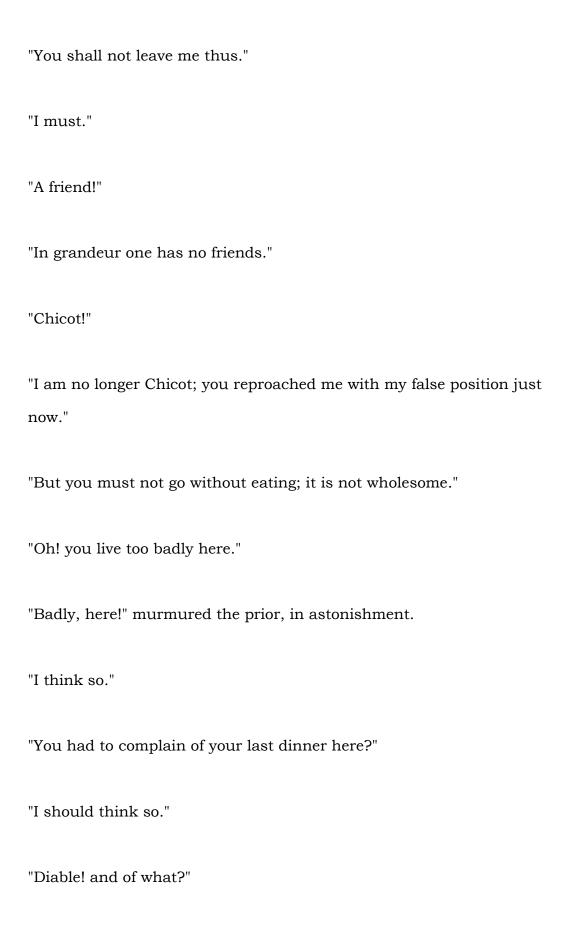
"M. Gorenflot, do you remember the text, 'He who humbles himself, shall be exalted?'"

"Nonsense!" cried Gorenflot.

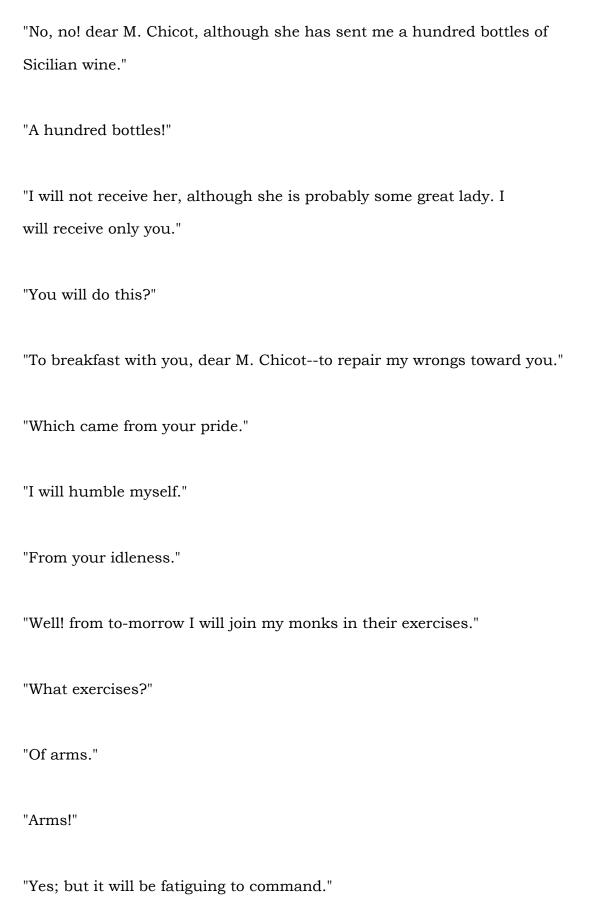
"Ah! now he doubts the Holy Writ; the heretic!"

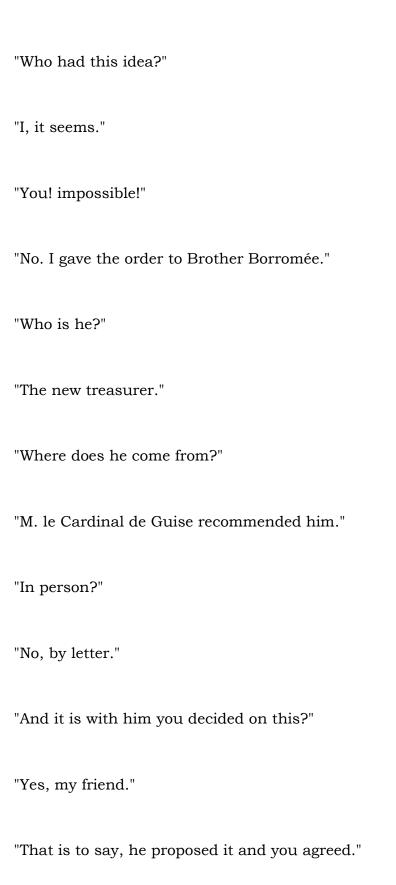
"Heretic, indeed! But what do you mean, M. Briquet?"

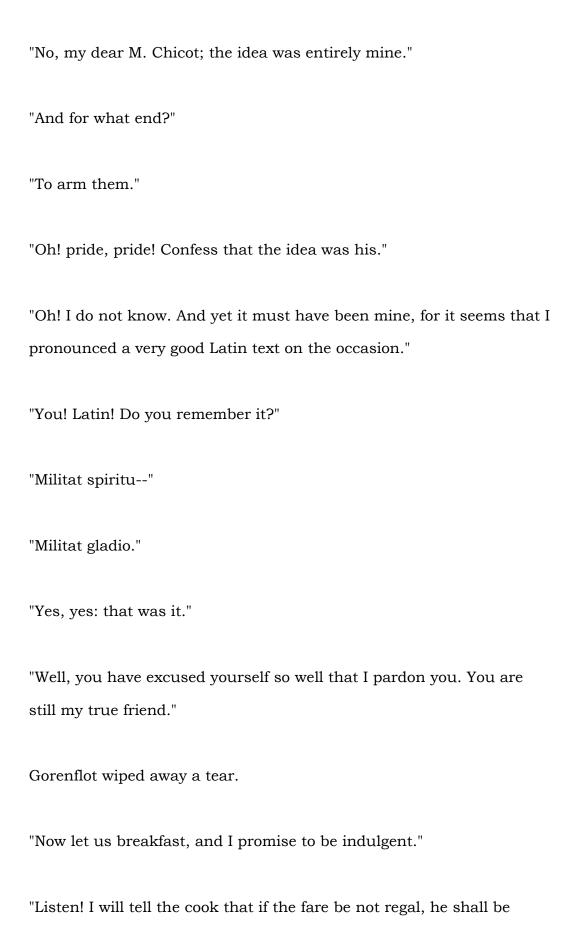
"Nothing, but that I set out on a journey, and that I have come to make you my adieux; so, good-by."











placed in confinement; and we will try some of the wine of my penitent."

"I will aid you with my judgment."