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and save me and I have lost him opening. Dukes, ministers, nobles, lack-AN ever."

the waved the question on one side. the Swiss Guards stemmed the surg a is a plot," she cried passionately, ing tide. Ha! the King's physician a plot of my enemies. They tried to Dead silence. That can one woman do against the France will, we trust, be shortly remuch whose bishops keep mistresses stored to perfect health." lure Versailles free. Do you save yourthe me up, go back to the Court, now that, and dare to insult me." No Madame, I will not give you up." train."

mint flush in that haggard face wid have inspired a man under senmes of death to hope and joy "And I will save you yet, Marquise." the looked at him, fixedly. "Vicomz"she moaned, with an exceeding bitwery, "save me. Yes, save me, I im-

"Poor, mad fool!" But the sudden.

Her helplessness and her misery, in who twenty-four hours ago had men the Queen of Love to the Sovean of France, did not appeal in vain. The King may recover," he said. baot fly yet. If in twelve hours I do streturn you will never see me again. hm, but not till then, for God's sake we yourself, Madame." Too have a clue-know something?"

We strove to keep him, but he bowtimself resolutely out, and he knew a had flying herself back into that hir in front of the fire to watch her es and her ambitions flicker out the dying flames in the remorsemarch of the hours. This time he boldly left by the pub-

"velve hours! Twelve hours! he had das, so in formation. He had spoken the infatuation of sheer pity; h! he had nothing but a fierce and gless l'esolve.

"ladre," crulled softly a voice he wonly too well. Denise was standin the empty gallery, and in her athere was something of the hunted air and fe ar Madame de Pompaa had read in his. "Andre, you have to see her ?"

the is ruine id." She paused. "And will ruin you too. Let me save

No," he said!, very quietly, "you not." Denise looked at him, tremb-You can only save me if I now at to go on my linees to my foes. To I would glactly do it, for I have aged you, and I love you, but to m never! never!" a head bowed in appealing si-

The Marquise de Pompadour," he a himself up, "the Marquise honorwe with her friendship when she lowerful. Now that she is fallen In misery I will not be such a das-

as to save myself by helping to e ser. No, I will not!" log are mad," she cried incoher-7. But his chivalry fired her heart. nust do as you think right, se," he said gently, "and so must I struel for me-how cruel-no, I

not speak." He broke off and reto the Oeil de Boeuf. he crowd was denser than ever.

deur le Dauphin had just passed The finest

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miness 1 am gone from this palace through the heated, suffocating room and was now in the royal bed-chamber. shall sleep in a cell at Vincen- Suddenly the subdued babel of tongues Courage, pshaw! The King alone ceased as if by magic. The doors were

eys pushed and fought to get to the

front. The King was dead! Resolutely

ander you and they failed. Now this "Nobles of the realm, and gentlethis is their last device. They have men," cried the physician, "I am happy wismed the King, that his sick body to say that the sacred person of His the will torture his soul till they have roar as of inarticulate wild beasts rose Hentened him into dismissing me. and fell. "With God's help the King of

the King does? Nothing, nothing, I The doors were closed again. The m rained. I fly from here that I may Comte de Mont Rouge wiped his brow. "It is now or never," he whispered of I can protect you no longer. savagely to the Duke of Pontchartrain. "Yes, now or never," smiled the maple on the unfortunate-it is not Duke, "for I prefer the society of the to late for you. Even my wenches ladies of Versailles and Paris to that of the drabs and bigots of Pontchar-

CHAPTER XXV.

