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with everyone. De Nerac has posidrely refused to enter her service, and the King is more pleased with him than ever."

"It is true, then, that he has been eiren the Cordon Bleu?" Mont Rouge smanded with a flash of jealousy. "Quite true, the lucky dog," answerof the Duke of Pontchartrain, who had them, "and the extraordinary thing is that the Pompadour, who was very angry with De Nerac, jested about

# last night." "But what has De Nerac done to get the Cordon Bleu?" Mont Rouge growl-

The Duke shrugged his shoulders. "Have you forgotten the night before Vontenov, my friend?" His voice dropmed. "This mysterious affair of yesterday in the woods, too," he whispered. 's all part of the same infernal business."

"You don't mean it?" "I do. The King and the ministers re convinced that the Vincennes busisess this affair of the woods, and that Pontenoy treachery all come from the sine hand-a hand near at home." Mont Rouge and St. Benoit drew

the Duke into a corner. "The traitor then is here? In Versilles?" St. Benoit asked. "It is the only explanation."

Mont Rouge passed a perplexed hand mer his chin. "Good Lord!" he ejacukied. "Think you that woman has-" "No, no," replied the Duke with marp conviction. "The Pompadour is a anxious to discover the traitor as the King or d'Argenson himself. You may take your oath of that. Heavens! man, if she can lay bare this inscrutable mystery she will earn the King's gatitude for the rest of her naughty

"And what has De Nerac to do with

"What De Nerac discovered last aight," St. Benoit interrupted. "is known only to the King and himself. You will get nothing from him: he is Nedged to secrecy. But"-he paused to becken to the Abbe de St. Victor to join them-"but it makes it more secessary than ever for us to have De Neme on our side." "I do not see that," Mont Rouge ob-

St. Beneft's foot tapped impatiently. "I our scheme," he urged, "to permade the King to expel the Pompaour is to succeed. De Nerae must be wally, it is as clear as daylight." "Of course," said the Duke, "of tourse Drive De Nerac into the Pom-Mour's arms and together they will

facover the traitor, and the Comte de Most Rouge will presently be compellwin prefer the village wenches on his states in Poitou to the ladies of Ver-"Yea," the Abbe assented. "We must

we De Nerac, for he knows more can any of us, and he has courage. tograge is a rare thing in Versailles." "I agree," Mont Rouge said slowly. But if he won't join us in getting rid that detestable woman then he must ware her fate."

There is Andre," St. Ben'oit gladly marked. "Let us congratulate him on is refusal to stain his honor by stedience to a wanton of the bour-

But they were anticipated by the Cleveller. "My felicitations, Vicomte," be young man was saying, "for you be the first to teach our new and

ligh-born marquise her place." You are very kind," Andre replied meetly, to the disgust and astonishbeat of his friends.

"Mon Dieu!" Mont Rouge growled as the Chevaller smilingly left them to Ms into the King's bedroom, for as inval favorite he had that privileged

thee, "I would sooner pull that coxthan accept his congratulawas even if I were a Cordon Bleu." My dear Mont Rouge," Andre anmand, "the King will not permit us by to pull a coxcomb's ears, but some I hope to have that pleasure." Oh, to be sure, some day?" Mont

To be sure. When you have turned or mistress, Madame la Marquise Pompadour, you shall help me to Mi the ears of the Chevalier de St.

ladre in fact was in a rare humor. plans were now arranged \*



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moety. with the Pompadour's help "No. 101" was to be discovered and Denise won. The mystery of last night had suggested half-a-dozen clues. His star was once more in the ascendant. The great game to be played required courage, resource, and Machiavellian cunning. This was the beginning. The rest would follow. Ah! the white and gold doors were thrown open; hats came on; the King had entered, and all eagerly surveyed his bored, in-

scrutable countenance. "Is the Vicomte de Nerac here?" Louis demanded presently, and Andre stepped forward to kiss his hand. "Monsieur le Vicomte," he proceeded in his slow, soft, yet clear voice, "you will bear my humble salutations to her Majesty the Queen and say that I offer her Majesty, for the vacant place of the captain of her guard, the services of the bravest officer in the Chevaulegers of my Guards—yourself."

