

The answer surprised and delighte

her. Yet, woman though she was, the

hind it, and in her determination t

win she now made a stupid mistake

would save you, Andre," she while

pered, "because-" she laid a lewelled

hand on his sleeve and dropped her

wyes slowly, "They will ruin you unless

but only for a moment

understand; se de L"

ABBWOTON SUPILE.

Why break with the past, the pres

"I cannot present the petition," he

"Very well," she shrugged her shoul

'Adjan!" he said, raising her fin-

oit!" Andre was saving to himsel

shall not ask you a second time. You

gors, but she snatched them back and

as his sours rang in the empty corri

was cast. Madamo de Pompadour was

his only friend now. Henceforward the

en whom he had loved, would be his

bitterest foes. And it was to that one

friend that he now turned. Yet, careful

Comtesse had followed him stealthily

had marked his entry by the secret

door, and returned to the Duke of Pont-

Madame de Pompadour was alone.

Andre related what had just passed

and Madame laughed. "Ah, my friend,"

she remarked gaily, "it will need more

than a petition to-day." She flung her-

self back into her chair; her wonder-

ful eyes ablaze with a magnificently

carnal consciousness of victorious

beauty and power. "And the Vicomte

de Nerac cannot go back now," she

added with a sudden gravity. "The

priests, the nobles, the officers might

forgive you, but a woman, a comtesse,

will neither forget nor forgive, never,

"Yes. Madame," Andre said, "I am

Madame de Pompadour moved swift-

The perfect music of her voice, the

ly towards him. "And I in yours," she

grace of her figure, the flash in her

eyes, were irresistible. Compared with

royal love, even Gabrielle des Forges

"I have more to say," Andre pro-

ceeded, "I verily believe I am on the

track of 'No. 101.'" She turned sharp-

ly, her breath came quickly, "Yvonne,"

useful. I have learned from her that

the English have a spy, an agent in

Paris, that he frequents 'The Cock

with the Spurs of Gold,' that he has a

paid servant at the palace. Before long

I mean to have that spy in fetters, and

"Good-good!" Madame clapped her

hands. "It is only what I suspected.

And the wench, Yvonne, is she in it?"

"She is a simple girl, Madame, and

I cannot say yet. But in another week

"Do not be in a hurry. It is pleasant

cajoling the truth from a wench,

treme caution, it is a matter of life and

death for you and me. I, too, have not

been idle. Listen. The King's secret

Andre looked at her sorely puzzled.

Madame invited him to sit beside her

on the settee. "What is that secret?"

she began. "Simply this: Behind the

ministers' backs, contrary indeed to

their despatches and their public state-

ments, His Majesty is intriguing with

the Jacobites and others too. More,

His Majesty both in Paris and else-

where spies on his own servants and

frequently thwarts them. The Cheva-

lier was his secretary and confidant.

But there will be no more Chevalier.

There will henceforth only be," she

sprung up with a dramatic gesture,

"But why," asked Andre slowly,

"God knows. It is his foible, his pas-

sion. But so long as he had secrets

Andre was beginning to understand.

"The King, in fact," he commented,

"says one thing to the English minis-

ters who desire peace and another to

the Jacobites; that may prove des-

perately dangerous if it is discovered."

cret is master of His Majesty. Ah, my

friend, my foes are learning that al-

ready, but it will need some sharper

lessons before they submit. They shall

have those lessons, I promise you. I

have accepted the challenge of the

Court and we shall see what we shall

"Yes, Madame," Andre said with

Madame de Pompadour drifted into a

sincere admiration, "you will be what

you desire to be, the ruler of France."

silent reverie. The dreams could be

read in her parted lips and faint smile

as the soft light played on every sup-

ple curve which this woman's genius

knew how to suggest with such subtle

"But one person can destroy me,"

Andre was startled by the gravity of

her voice. "It is the truth," she was

she remarked presently; "No. 101."

"Exactly. And the master of his se-

"the Marquise de Pompadour."

"why does His Majesty do it?"

n'est-ce pas? We must act with ex-

then-" he laughed.

