

But Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien*, my lady, I fly," says he, and took up his hat and went out.

CHAPTER XXV

M. DE BEAUJEU LEAVES BY THE WINDOW.

M. DE BEAUJEU was honourably received by my lady and my lord Sunderland with an impressive display of agitation. My lord's face was livid. He palpitated. My lady flushed, and wide-eyed met Beaujeu at the door, and pushing it to in her negro's face: "You?" she cried. "You, and did you not get my note?"

"*Pardieu*, yes," Beaujeu admitted, smiling. "'Hide or fly.' *Bien*, I have flown—to you."

"You are mad," muttered Sunderland.

"On the contrary, I am most admirably sane," says Beaujeu, and sat down between the agitated pair.

"Have you forgot Sherborne?" cried my lady.

"I remember him in my prayers."

"He has had you spied upon——"

"I am aware of it," says Beaujeu blandly.

"Lud, have you a devil?" cried my lady aghast.

"My lady, I am a bachelor."

"Your admirable wit," says Sunderland, showing his teeth, "will have opportunity soon in hell."

"Let us practise our repartees, my lord."

"Oh, will you play the fool now?" cried my lady. "I tell you he has spied on you—he has found out your secret meetings with Wharton and the Whigs——"

"Not with the Sunderlands I do trust?" Beaujeu inquired, with an air of great anxiety.

My lady frowned. "He brought the news to my lord here first—my lord promised to carry it to the King——"

"Can I ever repay?" Beaujeu murmured.