

said there were only five in the world, that two were missing, and of the three accounted for he had one, the Sultan of Morocco the second, and the third he had seen on the arm of a lady whom he had met last night.

The Duke's dark face was suddenly drained of color, and his eyes looked so terrible that Cissy, in fear, half regretted what she had said. But it was too late to take back the words now.

"Please send for some writing paper" he said. I have my own stylographic pen. And I should be glad if you let one of your maids take down a letter presently to my chauffeur, who will deliver it."

It was Mademoiselle Renaud who carried out his instructions, for Cissy was on the verge of a breakdown. If only Guy had made some retort she would have felt better; but that he should not even comment upon her impulsive statement, was ominous.

The writing materials came, and a note was dashed off and given to a maid. Cissy did not even see the address, but she would have given all the heavy lengths of her beautiful gold hair to know exactly what was in it. She was not afraid of any revenge that the Duchess might take for her interference, but she feared that, by maladroitness, she might have bound Guy and Magda more firmly together, instead of separating them. Guy would hate her for her malicious jealousy—she deserved to be hated, she told herself—and when he married the Duchess he would have nothing more to do with her. She would die then; or even if she would not die, she would go back to the convent where she had been educated, and take the veil. Even that would be better

than marrying young Mr. Dick Paget.

Conversation languished after the sending of the note, and it was not even a pleasure to have the Duke remain, because Cissy was sure that he was only waiting until he should have received an answer. Fortunately for everyone the Mercedes was swift and ate up distance with a greedy appetite. Before Cissy would have thought it possible, an assistant of the janitor brought to the door of the flat a letter, which his Grace's chauffeur was said to have handed in.

With a conventional "Permit me," thrown in the direction of the ladies, the Duke broke open the envelope. It seemed to Cissy that his handsome face hardened as he read, but otherwise he gave no inkling of the letter's contents. Putting it, envelope and all, into his pocket, he rose to take his leave. He shook hands with Mademoiselle, and then turned to Cissy. "Let me advise you, my dear girl not to make to Dick Paget, or anyone else, such imprudent remarks as you have made to me," he said. "In fact, I forbid it."

"You need not take the trouble," retorted Cissy, with tears swimming in her grey eyes. "I would not think of speaking to anyone but you on the subject; and—and I only did it to you, because I didn't want you to be entrapped by a designing woman."

Guy laughed harshly, and, without touching the girl's hand or looking again in her direction, he went out, the door of the flat being obsequiously held open by the little maid who admired him above all earthly men.

"Hateful—hateful woman!" exclaimed Cissy. "He will not see her as she is. He will marry her, and then find her out, when it is too late."