The excitement was rather increased than diminished by the report of the King's recovery. Indeed, throughout, men's and women's thoughts were absorbed far more feverishly with the fortunes of Madame de Pomdadour than with those of Louis himself. A palace revolution was what was desired, vengeance on the woman who had threatened to become dictator, a happy return to the old order; and the King's illness was only important as the traordinary miracle which would accomplish what was so passionately prayed for. The noble gentlemen and ladies spent the next hour in agitating suspense. And when it was reported that the King had rallied so marvellously as to be out of bed, to eat and to ed exclamation, a snuff-box dropped. nise, pale and calm, accepting her vic- in the most mysterious and irritating talk, the high hopes sank. Another showed in the dead silence the emotion tory as the inevitable will of fate. "My way she reminded him of some one. miracle had supervened to undo the this news had produced. "I am orderwork of the first.

"A fig for miracles," said Pontchartrain. "Voltaire and the philosophers are right; they are either stupid, useless, or meaningless. We can get on so much better without them."

The "saints" of the circle in the Queen's ante-chamber were mexpressfoly shocked. And they sighed at the inscrutable and irritating way in which things in this world were ordered by

Providence. "Your theology, my dear Duke," savours of bourgeois vulgarity and ignorance. Heaven will only help those who help themselves. That woman must be ruined before the King is well enough to become insane again. If we can only drive her from the palace to-

day she will never return." "And," Mont Rouge added significantly, "there is a pleasant pit into which we can drive her. The fall will break her charming neck." He began to explain very earnestly his scheme, which was listened to with the most eager attention.

"We have her," he wound up, triumphantly. "I shall not spend the winter at Mont Rouge."

The next news was very inspiriting. The King, on the advice of his physicians, was to leave Versailles for Rambouillet, where change of air and, presently, some of his favorite hunting would completely restore his hearth. He was to leave that afternoon, accompanied only by his confessor, his physician, and half a dozen servants.

"Poor fellow," commented Pentchartrain, "how bored he will be. I suppose they left out his wife because there are limits to what husbands can endure. ou agree, ma mignonne?" He kissed his Duchess's hands.

"Yes, because there are no limits, mon cher," she retorted, "to what wives must endure."

"Ah, we shall make you a vulgar and ignorant philosopher yet, chere amie And, as His Majesty said to the gri sette, yours is an education which promises me infinite amusement."

But the best part of the new informa tion had still to come. Madame de Pompadour had tried again to see the King, but His Majesty had listened to his confessor's warning and refused. The doctors, too, had forbidden any such interviews. The King must on no account be excited or annoyed. Physicians and priests alike had their cue from the ministers; and the King, subject all his life to fits of gloomy remorse and superstition, was again ready, after his illness, to listen to the solemn remonstrances from the Church on his evil life. Nor did the Court know that the memory of the apparition, which had been the cause of his collapse, had played its part in strengthening his determination to free himself of Madame de Pompadour. "She, too, must leave Versailles," St.

words urged, munt house has shown | Nerac until His Majesty is pleased to the Queen of Love, unconquerable, imthe King returns from Rambouillet he | plotted my ruin. You have achieved | dre said. must find her fled and then-" He and | it." they all smiled. As soon as the King could bear exciting news there would be exciting news for him with a ven-

Denise had so far listened in silence. She now made a suggestion, "Can we not frighten her away?" she said. "If she could be persuaded her life is danger, once the King has left the palace, she will go of her own accord. I am quite ready to see her and tell her

For Denise was still haunted by the desire, through some act of self-sacri fice,-and to visit Madame de Pompa dour would be a painful humiliation,to atone for what her conscience call ed treachery in the past to the cause And if only the Pompadour would leave, Andre would be really free from her baleful influence and even now

might be saved against himself. "It is not necessary, Mademoiselle," the Chevalier said. "I have just come from Madame's salon." The company that had welcomed his noiseless entry waited breathlessly. "I think I have convinced her she had better leave Versailles this very afternoon."

Denise joined heartily in the sigh of relief. But the Chevalier's next sentence was disquieting. "The Vicomte de Nerac," he said, "is now in au dience with the King."