A loud hum, partly of warm approval partly of excited and jealous comment. drowned Andre's thanks.

"By G-God," stammered Des Forges "another s-slap for the fishy g-grisette "She's going, yes, she's going; God be praised!" muttered the Abbe St.

"What did I tell you?" St. Benoit oried, "more than ever we must keep De Nerac on our side," and Mont

Rouge sulkily assented. The Duke de Pontchartrain thoughtfully stroked his lace ruffles. "I am puzzled," he remarked aside to St. Benolt; "I wonder if it really means that the King has thrown over the grisette. or whether-" he paused.

"Well?" St. Benoit demanded im-

patiently. "De Nerac is deep, devilish deep,' the Duke mused, "and so is the King. If De Nerac is not on our side it will play old Harry with our plot to have him ruling the roost in her Majesty's

But his friends laughed his suspicions away, De Nerac had insulted the Pompadour and he had been rewarded with the captaincy of the Queen's Guards. What could be better?

Meanwhile Andre, having executed his commission and been flattered by the joyful reception of the news by the Queen's ladies, was somewhat grim ly reflecting in the Mall of the Queen's Guards on this new turn of fortune's wheel, Truly the Pompadour was a wonderful woman. She had promised to arrange and she had kept her word. To be placed in an office which must daily bring him into touch with Denise was better than he had ever dreamed. A genius the Pompadour as he had said, and this was the woman whom | began quietly, and I am in great the priests and ministers and courtiers hoped to expel. Poor blind fools! They little knew the whole truth. Yes, his star was in the ascendant. The Machievellian game must be played out; it promised victory and Denise.

The rustle of a dress roused him. It was Denise, and surely that was the Chevalier de St. Amant parting from

"You have heard the King's will, Mademoiselle," Andre said quietly. "Yes," she answered. Very lovely she looked at that moment, though her manner was strangely cold. "You do not congratulate me?"

Andre glanced at her with sharp sur-

"After your kind words on my return," he began, "I had hoped, Mademoiselle, more for your congratulations than for those of any other in Versailles." Denise made no reply; she quietly

moved away 'Denise," he broke out passionately.

"Mademoiselle la Marquire, if you please, Monsieur le Vicomte," she interrupted with her head high in air, and Andre could only gaze at her in

mute astonishment. "Yes," she continued, "Mademoiselle la Marquise for the future. And if you would know the reason ask your conscience, the conscience of one who was once a noble and soldier of France." Andre would have spoken, but she made a peremptory sign with her hand. "It is the second time," she resumed, "I have been bitterly disappointed. Our world believes that you have had the courage to refuse the temptation of that woman, that the King's reward was due to your courage and you loyalty. Unhappfly I know better. You are Captain of the Queen's Guards because it is the wish of the Marquise de Pompadour."

"Mademoiselle!" "You deny it?" She paused. "That, Monsieur le Vicomte, unfortunately does not make it less true. But do not be alarmed. I shall not betray your secret. And if you will, let my silence be due to the friendship of the past, a friendship that you yourself by your

own act have severed." She turned her back on him. But andre had swiftly opened the door for

"It would be impertinent for me to ask for a hearing," he said slowly. "That you will not betray my secret as you are pleased to call it is very kind. In return, Mademoiselle, I promise that I will not betray yours." Their eyes met. Andre faced her un-

flinchingly. "My secret?" Denise demanded. but she could not quite control ber

-rour secret, Marquise." He bowed [ trouble. I need your help.

He had the bitter satisfaction. satisfaction it was, to see a faint thrill of fear-or was it trouble?-pass into her eyes. And now that he was alone he strode about the room letting his anger master him, once more a prey to all the black doubts and fears. There was only one explanation-that the Chevalier had wormed out the truth, and for his own purposes had hastened to share his knowledge with Denise. The Court was hoodwinked, but they were not. Cruelest of all, he could not deny it, and the disdain the face and figure of the woman he loved had cut more sharply than her words. He clenched his fist. He could not go back now-no, he had chose his path; but the day would come, he swore, when he should prove that was his love and the ambition that inspired which had driven him to defy the Court, his class and herself.

