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are you aware that I have been trackad to this house; that it is known to tour police, warned by yourself four hours ago, that I have not left it? Do to doubt my word? Then look." She cartiously drew back a curtain on the smelled wall which covered a small vindow. Andre, with the curtain be-

aind him shutting out the light, stared nto the moonlit court at the back. When he let the curtain fall his face wore almost the look of the hunted

"Well; you recognized them," the Princess said calmly. "Four, I think. Tes? They are Madame de Pompajour's men," she added. "She does not trust you, poor woman; she, too, sent messages from Versailles, and she will rish to know in the morning the reason why you have not arrested the immdent hussy who derided her at an in, who is a traitor into the bargain. and who was in your power, alone, undefended, and with the evidence of her mit staring you in the face." She metly touched the despatch and the letter lying on the table. "Unless, my friend, you wish to join George Onslow, the Comte de Mont Rouge, and myself h the cells you had better do your

Andre feverishly took up the papers; is looked now towards the great winlow into the Carrefour, now towards that hateful little outlook into the ourt where he knew the sleuth-hounds of an ambitious woman dogged their

"It is useless to destroy the papers," the Princess remarked placidly. "That vill only send Mademoiselle de Beau Sejour to join our pleasant party at the lastile. Madame de Pompadour is a gest and beautiful woman, but like all rally ambitious men and women she as no mercy, and she naturally does not wish to take our places in the cells. She is fighting for her life and love as you are. Come, Vicomte, be reasonable. h five minutes it will be all over and you will return a hero to Versailles.

Remember what awaits you there." rible speech made Andre feel more misery than he could have believed a man could endure.

"Why be in any doubt?" she began "Oh, for God's sake-" he pleaded. "For God's sake-"

"No, you must hear me out. The proof of my treachery is here; they, mow what that is? It is a copy of the meret despatch: it is addressed to the ment who would convey it to England, and it is signed."

She held it up and in the flickering nise—there is Denise-" ight Andre could see the red mystic ign of the crossed daggers and the placed it in her bosom. "The game is o for me." she said in her impassive mad; they were all mad. Mice. That paper will send me to the Maffold, and unless you arrest me it will send you too."

"Was the woman mad who tricked to start back with a cry. you at Fontenoy, who has tricked and befooled you at every turn since you stood Denise. ame back? I have betrayed your county, your King, your army, yourself, nise. ad yet you, a noble hating treason, loving France, hesitate to arrest the valtress whom you have sworn to wing to justice. It is you who are mad, my friend, not I; or shall I say," she ad dropped her eyes and curtsied, Monseigneur is too good?"

"Yvonne!" the exclamation burst his line. He was leaning heavily

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"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 tool. 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

Yvonne! Andre's brain reeled. Yvonne, who had saved his life, was a traitress, the traitress whose crimes 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 seized her arm. "Who and what are you?" he cried, beside himself, for the torture of the fascinating riddle racked him beyond endurance.

"That," she replied with her slow smile, "is my secret and it will perish with me. Do your duty, Vicomte, and return to Versailles, Madame de Pompadour awaits you; the blood of the noblesse, her foes, will atone in her eyes. She has triumphed, and so have you. Go back to your King, take him the proof of his royal intrigues, destroy the noble traitors who would have destroyed you. Love and revenge, the sweetest things the world can give a man, are yours. Are they not enough?" She was coolly taunting him, and out there in the court-yard waited the police ready to arrest a traitress with the proof of her crime on her person. Was ever a man in so cruel and tragic a

"Why do you waver?" she asked very quietly. "Is it because of 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

"Yes." he answered, in a low voice, every sentence in this calmly ter- "were it not for Denise and Denise" 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 the cabin at Fontenoy; you and the Chevalier-God rest his soul-enabled me to save the honor of Denise-Denise." He paused for emotion. "You have enabled me to save my mese men, will find it on me"; she had own honor. Why you did these things trawn a paper from her breast. Do you I do not know. But I would to-night, and now, take you past the Barrier of St. Louis, and I would then bid Versailles and you adieu for ever. God alone can judge you, not I-but De-

