

CALVERT OF STRATHORE

"You are come to tell me this?" says Calvert, slowly, still staring at her as though scarce able to believe his senses. "And where is Beaufort?"

"The King refused to let him go; he is with his Majesty," she says, breathlessly—"d'Angrémont is taken—'tis reported that the palace is to be attacked to-night. The King and Queen will not come—the King is afraid to attempt the escape, and the Queen will rely on no one save the allies—we implored them in vain to come but they refused—they have failed you—save yourselves!" She leaned heavily against the door.

"It is quite certain?—they will not come?" asked Calvert. Adrienne shook her head.

"Then wait—come in here," he said, drawing her into a little anteroom. He ran back up the stairs and burst into the room he had just left, with an imprecation.

"Their Majesties have flashed in the pan," he said to the gentlemen who crowded about him. "'Tis no use to wait longer. D'Angrémont is taken. You Monciel and Favernay, set out instantly to intercept Marbois's regiment and turn it back to Compiègne. You will go back with the troops and report to General de Lafayette what has happened. As for you, gentlemen," he says to the officers of the Guard, "not being needed here longer, you had best lead your men back with all speed to Paris to guard the palace. The attack is for to-night."

Almost before he had finished speaking the little company had vanished which it had taken su