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young, you will not return to the cha-"Unless?" The Chevalier slowly

swung off the table. "Unless you will give me your word of honor now that you will leave France to-morrow and never return." The young man reflectively put back one of his dainty love curls. "Ah, my dear Vicomte," he answered, "I say it 100 with infinite regret, but that I cannot promise. So you must kill me fear. Alas!" he added with dilatory derision, "alas! what have I done?" "Very good"-Andre fastened his

cleak-"in three days we will meet in "In Paris? Why not kill me here?" "Here?" Andre stared at him in as

"Here and at once." He walked to the door. "Two torches," he called, "two torches.

When he had lit them the Chevalier marched out. "This way," he said politely: "permit me to show you, with infinite regret, where you can kill me." Half expecting a trick or foul play andre followed him cautiously until he stopped in a deserted stable yard, saved and clean, and completely shut in by high walls. The young man gravely placed one torch in a ring on the north wall and the other on the wall

that to a man who is to be killed it is face. a trine where he stands."

April dusk. He was mad, this boyish fool, stark, raving mad, But how pretfor money and in half an hour you will shoulders-"well, it is clean lying here, cleaner, anyway, than under the grass in that dirty churchyard."

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The Chevalier took off his saucy hat and fine coat, hung them upon one of the resty rings in the wall, and turned back his lace ruffles. A flash-his sword had cut a rainbow through the dusk across the yellow flare of the torches. "I am at your service, Vicomte" he said with a low bow, "And I shall return to the chateau when and low I please, and I shall be welcome,

"By God!" Andre ripped out. "By God! I will kill you."

deak and took the position by the east Wall. A strange duel this, assuredly not he first in which the Vicomte de Neris had fought for a woman's sake, but the strangest, maddest that man's wit er a boy's folly could have devised. Anto was as cold as ice now, and he almly surveyed his opponent as he Wed the steel of his blade. How young and supple and insolently gay the beardless popinjay was; but he had the incer's figure, and the handling of his veapon revealed to the trained eye that this would be no affair of six passes and a coup de maitre. Yet never did tagre feel so calmly confident of his own famed skill and rich experience. No, he would not kill him, but he would teach him a lesson that he would not

For a brief minute both scanned the found carefully, testing it with their and marking the falling of the ights from those smoking torches, the uckering of the shadows in the raw call of eve. All around was deathly all. Not so much as the cluck of a to break the misty silence. "On guard!"

The Chevalier was about eight paces M. He now came slowly forward, egerly watching for the right moment to engage. A swift movement as Ma strong spring unbound—a flash ad steel clashed on steel. Yes, the loung man could fence. The true twordsman's wrist could be felt in his blade, the swordsman's eye in his the ease of that mastery of style, mitness, and precision that the leacer can feel but not describe.

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with infinite regret, because you are For a couple or minutes potn played with the greatest caution, for team, for I am going to kill you, unless they were both in the deadliest earnest. True, this was idle flummery at present; each had still to know the ground, to tearn the secrets or those cruelly baffling lights, to get the measure of the other's powers. A false step, a misjudged lunge, a gust of wind, a foolish contempt might mean death. And for one, at least, the issue was

> So Andre, who had always relied or his fire and quickness to disconcert flurry, and tempt, kept himself sternly in hand, offering no openings and dis regarding all. The moment would come presently, the divine moment, and

They were both shifting ground slowly, and in their caution they gradually edged and wheeled until the Chevalier almost stood where Andre had started

"Bah!" the young man cried, "this is tedious," and he suddenly changed his tactics. He was now attacking with a fiery swiftness which made Andre's blood warm, and stirred his admiration, but he noted with joy how reckless his opponent was growing. Twice the lad only saved himself by the most dexterous reversing of his lunges. "Fool!" Andre muttered to himself,

"that is not the game to play with me in three minutes he will be mine," and he, too, began to press his attack. Ah! -ah!-only by the swiftest convolutions of that supple body had the Chev-"That," he said, in the pleasantest alier saved himself. Andre began to manner possible, "will make the lights | nerve himself for a final assault. Should fair. You"-he pointed to the west- he give him the point in his sword "will stand there, or here, if you prefer, arm-his shoulder, or his lungs? And to the east. You will agree, doubtless, then the torch light flared right into his