"Then Denise herself must decide." She was mad after all; stark mad. other number. He shivered as she re- He stood helplessly picking at the embroidered upholstery of the chair. Mad,

The woman had glided towards the door on the right. Andre looked up exultingly. Ha! She was gone-fled. Then "You are mad," he cried incoherent- he, too, must escape at once. He ga-I, and he really believed what he said. thered up the papers, seized his cloak, and darted towards the window, only On the threshold of the doorway

He stood spellbound. Yes, it was De-

### 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 be gan innocently. "Sent for you?" he repeated, in dull bewilderment. "Mad," he muttered,

to break down. frightened her, "you sent for me. See:

Andre took the strip of paper from her. After a few minutes he was able lieved it?" to spell out these words:

"I am in great danger. You alone can save me. Come at once to Paris. Carrefour de St. Antoine No. 3. Andre." The paper dropped. The writing was his, at least it appeared to be. Could he have written it? He searched his lured you, and that was to bring the side of the new France." wairing thoughts, recalling the events | Vicomte and yourself here. My brother | She moved quietly to the door, openof this awful night following on the | would have wished it, and I am glad | ed it, and called softly, "Mademoiselle King's illness, the strain of waiting in | that I tried and succeeded." Madame de Pompadour's room after the scene at the inn, the discovery of that the wonderful strength of will Denise, the interviews that followed, which had sustained her was giving the finding of the Chevalier and Mont Rouge, the gallop to Paris, and then all that had happened in this salon. He | silence, "not for my sake, not wholly snatched at the paper again; he had for your brother's, but-because you not written it: no. it was a clever for. love Andre."

the work of the only woman who could do it-"No. 101."

Denise was watching him in terror, for his lips moved, yet he said nothing. "A girl called Yvonne," she whis-

pered, "brought it to me at midnight; she conducted me to this house, and I have been waiting here ever since, waiting for you. Yvonne has disappeared and the doors were all locked. There is only the woman who-"

They both turned sharply at the rustle of a dress and stood hand in hand gazing in silence, for there had entered the girl whom Andre had seen plotting with Onslow at "The Cock with the Spurs of Gold."

Andre mechanically whipped off his hat, Denise mechanically answered the curtsey of the lady who had entered, for this was a gentlewoman of their own rank, whose beauty would have adorned the great hall in the Chateau de Beau Sejour.

"We agreed," she began quietly, "that Mademoiselle la Marquise was to decide. Monsieur le Vicomte, what I have to say is for the ears of Mademoiselle alone. Permit me to show you where you can wait. I shall not keep you long." She pointed with her fan to the door and then held out her fingers. Andre walked out of the room like one in a dream. The door closed. The

two women were alone. "I can be brief," the stranger said quietly. "You have heard of 'No. 101'; you know of the stealing of the secret despatch. I am the thief. I am 'No.

her eyes fixed on the girl's face with

"The Vicomte de Nerac," the know now, and he will return to Verthief of the Court. The Vicomte has been discovered that I am in this house, and unless he returns to Ver-

ruined and Madame de Pompadour will also send you to the Bastile, for she has proof that you were in her room this night. The Vicomte is in great danger, and you were summoned here to save him, for at your bidding alone will he do his duty and arrest the traitress-myself."

Denise's indignation had already begun to melt. She freed the necklace at her throat as if it were choking her. "Shall I now ask the Vicomte to returni?" The girl moved towards the

"Wait-one moment! You are"-Denise broke off in agitation-"you are Yvonne?" she whispered. The stranger sat down and unconcernedly began to tear up one of the

sheets of paper littering the floor. "I am," she answered quietly. "And you gave the Vicomte de Nerac the secret despatch which you

"He took it from the English agent to whom I had given it." "Ah!" Again Denise had guessed the truth. "You once saved the Vicomte life?" she went on.