What did that mean? Had the King sent for him? He was strong enough to see him? Had the doctors permitted it? Were the ministers and the confessor to be present? The Chevaller could not answer these questions. But almost tragic, gravity he could vouch for the fact, as the Vicomite had himself told him half an hour ago of the royal summons. "More than ever the grisette must

leave," the Abbe de St. Victor pronounced. "Else the Vicomte will be her agent and effect a reconciliation." Mont Rouge and the Duke de Pontchartrain were holding an earnest conversation in whispers with the Cheva- away. lier. What the Chevalier said clearly gave them great satisfaction, and Mont Rouge studied with ill-concealed joy a paper which looked like a plan that the Chevalier had produced.

"The time has come for the dice." Mont Rouge said decisively. With the help of the Duke he cleared a table and laid out on it four dice-boxes. "The ladies will throw as well as the gentlemen?" asked the Comtesse des Forges. She was looking meaningly at Mont Rouge.

"It is hardly necessary," the Duke said carelessly. "But if one lady be my fall into the hands of the priests, Majesty is no longer in danger." A dull good enough to take her chance then all must. What do you say, ladies?" "I am always unlucky," remarked the Duchess, "so I will take my

"And you, Marquise?" the Duke turned deferentially to Denise. Mont Rouge took up one of the dice-boxes and began to rattle it noisily. Had his courage not been beyond reproach, a close observer might have thought he was at that moment very nervous. The Comtesse des Forges was yawning at her beautiful face in the mirror.

was seen standing on the threshold. A lier. cold air seemed at once to blow over the room. No one offered a word of greeting, and the conversation proceeded just as if a lackey had entered. The Chevalier, indeed, went so far as to bow haughtily and to leave the room with the air of a man who found sion. Denise alone marked how pale Andre was and how his dark eyes burned. A choking sensation, as if her heart had ceased to beat, mastered

"I am sure," Andre said very slowly and distinctly. "It will interest you la- ed, looking into her eyes, and he added have ceased to be Captain of the have lost, but I have won." Queen's Guards, by His Majesty's comed," Andre continued "to retire to

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us now we can complete the victory | change his mind. My congratulations, | mortal. "I can do it and I will." Ofice we have driven her out. When ladies and gentlemen. You desired and

> The curtain dropped. "And you, Marquise?" repeated the Duke imperturbably, holding out a dice-box to Denise as if nothing had interrupted the

Denise saw all the flushed faces, the joy, the banished fears. Too late! Too ate! She could not save Andre. No. but perhaps she could still punish the

chance," she answered. officer in the Chevau-legers de la Gar- Bastile, not Versailles. de, a Croix de St. Louis, and a Cordon Bleu. Though he knew that fate had at last smitten him down, the bitterest thought in his mind was that in a few hours Madame de Pompadour would be flying, too, from Versailles. The twelve hours would run out; she would never see him again.

"So it is Nerac after all?" Andre started. The Chevalier was at his elbow. "No," he answered. "It will "The best swordsman in France will,

to be sure, take a lot of killing." the young man retorted lightly. The flash in Andre's eye showed with what true sympathy the Chevalier had divined his meaning.

"Well, Vicomte, let us say adieu. We shall not meet again in Versailles, nor elsewhere, I fancy." Behind the tone of raillery peeped out a strange,

They shook hands in silence, had, fact, separated a few paces when the Chevaller added carelessly, "There's was a wench asking for you in the stables-Yvonne or some such namecouldn't make out what it was al about, but she seemed distressed at no getting word with you. Pardon my mentioning such a trifle." He hurried

Yvonne! Andre halted dead. Yvonne! Name of St. Denys, what did that mean? For a moment he wavered as if he hoped against hope that Denise might appear. Then his spurs rang out on the polished floor. He was hurrying to the stables.