In a second he saw what it all meant. The torches flared smokily in the By those superb reversed lunges he had been lured on till he had been manoeuvred into a place where both tily and elegantly he played the part. | torches fell in his eyes and that young "See," the Chevalier said lightly, devil had the lights behind him. Hethere is no one to interrupt-the mur- he. Andre de Nerac, had been outplayder. Toinette knows neither my name ed by this beardless youth! And now nor yours; she will hold her tongue he was in a corner of this damned courtyard with the cursed flicker from be gone-and I"-he shrugged his the walls making lightning on the crossed steel. "Diable!" he growled, "you would!" and he flung himself on his opponent in the madness of despair "You mean it?" Andre asked slowly. | and wrath. It was now almost a melee corps a corps, but the Chevalier would not give way. He had penned Andre to the place he desired and he meant to

"Hold! Je touche!" he cried. How had it happened? One of the torches had gone out in a puff of air the Chevalier had his foot on it. By an infernal Italian trick he had dropped on one knee, the lunge that should have gone through his heart had passed over his head and by some superhuman secret he had twisted the weapon from his opponent's grasp. Yes, Andre had lost Denise and death

With a quick gesture the Chevaller pitched the sword over the wall and stood sword in hand facing the defenceless Andre. The breeze stirred his

dainty love locks. "Monsieur le Vicomte," he said cheerfully, "will perhaps permit me now to return to the chateau. I have had my lesson." Andre clenched his fists sullenly. "Tionette," the young man called, dropping his point, "Toinette, bring another torch, and assist

Monsieur le Vicomte with his coat You are a good wench, Toinette, and a discreet, is it not so?'

"Curse your Italian tricks," Andre growled, "curse you and your Italian

"Yes, it was a trick, learned in Italy from a great master in the art. But all is fair in war-and in love! I did not wish to be killed and you are too good a swordsman for any one to beat in half an hour, and that is all I had. Come, Vicomte, we have had our little encounter. Can we not be friends?" He offered his hand

Andre stared sulkily, yet feeling somewhat ashamed. "I am not going to the chateau," the Chevalier added quietly. "I too, am going to the war with my master and yours, the King. If it will satisfy you, will promise not to speak to Mademoiselle the Marquise de Beau Se-

jour until we both return." "You can do as you please with re gard to Mademoiselle la Marquise, Andre said sharply.

"And will you do me a favor?" the young man pleaded. "I beg you that for the future you will not speak of our meeting here to any one." "Why?"

"Simply because I regret now that prevented myself from being killed by a low trick. Life to the young is sweet -it is my sole excuse to a better swordsman than myself."

"Very well," Andre answered, touch ed to the quick by the faultless delicacy with which the compliment was

paid. "I thank you. Perhaps now you will give me your hand?"

"With the greatest pleasure." The Chevalier had for the moment clous, as I can now say when looking stormed his heart with the same su- at it that Cuticura is a blessing, and

"Adieu!" And then in the screst dudgeon Andre strode out in search of his sword. the PEN-ANGLE | To his surprise the wall of the court where they had fought backed on to your money's worth, the churchyard, and a few minutes' groping revealed his sword by the

strangest accident lying in the camp have shed tears of shame as he recalled the defeat and the humiliation inflicted on him by that beardless boy, on him, gers de la Garde, on him who had never been vanquished yet. And he had sworn to win Denise! Why was he not lying under the sod. forgotten and dead to the pain of the world, like little

A figure was creeping past him the dark-a woman. "Who is that?" he cried sharply

"Yvonne!" He let the hood go as he had been stabbed.

"Yvonne," he gasped, "What do you

"I was born in this village," she an swered, "my mother, she lives here. She is old, my mother."