I shall know more."

is mine."

seemed a bloodless, heartless puppet.

'You have something to say?" she

chartrain with the news.

questioned eagerly.

in your hands."

whispered.

der, "e'est la guerre! Soit!" The die

Comtesse falled to read what lay

and noish what I have begun," he all sest me my' life, perhaps, but," his was sava gely reckless, "revenge

res woman put her hand on his arm on effection ate entreaty, "Why not, as seved, "why not give it all up? It is Dangerous? Of course, But it is too

and back, and I will keep my ; cent, and the future? Andre hesitated, ares the word, "if I perish to more me" He part his hand quietly on her auder and looked into her eyes gerered with a cruel little laugh

"hea't! don't." the Chevaller whis mall matter for me? but you you o saybes F It for you." "it is fain," she said very quietly,

with his arm about her she stood size for no small white. They were | Court, his friends, his class, the wom un thinking their own thoughts, and by wire not pleasant. 'Are you quite sure he loves her?" te Ch byaller asked.

Islall know for certain before

nuw flays," she answered, "although worn feels sure now." they parted, as they had met, withstreeting, but had the Chevalier folwell her he would have seen that the work went in the direction of "The took with the Spurs of Gold." It was withly because he already knew this

to the returned to the palace. Il this time Denise had sat crushand sad, alone in the antechamber. Withid she know that Andre had stood h some minutes in the doorway lookmat her, had twice stepped forward wheak, had twice restrained himself, mally had left her to her tears

of her silence. But the one person whom he did not istre to meet found him out by acciest at that moment.

"Mounte," the Comtesse des Forges alled softly, "will you do me a favor?" andre smiled with skillful hypocrisy. The Comtesse was looking her best, at her heavy-lidded eyes were bright th admiration and an exquisite sugston of self-surrender. "A favor," its repeated, "which is also a secret. Im will promise not to betray me."

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ladre took her hand to his lips for muer. The jewel on the lady's breast patly rose and fell, echoing tenderly becoy trembling of her fingers. It was at the first time these two had played in passion, heedless of the future, andre swiftly recognized that this sming it would not be play, pastime, We have a petition to the King,"

to Comtesse said in her silkiest tones, section from the Court praying Is Majesty to dismiss that woman, We want you to present it. His heaty will listen to you more than

infre still held her hand; the de-Mon in his face was intended to conal his thoughts. For the crisis that a feered had come. This petition to a King from the Court was also an matum to himself from his friends. It will be useless," he said gently, Mo-no: You can succeed with the

You! Andre," she pleaded with me. You know I can be grateomnot," he replied, controlling "not even to please you, Ga-

You will not desert your friends me-me?" she asked, a menace

into her languorous voice. the, it is impossible, surely impos-I cannot present the petition," he

edousy, fear, anger, swept the pasout of her eyes. "You are afraid?" Tes, I am afraid," he assented, and the Comtesse had not lost her selfand the must have detected the deliin his grave bow. she stepped back. "Ah! If

had asked you, you would have from me I was in constant peril. To-day I have learned all that there is to No," he corrected with a freezing know; and now," she paused, "and "I would not permit the Marnow, please Heaven, the King will be de Beau Sejour even to make the in my hands alone."

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speaking now with nervous rapidity. "If, which God forbid, the King's secret intrigues are betrayed by treach-'ery, to save his honor and himself he will, must, find a victim. That victim will be I. Yes, yes, I know the game is dangerous, but play it I must because the King insists. Vicomte, 'No. 101," mest never, never succeed in securing any of the King's secrets as has happened in the past." "Surely, Madame, you and I can pre-

vent that" "Can we? Can we? Vicomte, I am not a coward nor a fool, but I feel in the poisonous air of this Court, surrounded by deadly enemies, my fate at the mercy of the King's caprice, that I am fighting not with fiesh and blood but with a foe mysterious, superhuman, invincible. And I repeat, should the King's secret be betrayed by 'No. 101' to my enemies I am ruined." "I am confident," Andre answered.

