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...are you aware that I have been tracked to this house; that it is known to your police, warned by yourself four hours ago, that I have not left it? Do you doubt my word? Then look! She cautiously drew back a curtain on the paneled wall which covered a small window. Andre, with the curtain behind him shutting out the light, stared into the moonlight court at the back. When he let the curtain fall his face was almost the look of the hunted deer.

Yvonne, of course; Yvonne of the Spotless Ankles," she lifted her dress a few inches. "Yvonne whom at the bidding of another woman you were to make your wife? Did you? I think not for the Vicomte de Nerac can be more easily tricked by women into doing what they please than the most unscrupulous libertine in France. But you must take your revenge on Yvonne now."

Yvonne! Andre's brain reeled. Yvonne, who had saved his life, who had merited condign punishment, whom now, by the devilish device of fate, he must arrest and send to a felon's death to save himself and Denise.

He met her gaze. This was not the crystal-gazer, nor the "Princess," nor even Yvonne who spoke. It was another woman, from whom all that was hateful, cynical, insolent, had vanished. Andre's hands on his chair trembled.

"Yes," he answered, in a low voice, "were it not for Denise and Denise's sake alone I would destroy these papers and would take you past the barriers myself. You saved my life once, more than once, for you could have killed me in my cabin at Fontenoy; you and the Chevalier—God rest his soul—enabled me to save the honor of Denise—Denise." He paused for emotion.

CHAPTER XXX.

She came forward with outstretched hands. "Andre," she asked with passionate eagerness, "you are safe?" He took her to his breast, looking into her eyes. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "why are you here?" "Because you sent for me," she began innocently.

The girl, who had sunk on to the sofa, rose and crossed the room. Denise, watching her as only one woman can watch another, shrank at the sight of that noble and pathetic beauty.

"Yes," she said, "I did it because I love Andre, because I alone can save him. Ah! it is not you, but I, who have saved him."

"Do not say that name. It is blotted out, but it is mine. Fifteen years ago, a child, I swore, and every year since I have sworn it on the grave that is called mine, that I would have revenge."

Denise answered with pale lips, "Yes, revenge."

Andre bowed again. What a contrast! The saloon was as gay and refined as it had been a week ago. All traces of disorder had vanished and Madame herself in her heliotrope silk was as divinely seductive, as fresh and unconquerable, as when she had captivated Paris and the King at the hall of the Hotel-de-Ville.

Andre's hand tightened unconsciously on the back of the chair. He was here to demand an apology, and he had been swiftly disarmed by one gentle stroke.

"You are tired," Madame said gently. "If you please—" she wheeled a chair forward. But Andre remained standing. "I have to ask your pardon, but I am sorry that last night I used words which I deeply regret using. But which I cannot ask you, Vicomte, to forgive them, I can and do ask you to forgive me."

Andre's hand tightened unconsciously on the back of the chair. He was here to demand an apology, and he had been swiftly disarmed by one gentle stroke.

As Andre entered he gazed from one to the other with the calmness of a great fear. What had he come to be told? He saw Denise's mind was made up, and he knew he must obey.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Monsieur le Vicomte De Nerac waits on Madame la Marquise," said the gentleman usher.

Madame De Pompadour glanced at the clock. As Andre bowed it began to strike ten distinctly.

Andre's hand tightened unconsciously on the back of the chair. He was here to demand an apology, and he had been swiftly disarmed by one gentle stroke.

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