There was work to be done which could not wait. He galloped away into the woods. "Yvonne," he called out dismounting at the stables of "The

Cock with the Spurs of Gold." "Monseigneur," she exclaimed, flinging back her matted yellow hair and springing up. He had surprised her with skirt pinned up to the knees milking her sleek cow. She was indeed Yvonne of the Spotted Cow, Yvonnes of the Spotless Ankles. Bah! it was a pity her face was so smudged, her bodice so ragged and dirty, for her figure was excellently straight and supple. "Monseigneur!" she humbly kissed his hand.

Andre felt strange qualms as he surveyed her in silence. Something inexplicable in this peasant wench seem ed to make the task he had undertaken disagreeable, almost revolting, yet she was only a farm servant and he was a noble. And the secret perhaps of "No. 101" was the prize.

want your help. "I want your help, Yvonne," he said abruptly. "My help?" she repeated as if she did not understand, but there was a momentary gleam in her eves. "My help? He is not happy, Monseigneur? Ah," she gave a little cry, "the lady that he loves, the Marquise, is faith-

"No," he interrupted fiercely. "No. no! It is-" She put her finger on her lip. "Some one is coming," she whispered. "Monseigneur has enemies, many enemies.

He must not be seen here. Come, quick, quick!" She half pushed him into the stables. closed and locked the door and left him. Andre from within could hear steps coming to and fro on the stones. could hear voices. They ceased. The

door opened. "Who was it?" he demanded. "Monsieur the Chevalier de St

Amant," she replied quietly. "Name of a dog!" he ejaculated. He drew the girl into the stables, put his hands on her shoulders. Such firm, well-shaped shoulders under her dirtyill-laced bodice. "Now tell me," he said peremptorily, "what you know of the Chevalier de St. Amant."

Yvonne faced him with a humble simplicity. Involuntarily Andre dropped his hands, mastered by that indefinable feeling. "Monsieur the Chevalier comes here from time to time," she answered; "he inquires, for the wise woman who lived here, but he also would know if Monseigneur visits the inn and why?"

"Ah! And your answer?" "That I know nothing." Andre scrutinized her remorselessly. Rither she told the truth or she was a

consummate actress. "Did I do right, Monseigneur," she asked in her simple way, "to say what was not true?

"Yes," he replied quickly, but not without a stab of shame. "And my enemies. Yvonne, what of my "They are great gentlemen of the

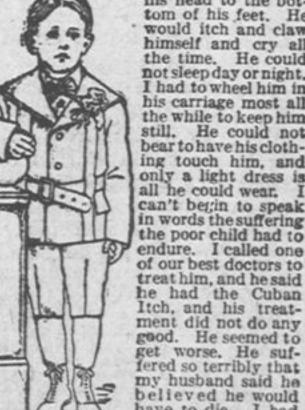
Court. They and their servants come here, too, they watch Monseigneur, They seek a traitor, so they say, Andre reflected. It was what he feared. "I also seek a traitor, Yvonne," he

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help—the help of a peasant girl?" "Yes, your help, Yvonne. The King, my master, is betrayed. The traitor is | Vicomte de Nerac." unknown, but at this inn perhaps one may learn what will reveal the truth. You are here, you have eyes and ears. Will you promise to tell me all that you can learn?"

The girl was looking at him, but her smudged face disclosed nothing save | can we do, Chevalier?" she asked. "Some might promise you," he pur-

"It is an honor for a peasant girl," she interrupted softly, "to be loved by a noble who can give her jewels and fine clothes and pleasure. And then when his love is cold, as needs must be, he can make her happy with a good "On, yes, that is so. But," he took

her hand, "I will not-" "I am not pretty, alas!" she interrup ted again, but the coquetry in her figure was strangely provocative.

"Peace, child, peace! and listen. cannot and will not treat you as others might. Love it not mine to give. But I ask your help, although I promise you nothing in return save the grateful thanks of a soldier of France." "I would be your servant," she whis-

pered, "your servant, Monseigneur." Andre felt her hand tremble. For the moment swift passion tempted him, and Yvonne was watching him closely though he did not know it.