"Surely, Monseigneur. It is the

less chevalier. yard?" he asked. come to say my prayers for the

soul when I am happy." "And why do you pray for the Mar. to this mysterious witch,

twinkling lights of the noble chateau-"the King gave to us, but there is only one Marquise for us here, the little lady Marie, who is dead. Dieu Le Vengeur! Dieu Le Vengeur!" she whispered softly below her breath. "Peace, girl, peace," he said, half

"Monseigneur," Yvonne whispered, "Monseigneur loves the Marquise De-

so fiercely that Yvonne shrank back. swered, "the wise woman of 'The Cock with the Spurs of Gold,' who knows everything. Ah! if Monseigneur would go to the wise woman she would tell him how he might win the Marquise lover, did she not tell me where to find again my spotted cow, did she not tell me that Monseigneur would be here to-

sion. What did it, could it mean? "I will pray," Yvonne went on in her innocent, soft voice, "to our little Marquise that Monseigneur may marry the Marquise Denise." "Why?" Andre asked.

"Because then Monseigneur will b our lord and we will be his serfs." "You would like to be my serf Yvonne?" he demanded, putting hand on her shoulder, and he could feel her tremble.

"Surely, surely," she answered. I swear it."

him. She was not pretty, this peasant the comfort of a woman's caress in that hour of abasement appealed with an irresistible sweetness to his wounded spirit. Something, however, checked his arm that was about to slip round her-as if Yvonne herself by a mysterious power paralysed his passion. Yet she made no effort to escape, and under his hand on her plump shoulder he could feel that she, too, was in the grip of strong emotion.

His arm dropped to his side.

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sootnsayer," she said very quietly, "for she can help him better than any peas-

And then Andre laughed. The gaiety and rang her handbell of yesterday had suddenly remastered him. He forgot the shamed sword, the Chevalier, and that infernal court with its smoking torches. Denise should vet be his, and this strange girl his serf "Why, then, I will seek this wise

woman," he answered lightly, "before I go to the war. I promise, Yvonne." And so he left her to her prayers at the tomb of the child who should have been her lord. But she did not pray very long. Indeed, had Andre cared he might have seen her wrapped in her coarse cloak walking swiftly towards the twinkling lights of the great chateau, and she sang as she had sung on the back of her spotted cow.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a strangely superstitious age this age of Louis XV., strangely superstitious and strangely enlightened. On the one side the illuminated philosophers of the rising school of Voltaire, on the other a society ready to be gulled by every charlatan, quack, or sorceress clever enough to exploit the depths of human credulity. You shall read in the fascinating memoirs of that century how the male and female adventurers tricked to their immense profit that polished, gallant, cynical, and light-hearted noblesse which made the glory of the Court. And Andre was a true child of his age. Yvonne's mystify ing remarks had stirred all the super stition and awe lurking behind his hollittle Marquise Marie. She is in the low homage to the established religion, bosom of the good God, is our little and human curiosity whetted this Marquise, but I say a prayer for her stimulus of superstition. He scented, in fact, an agreeable adventure in a visit

But first he consulted his friend Henhimself notorious for his skill with the sword and for his countless gallantries. Was it not St. Benoit who had taken his place in rousing the jealousy of the Comte des Forges and who had also been obliged to give the hot-headed husband the quietus of a flesh wound? Henri of course knew all about the wise woman. Was she not the talk of

the bel monde? "She won't see you," he said. "She only prophesies to women, and very few of them. I tried to bring her to "It was the wise woman," she an. book, but her girl, a devilish saucy grisette with a roving eye and a skittish pout, shut the door in my face, by Madame's orders, if you please.

"And you went away?" "No, indeed, I put my knee against Denise. Did she not give me back my the door and said that as I couldn't pay Madame I must pay her. Not the first time the hussy has been kissed and it won't be the last. You, too, will discover the jade hasn't the dislike to men that her mistress has."

"What will you wager she will not see me-the mistress?"

"A kiss from my Diane of the ballet I'll bet, too, Madame is not at home at all, for she comes and goes like a willo'-the-wisp. But if you do see her she'll tell you something cursedly disagreeable. She frightened the poor Des Forges, your Comtesse and mine, into hy sterics, and," his voice dropped, "she warned the Duchesse de Chateauroux she had only three weeks to live-and it was all the poor thing had. Don't go to her, my dear Andre; she'll see you in her crystal globe, face upwards in a heap of dead with an English sword in your guts."