"I helped to do so." "Yet you are a traitress?" "Yes, I am a traitress, and a traitress I should have continued to be if you and the Vicomte de Nerac had not stepped in to prevent me."

The emotionless voice in which this confession was made had ceased to startle Denise, for she was scanning the girl's face intently.

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conis your brother!" The other looked up quickly. "Was

my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead." against a chair, faint and white. "He was killed at the inn by the English agent, from whom in this room the

Vicomte de Nerac took the secret despatch." Denise had covered her face with her hands. "And you are right, your honor. He shall, he must." Mademoiselle: the Chevalier was my brother, who helped me till to-night to be the traitress that I am."

"Oh, for God's sake be silent!" torture unendurable to a woman's

know," she demanded, "that your brother save the Vicomte de Nerac when he might have ruined him?"

demoiselle, I know that what he did and to-night. Remember you can only was done because he loved you. That ruin that woman by ruining yourself, | side a tiny heap of torn papers. Andre also is the truth."

question in her gesture and her eyes tiny of France, and against the destiny needed no words. The girl rose and, of God's will we must fight in vain." dame de Pompadour's stairs his last preme power. Were they not all caught words were, 'Unless Denise or the Vi- alike in the web of a mysterious and

comte gets the paper Denise is ruin- inscrutable force, mere puppets as it ed.' The paper was in my possession seemed in a stupendous drama whose and my brother went back to the inn | beginning and whose end were beyond to explain to the English agent why all human insight and control, but puphe could not have it."

as Yvonne-you-"

know my brother's fate."

shiver of mute assent. have forgotten yourself, Mademoiselle, all others. Could my brother, who loved you, have

"How dare you?"

She turned away; her voice showed

way at last. "You did it," Denise said after a long

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

"Yes," was the unfaltering answer." I did it because I love Andre, because I alone can save him. Ah! it is not you,

but I-I, who have saved him." Denise gazed at her in silent helplessness. Fate was too strong for them all. The clock chimed out five strokes into the awful quiet of the room, and as Denise, in her restless misery, walked past the fireplace with its sculptured marble chimney-piece, she halted with a sharp-drawn breath. The crest on the clock had caught her eye, for the motto on it was "Dieu Le Ven-

"Before we part," she cried, "you will tell me, you must, who you areno," she added, in a stricken voice, "it is not necessary. I know, I know. Ah, God! this is terrible. Dieu Le Ven-

A quiet hand was laid on her shoulder, "Denise." For some moments they looked at

each other in breathless silence.

"It is true; yes it is true, and youyou have guessed because you are a woman who loves. Ah! when your ancestors were as nothing mine were the nobles who made kings, who were leading the armies of France. I am a traitress, but to what?" her voice rang out. "To the man called Louis the Fifteenth, a craven, a bigot, a liar, a libertine, the victim of the priests and Denise recoiled with a cry of horror, his lusts. That man is not France, not your France and mine. Listen. What an expression of indignant stupefac- would you have done if the King-the King," her scorn was immeasurable, "had stolen your mother, deserted her, stranger proceeded, "knows what you sent your father to the scaffold for treason that he never committed? sailles a hero," she paused, "if he will you, the only daughter, had been saved arrest me. He has the despatch; he from infamy and beggary by two faithhas a letter which will convict the ful servants and brought up in secret Comite de Mont Rouge, who, Mademoi- to know that you name was corrupted, selle, by loaded dice, sent you to be the your brother a starveling in exile, your lands given to another? To that King been seen to come here; it has also I bear no allegiance and will bear none, so help me God, God who can avenge.