The Chevalier went back to the ante

as he entered the room, "only two threw sixes, two ladies curiously strangely aided, by the acts of the un- Washing Machines enough, the Comtesse des Forges and known traitor; with "No. 101" it was the Marquise de Beau Sejour.' "How stupid," yawned the Comtesse "Must we throw again? Or, perhaps, he could not control, alike steeled him

Mademoiselle Denise will kindly withdraw and leave me victor?" "No, no," protested Mont Rouge, "the cast of the dice must be fairly played out; I insist. And the company un- the room of meeting and awaited with animously agreed with him.

"Oh, very well." The Comtesse shrugged her shoulders, "Comte, you shall Onslow, as he had guessed, and Andre throw for me this time." Mont Rouge took up one of the diceboxes which he had been fingering for

some minutes. "And will the Marquise permit me Before Denise could reply, Andre to throw for her," inquired the Cheva- must be made before life is over. The

Denise assented with a nod. But the suggestion did not seem to please the Comtesse. A gleam of vindictive malevolence lingered under her heavy lids, but a glance from Mont Rouge reassured her.

The Chevalier advanced and threw a Andre's presence an intolerable intru- four and a three. Mont Rouge, the company standing round and watching Venus at Versailles, a girl with the world of to-day. The school that provides eagerly, threw carelessly enough a two figure of Diana and that indefinable he best training along these lines is the

and a one. "Bungler!" cried the Comtesse, "you

mands." A rustle of skirts, a suppress- ly on her lips. Her gaze lingered on De- the stranger. And yet Andre felt that congratulations, Mademoisene," said in the silky tones with which almost laughed out loud. Of Yvonne! women preface the insult of a kiss to their most-feared rival

nise answered, "when I have done my | thing was certain Yvonne did not know

While the company were chattering by many pitfalls in the past and sl gaily the Chevalier carelessly and un- had simply showed boorish but naturnoticed took up the dice, first the four | al ignorance. Nor could it be the and the three he had thrown for De- crystal-gazer, for he remembered her nise and then the two and the English was not the English of the one thrown by Mont Rouge, which | salons. Once only did they drop into were still lying on the table. As French, and then Andre was more ed to Mont Rouge he smiled. He had trayed him at once; the girl, however, detected these two were loaded, yet revealed to a noble's sensitive ear the curiously enough he said nothing. In- | idiom and tone so much more difficult deed, the discovery seemed to give him to acquire than mere accent of the Faupositive pleasure, and he rallied the bourg St. Germain. Had the Comtesse Comtesse des Forges for a good half- heard that sentence she would hav hour, till her husband stammered with | said it might have been spoken by the

Just as the company were breaking up a sweating horse dashed into the stables of the palace Andre flung himself from the saddle. He had ridden from "The Cock with the Spurs of Gold" at a break-neck gallop and his spurs were red. He now hurried off to Madame de Pompadour's salon, bursting in from the secret staircase.

Madame gave him one look. "Begone! quick, hussy," she cried to the maid who was packing. The scared girl fled from the room. "Well?" Madame held out her arms

in awful suspense. "Is the secret despatch," Andre panted, "still in your keeping?" "Yes, yes, what of it?"

He sat down and wiped his face. Ah! thank God!" he muttered. Madame kneeled down beside him. What is it?" she asked, in a caressing voice, "does the King want it?" "The King has already left Versailles; he is now on his way to Rambouil-

A cry of despair was wrung from her. "Then I am indeed ruined," she moaned. "You have come to tell me so. Ah!" she sobbed, her head in her hands on his knees. "No," he raised her up. "I have come

to save you." She stared at him stupefied, incredu-

"Yes, Madame. You must leave Versaifles at once, but you must go to "You are mad or drunk." She pushed

him away angrily. "No-no." He almost forced her into a seat and began to talk rapidly and with intense conviction. Madame listened at first sullenly, then gradually became interested, then excited; the lights began to blaze in her eyes, the color rose in her cheeks. She interrupted sharply with questions. When Andre had finished she sat thinking. "By God! I will do it." She nad sprung to her feet. She was once again