"that not only can I baffle that traitor but that I can discover him." Madame de Pompadour studied his calm, handsome face. Then the room seemed suddenly to swim in the giories of a golden dawn. "My friend," she cried, holding out both her hands impulsively, "I believe you. Did not Fontenoy teach me you are a man?" "And it taught me-" he began soft-

"Hush!" she rippled over into an adorable coquetry. "You are not the King yet, not yet, though-" it was the vivandiere of Fontenoy whose saucy eyes and curtsey finished the sentence. "When you are victorious, Madame," Andre said, "I shall ask for one favor." "Tut! only one! Dare I grant it be-

She was now the refined Marquise of a remorselessly critical Versailles "You can take your revenge on the Court, Madame, as you please, but must spare," she put down her fan ar waited anxiously, "the Marquise Beau Sciour."

There was stienes for a minute woman, a haughty, petter beauty," she murmured, "and my terest foe, Are you aware that demoisable Denise is the soul of party that would destroy me, the ele friend of the Chevaller de St. Amar and no friend to you.'

"You, I know it all." Madamo de Pompadour came clos to him. "She is not worthy of you," she said quietly, "she does not love you." "Madame, I love her."

"And if I refuse to forego my jusvengeance on her?" she awaited his an swer with anxiety wreathed in temp ng smiles.

"I will share her fate if she will per mit it," he answered simply. "Chivairous fool!" she retorted, an she was not wholly jesting. "No woman is worth the sacrifice of such a man as you." "Pardon, Madame, Every man who

loves a woman perhaps is a fool, but the folly is a folly inspired by God and it leads to heaven." The answer surprised her and for the moment she faltered between tears

and laughter. "I will not ask again, Andre said in a low voice, "for I trust you, Marquise. Adleu!" She hardly heeded his salute, and Andre was already in the dark on the secret stairs when he felt a sharp

touch on his shoulder, "Be loval to me, too!" she whispered pleadingly into his ear. "Give me your hand and she laid it on her breast. In the darkful hush Andre could feel the fierce beating of that insurgent, ambitious

"Swear," she whispered. "Swear with your hand there that you will be loyal also to me, to Antoinette de Pompadour." "I swear." Two words, but two words between a man and a woman

can sweep a soul into hell or lift it to this radiant, triumphant goddess of a heaven. "The heart of the Pompadour," she murmured. "Can any man or woman read it? Can she read it herself? God

knows. Take care, take care of your self, my friend," she added with a sud den wistful pathos. "You alone I can she added, "Yvonne is proving very trust. Adieu!" "The heart of the Pompadour." An

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When I think of his suffering, it nearly
breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down-stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. had no ambition to work, to eat, nor

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of whose heart have shaped the des-