"Yes," he said brusquely, "you shall be my servant, but nothing more." She was silent, and he feared he had made a fatal mistake. "Your help, that is all I ask, and I ask it because I trust you.' "I will help," she said in a low voice. "I will help."

He raised her hand to his lips as if it were the hand of a gentlewoman. King's service I found a strange court Why he did so strange a thing he and a strange master. It was you who could not have explained.

worthy. Ah! Monseigneur is not as other nobles. He has pity and respect and men, too. It is for your sake that even for a peasant wench. He shall not I work, that I would help to overthrow dishonor himself, and I-I will help be- and punish that low-born adventuress cause I am grateful, yes, grateful." For | who would ruin the King. No, Mara moment she hid her face overcome.

"Adieu, Yvonne," he murmured, almost tenderly. "Adieu, and remember!" He mounted and rode away. As he my task, to your-our-cause." turned into the woods a man rapidly | crossed the bridle track and disappear- simple dignity. "Let us work for ed, but not before he had caught a France, Chevalier, and for the right, sight of his face. Somewhere in the and we shall win." past he had seen that face-when?

he rode into Paris. Yvonne had stood like one in sabots, now impatiently brushed a tear | her. from under the matted hair over her eyes. "Dieu le Venguer!" She suddenly threw up her arms with a gesture of pain, "Dieu le Vengeur!" Then furtively glancing round she walked slowly towards the house. On the threshold some one met her and for a half-hour she might have been heard conversing ceased. A moment later the Chevalier de St. Amant stepped out from the inn, jauntily flung his gay cloak about him, and galloped swiftly in the direction of Versailles.

CHAPTER XVI.

The autumn evening had already closed in on the noble gardens of Versailles. Alleys, parterres, and walks alike were deserted save by the Foun tain of Neptune, where on a seat under the sombre shadows of the stately trees a woman, cloaked to her feet and hooded, sat patiently watching the ghostly glimmer of the statues in the duak. She had not to wait long before a man cloaked also had quietly joined

"I am late, Mademoiselle," he said "but it is not my fault." "It does not matter, Chevalier," Den-

ise replied calmly, "the later the better for both of us." "No doubt. Ah, it is noble of you to come here alone, you who have so

much to lose if----"We will not talk of that, please." "I am here of my own free will and would risk much more for the sake of the Queen, my mistress, and for

"Yet I would it were not necessary." "Unhappily it is. That woman's spies have made it impossible that you can any longer come to confer with the Queen's friends by the secret passage; if we are to succeed in our plan it must not be known that you, who are in the King's private service, are an ally of the Ministers and of the Queen's party; nor can you now openly visit her Majesty's apartments as you did

"No," said the Chevalier, "the new Captain of the Queen's Guards has prevented that."

For a minute or two Denise was silent. "Secrecy is necessary to success," she resumed in a restrained voice: "I am here as you know on behalf of the Queen's advisers; what others may think cannot affect those who are my friends, who believe in me because they believe in my-our-cause." "Not merely your friends, Marquise,

but those who love you." "Monsieur, up there," she pointed to the majestic front of the palace, where the lights were beginning to twinkle. "you can speak like that if you think fit. Down here I beg you to remember I am an orphan, a girl alone."

And then both were silent. "Are you sure, really quite sure." Denise began, "that the Vicomte de Nerac owes his appointment to the intrigues of that woman?" "I am absolutely sure."

Denise sighed very faintly. "You remember your promise not to reveal this discovery to any one else." Certamry. But is it necessary?" "No, not necessary, I ask it as

The Chevaller bowed. Again there was silence, for her tone did not invite further question. "Have you discovered anything fresh of importance?" Denise asked presently. "Several things, Mademoiselle."

Nerac?" she demanded quickly. "Yes." "Then I do not wish to hear them. I cannot, I will not," she added in a low voice of emotion.

"Do they concern the Vicomte de

The Chevalier made a gesture of despairing dismay. "But speak I must," he said, "for things cannot be worse than they are. The King is absolutely enough to see that that may not last; Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & the will not rest therefore till she has Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Depots: London, Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, Roberts, 5 Rue de la Paix.

