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with infinite regret, because you are young, you will not return to the chateau, for I am going to kill you, unless...

For a couple of minutes soon played with the greatest caution, for they were both in the deadliest earnest. True, this was idle flummery at present; each had still to know the ground, to learn the secrets and more 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.

"Unless!" The Chevalier slowly swung of the table. "Unless you will give me your word of honor now that you will leave France to-morrow and never return."

So Andre, who had always relied on his fire and quickness to his discredit, flung, and tempt, kept himself sternly in hand, offering no openings and disregarding all the moment would come presently, the divine moment, and then!

"Here and at once." He walked to the door. "Two torches," he called, "no torches."

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

When he had lit the Chevalier marched out. "This way," he said politely, "permit me to show you, with infinite regret, where you can kill me."

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 beardless cavalier.

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

Andre sat down on the tombstone in the supreme amazement and confusion. What did it, could it mean? "I will pray," Yvonne went on in her innocent, soft voice, "to our little Marquise that Monsieur may marry the Marquise Denise."

"You mean it?" Andre asked slowly. The Chevalier took his saucy hat and his coat, hung them upon one of the rusty rings in the wall, and turned back his face ruffles. A flash—his sword came out in a puff of air.

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strangest accident lying in the camp, matted grass that sprawled over the tombstone of the little Marquise Marie. Yes, at that bitter moment he could have shed tears of shame as he recalled the defeat and the humiliation inflicted on him by that beardless boy, on him, a Capitaine-Lieutenant of the Chevaliers 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 denied to the pain of the world, like little Marie?

A figure was creeping past him in the dark—a woman. "Who is that?" he cried sharply, plucking at her. "Monsieur, it is me—me, Monsieur."

"Yvonne!" He let the hood go as if he had been stabbed. "But yes, Monsieur, Yvonne of the Spotted Cow." She kissed his hand, humbly.

"Yvonne," he gasped. "What do you here?" "I was born in this village," she answered, "my mother, she lives here. She is old, my mother."

"You—born here?" "Surely, Monsieur. It is the truth."

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bootsayer, she said very quietly, "for she can help him better than any peasant wench."

And then Andre laughed. The gaiety of yesterday had suddenly remembered him. He forgot the shamed sword, the Chevalier, and that infernal crowd with its smoking torches. Denise could not be his, and his strange girl his wife.

"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 lulled by the most brilliant orator, a sorcerer clever enough to quack, or a 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-headed bourgeoisie which made the glory of the Court.

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grassy heath thimble behind it. The woman with the cat still in her arms promptly flung herself on to a long sofa and rang her handbell.

"Introduce Madame," she said to the girl. "Madame's fille de chambre must wait without."

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 sofa 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."

"And why do you come here now with all his ears. Where before had he heard that crisp, alluring voice?" "Bien, Madame."

"Mademoiselle," persisted the visitor, settled. "Then why does Mademoiselle wear a wedding-ring?"

The visitor made an impatient movement. 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 husband to her."

The visitor checked an indignant reply and simply gazed through her veil. Excellent fun, thought Andre, when you set one woman against another—and such women!

The Farmer's Wife. Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performing processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is found to be foul all which is put into it?

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If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

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