Needless to say, perhaps, that afternoon saw Andre at the tavern called "The Cock with the Spurs of Gold," which, save for a brand-new sign-board, had all the appearance of a farmhouse hastily turned into an inn. Buried in the woods between Paris and Versailles it was exactly suited for a rendezyous to which all might repair without the world being any the wiser. Andre had carefully disguised himself, and as he rapped on the door his appearance suggested rather the comfortable bourgeois that the noble Capitaine-Lieutenant des Chevau-legers de la Garde. To his surprise he won his wager with

greater ease than he had dreamed. The saucy grisette, whose demure defalseness of her roving eyes, took to her mistress the name he gave, the "Sieur de Coutances," and then, to his joy, speedily ushered him with no little ogling into an empty, low-beamed parlor, which was simply the apartment of a woman who could indulge her love of luxury. Of the sorceress trade there were no traces unless you counted for such an enormous black cat with the most rerocious whiskers who arched his back on Andre's entrance and glared at him with diaboli cal yellow eyes-a cat to make the flesh creep and bristle as did his whisk-

"Welcome, Vicomte, welcome!" Andre found himself staring in the dim light with intense surprise, not at a wizened hag, but at a young woman scarcely more than five-and-twenty, dressed in flowing coal-black draperies which made her wealth of fair hair blue eyes, and dazzling skin all the more startling. Her dress was wide open at the throat and on her breast flashed an exquisite diamond cross. And what a figure! Those flowing draperies, that step forward revealed a woman perfectly shaped in every limb. It was therefore a shame that above her upper lip there was the suggestion of a dark moustache, though it added in the most extraordinary way to the

weird effect of her appearance. "Welcome, Vicomte, welcome!" she repeated, but she offered him no salute save a wave of her finely shaped hand towards a chair.

"I am not a vicomte," Andre answered doggedly. "Then when did the Vicomte de Nerac lose his rank?" she asked quickly, and laughed at his obvious embarrassment. "Ah, Vicomte, if I were not able to divine who my visitors were I should not have a trinket like this-" she patted her diamond cross, stooped and lifted the huge cat and stroked it gently with her chin.

"And what can I do for you?" she demanded, coming closer. "My faith, but I do not know," he answered. The faint perfume of her person was puzzling him sorely. But in truth he was familiar with the perfume of so many women that it was

hopeless to expect an answer to the

"Nor do I," the woman answered, still laughing, and her laugh was like the purr of her cat. "In any case, Monsieur le Vicomte must wait. A lady is already here to see me. No, it is not necessary to retire. In spite of what I have said, you doubt my powers; therefore you shall listen while she and

She pointed to a large screen and Andre, now burning with curiosity.

woman with the cat still in her arms promptly flung herself on to a long sofa Is very careful about her churn. She

"Introduce Madame," she said to the girl, "Madame's fille de chambre must

The visitor, Andre decided was young. Her trim figure, the coquettish pose of her head, the graceful dignity of her carriage filled him with the liveliest regret that he could not see her face, which was thickly veiled. She came to an abrupt halt in the centre of the room-for the woman on the soft never stirred. Clearly she, too, had expected something very different. "Your name, Madame?" asked the

sorceress abruptly. "Mademoiselle, if it please you," the visitor corrected, "Mademoiselle Lucie Marie Villefranche."

Andre was listening now with all his ears. Where before had he heard that crisp, alluring voice? "Bien, Madame."

"Mademoiselle-" persisted the visitor, nettled

"Then why does Mademoiselle wear wedding-ring?" The visitor made an impatient movement, bit her lip, and petulantly drew off her glove. On the hand she triumphantly held out there was no sign of

a wedding-ring. "It is in Madame's pocket," the sorceress said calmly. "But it is of as little importance as is Madame's bus-

The visitor checked an indignant reply and simply glared through her veil. Excellent fun, thought Andre, when you set one woman against another-"Give me your hand," the sorceress

proceeded, and she inspected it with the greatest care, the owner watching her with ill-concealed anxiety. "I see a | to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a "Because surely she is our Marquise. ri, Comte de St. Benoit, like himself crown in the palm which I cannot unThat other"—she waved a hand at the a Chevau-leger de la Garde, and like derstand," she said slowly, a "crown the standard medical authorities, giving reversed. A beautiful hand," she murmured, "beautiful and strong. The hand

Madame Villefranche uttered a sharp cry, almost of triumph, "Morceau de roi," she repeated. "Morceau de roi. That is strange. You have heard perhaps that long ago another soothsayer | + also said the same."