"Leave the rest to me, Madame," An-

She put a hand to his shoulder. "And your reward?" She was wooing him unconsciously, as she wooed all men. "I will ask for it when I have suc-

"And you shall have it. I promise." An hour later the Palace heard with life she had not had time to take even woman who had seduced and ruined her jewels with her. Her household was to follow her as soon as possible. "Of course I will gladly take my In the Queen's antechamber the joy was inexpressible. A third miracle! a Andre was pacing down the gallery. | third miracle! The grisette had vanish-No one could have taken him for a ed. Ah! If she returned now to one of ruined man, for aught than a proud | the King's castles it would be to the

CHAPTER XXVI

What had Andre discovered? When he had reached the stables he could not find Yvonne, but at "The Cock with the Spurs of Gold." whither he hurried, he was not disappointed. And Yvonne had news to give him as thrilling as unexpected. The English spy she had learned was coming to the inn that very afternoon to meet strange woman, and the meeting was to be kept a solemn secret. Yvonne had felt sure Monseigneur ought to know, and had ventured as far as the Palace in search of him, Andre's heart leaped at the chance that fate, which is the greatest earthly boon, being unhad buffeted him so sorely, had now equaled as an appetizing cordial and reby a miracle put in his way. The spy could be no other than George Onslow, with whom he had crossed swords in the wood the night before Fontenoy; duing nervous excitability, irritability, and the woman? Would she be the flower girl of "The Gallows and the neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's Three Crows," the crystal-gazer, the mysterious "princess," whose dancing had first stirred his blood in London, the woman who had said she loved him? Or would it be some unfortunate caught like himself in the terrible toils of a mystery which bid fair to be the ruin of them all?

What did it matter? Andre was sure of one thing. Could he but hear what passed at that meeting he would be many steps nearer to the solution of the blood-stained riddle of "No. 101." Perhaps he could yet save Madame de Pompadour, yet win Denise, yet

of destiny was in this. With "No. 101" "Only two," Mont Rouge was saying, his life had as it were begun; at each stage he had been now thwarted, now clearly fated to end. Despair, insatiable curiosity, the blind impetus of forces

to make the attempt. Yvonne was easily persuaded; in deed, she had already schemed for it, and with her help he lay concealed in a beating pulse the arrival of the Glazed Sewer Pipe traitors. The spy proved to be George studied his able, sleuth-hound face, the dark eyes of slumbering passion, and the sensual lips, with the eery yet joyous shiver of one who feels that here is an opponent with whom reckoning woman, however, was unknown to him. She was certainly not the crystal-gazer. Nothing more unlike the black hair and dark eyebrows, the creamy skin, of that mysterious enchantress could be imagined. For this was a lady who to-day we should say had stepped straight from a pastel by Latour, or, as Andre thought, from the Salon de is essential to success in the business carriage and air which only centuries | SRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLECE of high birth and the company of such Yonge & McGi 1 sts., Toronto. Superior can bestow. Denise's grey eyes and ex- courses in all subjects. Students assisted "I did my best," Mont Rouge answer- quiske pose of head were not more to positions. Enter any tive. Write for characteristic of the quality that the catalogue. T. M. WATSON, Principal dies and gentlemen to know that I in a whisper, "my best for you. You noblesse of the ancien regime rightly claimed as their monopoly, than were The Comtesse put her hand warning- the blue eyes and innocent insolence of

she But of whom? Of whom? And then he They both talked in English as Eng-Hsh was talked in London, without a "I will accept them to-morrow," De- trace of a foreign accent. Now if one a word of English, for he had tried her put back the two and the puzzled than ever. Onslow spoke it ex- workmen, at into the box which belong- traordinarily well, yet his accent berage and Mont Rouge was sulky with | Duchesse de Pontchartrain. Strange, but true.

> Much of the conversation was quite unintelligible. There was a reconciliation to begin with, and Andre marvel-(To be Continued)

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