CHAPTER XIX. successful treachery summed up in the and to chaff a man at the next table. whom nothing discreditable could be familiarly on the shoulder. She lookferreted out. And he had utterly failed ed up, started unmistakably, and Anplicity. She related things she had seen! a piece of paper into her basket or heard which to Andre with his flowers. Unnoticed by both, the paper knowledge of the facts were damning fell on the dirty sanded floor among ly conclusive, but that she was aware the refuse, and in a trice Andre had of this was contradicted at every turn | his foot on it. by her speech, her gestures, her amazing innocence. In vain had he laid pit | sledge hammer. He had caught rewarded his cunningest or his most of Gold," Ah! the memories rushed in artless efforts. The girl had passed or on him. Yes; he remembered now, of who was only a peasant wench. Yet glare of the flaming charcoal-burner's every fallure only deepened the feel | cabin and in London at a supper party. ing that Yvonne was not merely It was the face of George Onslow, an Yvonne of the Spotless Ankles; proof he had none; proof indeed pointed to | taken. Onslow was the English apy in the very reverse. Andre had nothing Paris. Onslow at Fontency had come but a vague, indefinable, apparently ir. | to receive the plans from "No. 101. ced he was being beaten, tricked by s woman; she held, if he were right, the keys which would unlock the mystery and she was simply playing with him, no doubt for her own ends; she was probably betraying him daily to her accurace alites. Worse still, because it was ridiculous as he felt if, there was an inexpiteable charm in this girl which threatened to master him. Despite Denise and Madame de Pompadour and the Comtesse des Forges and per, but by the time he had reached Curtain Stretchers half a dozen other refined and attractive women at the Court to inspire love | too, had vanished! And Andre was only and gratify passion, he, Andre de Nerac, a Cordon Bleu, a Croix de St. following him out. Ah, that was their Louis, a noble of the Maison du Roi, game, was it? Calling for another bot. Washing Machines was in danger of falling a victim to an | the of wine, he went back to the table unkempt peasant with a smudged face, and immediately the pair returned to Yvonne told him things eminently use | their seat, That was conclusive, They ful. Yvonne baffled him, but these were | were there to watch him, but why? not the only reasons why daily he went | Clearly because the Court desired to | Alabastine to see her. And he had discovered this know of all his movements. The consehumiliating fact by trying to answer a | quences of his refusal to the Comtesse torturing question. If he could des Forges were in fact beginning. prove Yvonne to be a traitor or Andre smiled grimly, stretched out his the ally of traitors, was he ready legs and examined the precious slips Glazed Sewer Pipe to hand her over to the awful of paper. At once his heart pounded mercies of the King's justice? the more fiercely. The scarp had no And if not, why not? Supposing he writing on it at all; all that he could could show that she was the woman | see was a curious symbol, two crossed who had foiled him in the charcoal- daggers and the figures "101" in red burner's gabin at Fontanov what ink-no, blood! There was no mistakthen? And his heart revolted in its an- ing it-blood. The mysterious traitor's

not; I cannot leave Denise to the ven- teeth. Why, oh, why had he allowed geance of Madame de Pompadour, be- that girl to escape him? cause I love her; I cannot give Yvonne and wheel, because"-and then he alcourage even in the most intimate

the answer. more than ever now. His own fate and Madame de Pompadour's hung on success. The war was drawing to an end; the negotiations for peace were beginning. If the King's secrets were betrayed as in the past Madame would be disgraced. Andre had deliberately broken with his friends and his order. Their implacable lust for vengeance on the mistress would require his punishment too. The issue was as clear as daylight, Either he must crush them or they would crush him. And succeed he must, because success alone meant

safety, honor, and the love of Denise. And so, after leaving Madame de Pompadour, Andre went as usual straight to Yvonne, whom he found in the stalls feeding the spotted cow. "The Englishman," she informed him, "has been here, Monseigneur. He spoke with a gentleman from the Court. I will meet at a tavern in Paris; they Crows."

Andre took the lantern from her and let the light fall on her stained face. "And this tavern, where is it?" he demanded.

Yvonne met his gaze with the calm ness of innocent ignorance, "Monseigneur, I do not know. I have never been in Paris."

"You will swear you heard it as you "Surely. They said the name twice." "And the gentleman from the Court?"

"His cloak was over his face, but I think-I am certain-it was Monsieur the Chevalier." Andre had heard enough. His blood was tingling with passion and excitement. "You have done me a great ser-

vice, Yvonne," he cried. Yvonne very modestly disengaged the arm which for the first time he had slipped about her supple waist, "Monseigneur must not kiss me," she whispered, humbly. "I cannot betray my lover even to you, sir." Andre started as if he had been de-

Yvonne?" he exclaimed. The girl threw back her shock of matted hair and laughed. "Many lovers," she said, looking down at her clumsy sabots, "but only one dares to kiss me. "Would it be wrong?" she in-"One doctor told me that my son's | quired thoughtfully, "for me to let Monseigneur kiss me, too?"

of passion. "Then Monseigneur will do as he pleases,' 'she answered quietly. "I am had used the first box of Ointment there | his servant and," she laughed, "a peaswas a great improvement, and by the ant girl would remember the kiss of a grand gentleman who has surely kissed many great ladies."

"No," said Andre, still in the grip

There was no satire in her voice, and as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Stein- | the rogulsh gleam in her eyes was man, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, simply bright with an innocent vanity, yet the words fell like ice-cold water | Very small and as casy on molten steel.

