
THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

Eleanor laughed a little guiltily. "You know I adore mysteries, Monsieur, and I have also a love for the dramatic. I have betrayed you."

"Only to think!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, "it was you who saved our silver and perhaps our lives here in this very house two years ago. It was you who sent that insolent Prince of Moravia, who wasn't one at all, packing. You risked your life to find and bring our little Chrystal back to us, and you are *not* Mr. Jean Bayard, but the Marquis Raymond—I don't know how many names in between—de St. Hilaire. Why did you keep every one in ignorance of your real name?"

"The name 'Jean Bayard' belongs to me," he replied. "When I first came to this country I threw away all the others. I had made a vow; the de St. Hilaires have always kept their vows, no matter what they were, cost what it might cost; and so I kept mine. Jean Bayard is my name," he repeated with a slight accent of pride, "and he will become a citizen of your country," and he turned