"Do not say that name. It is blotted out, but it is mine. Fifteen years ago, sailles with that despatch he will be a child, I swore, and every year since I have sworn it on the grave that is called mine, that I would have re-

Denise answered with pale lips,

"My brother and I planned and plotted revenge and we succeeded. The Court and the King can judge of that. Beauty was mine and I nourished it for revenge, I used it for revenge, but I have never forgotten, never, that I am a daughter of the noblesse, a woman as proud of my womanhood as you, De-

"Thank God," she murmured gently. "To the world I was simply a number, to myself a sexless tool, living for one object alone, until you came into my brother's life, and then, ah, then, I dreamed of the day when my brother should win through you what is his by right-should be Marquis de Beau Sejour. But-"

Denise took her hand. "If that were only all." She paused for a moment, overcome. "In London Andre came into my life. Till that fatal day I have inspired many men with the passion they call love. I thought I alone of women knew not what love could be, but another dream came to haunt me. It could not be. You did not love Francois. Andre did not love me. Some day he will tell you the story; the truth he must never know."

"And your brother-" "Yes, he worked for you as best he could and I for Andre. Remember what we were and how we were placed. But we have succeeded-love brought viction, "the Chevalier de St. Amant us through. We remembered our Beau Sejour, and you whom he loved, he whom I loved, will share it between you. I thank God for that. My mother," the girl went on, "was a De Nerac, a "Merciful God!" Denise was leaning cousin of Andre's mother. Had justice been done fifteen years ago Andre's father should have had my forfeited lands. But love will do what justice could not-your love and mine." "Andre can restore you your name,

the King. He would not, could not, undo the past-his past. My brother is "Silence," Denise cried in anguish. dead, my family will die with me as will my secret. Fate is too strong for | Madame," he said, choosing his words Denise walked to and fro, wrung by you, for me, for France. With Francois I worked to destroy the woman who now rules at Versailles and will con-Suddenly she paused. "Do you tinue to rule. And Andre from love for you strove to defeat us. Madame de Pompadour has triumphed over the Court, the noblesse, the Church, my "I know more than that. Yes, Ma- brother, and you. Remember the past by ruining Andre, and you will not Denise caught at her arms. The save me. I see it all now. It is the des-

Denise had clasped her hands like "When we parted at the foot of Ma- one listening to the sentence of a supets also of flesh and blood, whose pas-"But why did you not give me the sions and whose spirit, whose ambipaper at Versailles-you came to me tions and whose ideals, whose souls and bodies so strong and so weak, gave "If I had given you the paper at Ver- to the drama the immortal breath of sailles should I have been here now? life? If-ah, if-Denise wrung her I loved my life a little then-I did not | hands again. How few are there of those born of women from whom has And Denise had no answer but a not been wrung that bitter cry of revolt against the "if" of fate-if only "You have forgotten my brother, they had been taught that out of the who was to come here to meet me that past comes the present and out of the we might fly together; you have also present will come the future, and that forgotten the Vicomte, to whom that they, the puppets, must make, every despatch was a necessity, and you hour, their own lives and the lives of

"You cannot save your France and wished that you should at Versailles mine," the girl was saying. "She is have been proved to have stolen what | doomed, doomed. The writing is on the "mad, mad." His brain was beginning | you and tried to steal? You have for | walls. Ruin is coming on kings and nogotten Madame de Pompadour. Would bles and the people. In ten, twenty, "Yes," she whispered, for his face she or the King have believed your perhaps fifty years there will be a new story that a peasant girl had given you France, for the greatness of my people the despatch?" She paused for a mo- and yours no power can crush. Voices ment. "Would the Vicomte have be- are crying out in the streets of Paris to-day, but France will not listen. She "Andre?" Denise cried passionately, is drunk, mad, diseased, corrupt. Yet I know it, it has been revealed to me, "There was only one way," the girl- that there is a glorious future for our continued, quietly ignoring that cry of | country, and see to it that the sons of love's conviction, "to save you from what to-day is called Beau Sejour shall the trap into which your enemies had be in the hour of that rebirth on the

has decided. Come."