This mysterious treachery is her she will not rest therefore till she has chance. Let her discover the truth and

the traitor and no one will prevail "Monseigneur is pleased to jest. My | against her." He paused to add, "And the man who will discover it for her

> "You believe that?" she faced him "Mademoiselle, if there is any man

in Versailles who can do it the Vicomte is that man." Denise clasped her hands. "What

"What can we do?" The Chevalier took a step or two up sued. "money, wealth, love. Money I | and down. "There are only two courhave not got; love is not mine to give | ses," he said very gravely. "Either the Vicomte must be compelled to break with the Pompadour-or-" he paused -"the King must be persuaded to dismiss him from Versailles-in plain words ruin him."

> Denise drew a deep breath. "Ah, God!" she murmured, "that woman, how I hate her! She steals the honorable soldiers of France and corrupts them; she corrupts the King, wrongs a Queen who has wronged no one. Yes, I hate her because I am woman, to whom because I believe in God and my noblesse these things are

"You are right, Mademoiselle," (sin cerity rang in the boyish voice) "to me, too, she is the symbol in a woman's form of all that is evil in France, and it is your France that will suffer for her ambition and her sins."

"She will be punished," said Denise 'God will punish her. Dieu le Vengeur!" she murmured. The Chevalier had drawn a deep

breath. "Dieu le Vengeur!" he repeated to himself almost mockingly. "It is a fine motto. Dieu le Vengeur!' "It is strange," she mused, "that you

Chevalier, who were not born a French

noble, should feel as we do." "You have taught me," he answered quietly. "Yes, yes, when I entered the taught me, what I could scarcely be-"No, no," she cried. "I am not lieve, that there are still in France women worthy to be called noble, aye, quise," he added, "I do not forget your warning, and I say no more than this, that your love alone keeps me true to

"I thank you," she answered with

He bid her adieu and vanished, for Where? He knew he was not mistaken, safety required that he should leave though in vain he racked his brains. her first. Denise sank back into her And with this fresh torturing thought | seat lost in the bitter thought that Andre, the friend of her girlhood, the a lover of whom for all her indignation dream long after he had disappeared. she was proud, must either ruin her Now she surveyed with ill-concealed cause or be ruined by herself and her disgust her pinned-up skirt and clumsy | friends. A step on the gravel startled

"What is it, Chevalier?" she asked

The man peered into her face apparently as startled as she was. "It is not the Chevalier unfortunately," Andre said with icy slowness, "but I am obliged for the information, Marquise." "Ah!" It was an exquisitely cruel earnestly, almost pleading. The voices | moment. Flight on her part was impossible. "Ah, you came to spy," she burst out, beside herself.

"Why deny it?" was the cool answer. "You would not believe me. So it was the Chevalier de St. Amant who avoided me so successfully in the dark just now. Happy Chevalier." "I will, I can explain," she began

incoherently. "Pardon," he interrupted. "The conduct of Mademoiselle la Marquise de Beau Sejour is no affair of mine. I regret, however, that as I have intruded on you I cannot offer you my escort, for it is neither in my interest nor in yours, Mademoiselle, that you and I should run the risk of being seen here by the Chevaller de St. Amant or by any one else who talks of secrets to all his friends. With your permission,

therefore, I will leave you. Denise dropped into her seat with a sob. That Andre of all men should discover her here was anguish. Nor was it only that his discovery might mean the frustration of the schemes that

were being so careruny pranarou, a was the cruel humiliation of herself against which all the womanhood in her cried out. If he had reproached ber, accused her, denounced her, insu'ted her! No; he had only been cold as one who was indifferent or was ready to

believe any evil, Yet Andre was as unhappy as she, could she have but known it. Purely by Repainting done by first-class accident on his return from Paris had he stumbled on Denise in the dark, and torturing thoughts made him feel bitter and then reckless. Denise, his Denise! Surely there was nothing to live for now. Love was a mockery and a sham. Women were all alike, faithless, vain, frivolous, worthless. He would do the Pompadour's work without a twinge of conscience now, he would take what life had to offer of pleasure and revenge. Yes; he would revenge himself to the full on this perjured. intriguing, and immoral Court,

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