"Damn her!" was Andre's savage comment as he galloped back to the Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills in antiseptic cleansing, thus affording pure sweet and according to the sweet acco way lured him on and then administered a humiliating rebuke.

The tavern with the grim name of anæmia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervous- lay in the mouth of a slum on the south Price Purchy Vegetable. side of the river, and when Andre, Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & cloaked and disguised to the best of Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Sir Malled Free, How to Cure Skin Humors.

Dis Dower, entered its dark parlor he

are muttiren as he style back to the recognized that the police were not Queen's apartments. "The heart of wrong in telling him it was partly a the Pompadour." What, indeed, was gaming hell, partly the haunt of the sethere not written there of passion and lect of the scum, male and female, of ambition? Only a woman's heart. Yes. | Paris, the rendezvous for the low but one of the half-dozen women, in amours of bullies, sharpers, and broken the history of the world, the beatings gentry, and the women who were their victims or their tools. He felt that the tinies of peoples and moulded the fate | half-dozen occupants of the room eyed his swaggering entry with the keenest interest, but it was not his first introduction to such resorts, and a soldier of half a dozen campaigns and a Andre had understated the truth to swordsman of his quality knew no fear. Madame de Pompadour when he said! Nor was the wine so bad, and the that he had learned much from Yvonne. | flower girl who impudently took a seat Bit by bit her simple confessions had at once at his table, though he could convinced him that "The Cock with scarcely see her face in the gloom, the Spurs of Gold". played an import. promised some pleasant fun, when she ant part in the inscrutable mystery of had ceased to turn her back on him

bloodstained cipher of "No. 101." Nothing in particular, however, hap-Yvonne indeed sorely puzzled him. She pened until a figure heavily cloaked was only a hired wench at this hostelry | rose from the further corner, and as kept by a man and his wife against he passed the flower girl tapped her to break down the barriers of her sim- | dre noticed the man had tried to slip

He felt his heart beating like fall after pitfall to catch her tripping. glimpse of the man's face-the same Not one syllable, one flutter of an eye! face that had puzzled him behind the lid, one blush, one faltering tone, had | trees near "The Cock with the Spurs deal just as a peasant wench should course, he had seen that face in the Englishman, Yvonna had not been mis were servants, trusted servants, of the Duke of Pontchartrain and the Comte they doing here? By accident, or to meet some weach of the town, or as

George Onslow had meanwhile disappeared. The flower girl, too, humming a catch, was slipping away. Anconscious that the two servants were swer against his reason: "No, I can- sign, pass, or counterword. He set his

An hour passed. Nothing happened. to the rack, the executioner's whip and Andre goaded by a feverish curiosity which he could not satisfy, and ways stopped, because he had not the feeling only that he had been baffled again, planned how to leave. Pausing sanctuary of his conscience to finish | to be sure that the two servants were ready as before to follow him, But discover the mystery he must flung himself round the corner into the darkness and up the first alley and down the next, reckless of stabs in the back, until he was able to crouch in tne nrst convenient doorway. He had thrown his spies off, that was something, and just as he was wondering what to do next a cloaked figure brushed past him. The Chevalier de St. Amant, as he lived! He grabbed at the cloak in vicious rage. The Chevalier at least should not escape him.

"Don't be so rude, Vicomte," laughed a woman's voice. "I won't vanish up

Andre, in sheer astonishment, staggered against the door, glaring all the time into the darkness. "You will be wise to follow me," she continued, "and

In two minutes the pair were standing in a small and empty back room of gons kept in stock. only know that to-morrow night they | the tavern Andre had just left, The woman threw back her hood, revealing called it 'The Gallows and the Three | the trim figure and saucy face of the impudent flower girl, who was no other than his long-lost acquaintance, the workmen, at crystal-gazer.

"You will present," she said mock-ingly, "my humble duties to Madame la CHRIS. "You will present," she said mock-Marquise de Pompadour---" Andre had recovered his bewilderment. "What is the meaning of that?" he demanded, brusquely, thrusting the slip of paper into her hands.

"I don't know," she retorted coolly, and then tore the slip into a dozen pieces, "and I do not care to know." Andre was so startled by the studied

(To be Continued)

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