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. "Andre," she said, with dignified composure, "you will please bring the cmer or police from the couft-yard to

For an instant he wavered, then controlling his emotion he left the room. When he returned with the chief of police one woman, hooded and cloak-

ed, alone was there. Denise threw back the girl's cloak which she had slipped on. The police agent started with intense surprise. "You recognize me, Monsieur," De-

nise said freezingly. "Yes, it is the Marquise de Beau Sejour, and one the maids of honor to her Majesty, who is not accustomed to be shadowed when she visits a house that belongs to herself, as this does." "I offer my apologies to Mademoi-

selle la Marquise," the man stammered, "but I thought-I felt sure-" "What you chose to think," Denise pursued, "can be no excuse for so insulting a mistake. The Marquise de

Beau Sejour will, however, overlook it for once, provided that you promise not to repeat the offence. That will do." She turned her back on his fervent avowals and the man crept from her haughty presence. In five minutes the court-yard was clear of Madame de

Pompadour's spies. Denise had fetched the stranger back. "Andre," she said, "be so good as to conduct this lady yourself to the barriers. I will wait for you here."

The girl quietly put on her cloak 'Adieu, Mademoiselle!" They clasped hands in silence. "Adieu-Denise," she whispered. "Adieu for ever!" Without another word Andre and she left the

When he returned an hour later one glance at his face told Denise that, whatever had passed in the journey, he did not know the secret of "No. 101." That was still to remain in the keeping of two women who loved the same man, and it would go with those two to the grave a secret for ever.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

"Monsieur le Vicomte De Nerac waits on Madame la Marquise," said the ger Madame de Pompadour glanced at

the clock. As Andre bowed it began to strike ten distinctly. "You are punctual, Vicomte, and a man of your word," the lady said with

a faint smile. Andre bowed again. What a contrast! The salon was as gay and re- Curtain Stretchers fined 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 | Washing Machines captivated Paris and the King at the ball of the Hotel-de-Ville. And against that vision of loveliness he saw reflected in the mirror his own grim face, with the haggard eyes and deep-cut | Alabastine lines round mouth and chin of a man who had "been in hell" since he last

stood in this room. "You are tired," Madame said gently. "If you please-" she wheeled a | Glazed Sewer Pipe chair forward. But Andre remained standing. "I have to ask your pardon," she continued, dropping her eyes. "I am sorry that last night I used words which I deeply regret using, But though I cannot ask you, Vicomte, to forget them, I can and do ask you to

forgive." 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. "This is the jewel of the Marquise de Beau Sejour," Madame said, "it is useless to me. I return it to you, unless you prefer I should return it to the Marquise herself in your presence and repeat what I have tried to say to you.

An apology also to Denise! That, too, he had come to extort, and it was his and ners without the asking "You have served me," she added "as no man has ever done or ever will. I was ungrateful and false and cruel

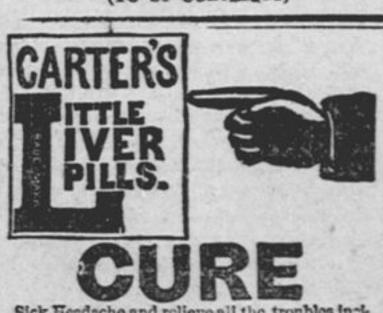
Andre took the jewel mechanically.

and unjust. Let me atone now." She had held out a hand. A third time Andre felt that he did not know Madame de Pompadour; he was learning as some men can that the heart and thoughts of a woman of genius, born to conquer a king and subjugate a court, are not to be fathomed in a few weeks, even by one "It is impossible. You cannot change | to whom many other women have laid bare the mysterious workings of

woman's heart. "I have brought you your despatch, slowly, and conscious of his clumsiness before the ease and tact of this bour-

geosie adventuress. "Yes." she took it almost indifferent ly, but the flash that turned her eyes from grey to blue, the quick movement of the locket on her breast, would have revealed much to another woman. She placed it on the table berecognized these fragments. They had once been the lettre de cachet for Denise, which Madame had destroyed before he came. "Yes," she said, "though the despatch is useless now, none the less I thank you from the bottom of

my heart." "Useless," Andre stammered. (To be Continued)



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