

Maurice of Savaria. And as her memory halted she seemed to hear the jingle of bells.

Over and over again that day the same thoughts, the same questions and doubts swung monotonously through her mind, and always the sound of the bells was in her ears.

To-morrow. It was coming fast. This day that was hers was dying. Sunset had flung gorgeous colours across the western sky. They had faded and the moon was up, a crescent moon hanging over the garden. There would be many maids dreaming of love in Metzburg to-night. To-morrow —

Then Bertha came to interrupt her thoughts.

"Your Grace will not join the guests to-night?"

"No."

"Will you let me stay with you?"

"No, child, I —"

"I should like to stay," Bertha said.

"You would interrupt my dreams," the Duchess answered. "I cannot afford to let you do that. After to-night I must dream no more."

She went to the window.

"The garden is empty now," she said after a pause.

"I will go and dream there for a little while, to my favourite seat. No one will disturb me there."

Bertha went with her. No one met them. They saw no one except the sentry who stood by the door which opened on to the garden.

"You would not have me stay?" Bertha asked again.

"No. You may come to my room presently. I shall have finished my dreaming then."

The garden was very still to-night, and once again the thoughts and doubts, the questions and answers, re-