"I must consult the orb," the other replied as if she did not hear, and she gazed long and silently at the crystal | circle which she produced from its resting-place beside the diamond cross. "Yes, it is quite clear now."

"What do you see?" was the eager "A great gallery-it is I think the Salon d'Hercule at Versailles-there are many men and women in it, finely dressed-I see a lady in a rose-colored

satin in their centre-it is her favorite color-they pay court to her-" "Ah!" Madame Villefranche had stood up. Her hand went involuntarily to her heart.

"One enters with his hat on"-the sorceress jerked out slowly-"he keeps it on-he advances as they bow-he takes his hat off-it is the King-he kisses the hand of the woman in rose colored satin-she salutes-"

"Mon Dieu!" Madame Villefranche suddenly kneeled beside her. Andre, as excited as she was, crawled forward so as not to lose a word.

"I see her again"-the woman proceeded after a pause-"she gives orders to ministers-she makes generals-she tramples on all who oppose ber the King is her slave-ah! the crystal is disturbed-no-no-there is much unhappiness-the land is poor-there are jealousies, strifes, quarrels, wars-starving men and women cry out against the King and his mistress-but the woman in the rose-colored satin still wears her jewels-she does not hear them. What is this?-yes, it is-a hearse leaving Versailles for Paristhe King looks out of the window above on to the Place d'Armes-he shrugs his shoulders-I do not see the woman in the rose-colored satin any more-I think surely she is dead and

no one cares-ah! the crystal has become dim." She put it down and closed her eyes.

Dead silence, but Andre could hear the deep-drawn breaths of Madame Villefranche, Her hands were twisted "And the face-the face of the wom

an, did you see that?" she asked with The sorceress opened her eyes. "Oh yes," she said slowly. "It is the face of Madame d'Etiolles, born Jeanne Antoinette Poisson-your face, Madame,' she added as she flung her visitor's veil swiftly back. The cat leaped from her arms, Madame Villefranche sprang

full height. Andre too had risen. Ha! At last he understood. The visitor was no other than the fair huntress of the woods who had driven to see the King, in an azure phaeton, herself clad in rose-

to her feet; the two women were con

colored satin. "Ah!" exclaimed Madame d'Etiolles, stretching her arms. "Ah!" Then she turned on the sorceress furiously. "My woman has betrayed ma," she cried. (To be Continued)

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matted grass that sprawled over the tombstone of the little Marquise Marie. Yes, at that bitter moment he could Capitaine-Lieutenant of the Chevau-le Marie?

plucking at her hood. "Monseigneur, it is me-me, Mon-

"But yes, Monseigneur, Yvonne of the Spotted Cow." She kissed his hand,

"You-born here?"

Andre shivered. Half an hour ago how near his mother, who was old too, had been to praying for the soul of her only son. And she had been spared! that pain by the courtesy of a beard-"And what do you now in the church.

quise Marie?" he asked.

sadly, half angrily.

"Who told you that?" he demanded

"She told you that?" he gasped. "Yes, Monseigneur, Andre sat down on the tombstone the supremest amazement and confu-

"Then you shall-some day you shall, A gust of hot passion swept over wench; but she had a noble figure, and

"Monseigneur will go to the .wise

-Sores Behind Ears Spread to Cheeks-Could Hardly Bear Itching-Medicines Fail-Instant

"Words are inadequate to express I had been troubled with eczema for five years on my ear and it began to extend on my cheek. I had been doctoring with the best physicians, but found no relief whatever. When informing them that I could not bear the itching I was told by one of our best doc-As the medicines and salves did me no good

one-half of one visit to my physician. After using as directed, with plenty of hot water, I can truthfully state that I found instant relief. When I had used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap I found my skin as soft and fine as a baby's. My circle of friends is very large, and I am persuading them to use Cuticura Scap and give up the kinds they were using. I find no trouble as my case has proven to them that if Cuticura Ointment is good, Cuticura

Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1 and 15, 1906."

I talk."

wait without."

makes foul all which is put into it?

J. McCULLOCH, M. D., C. M.

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