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AT that dread moment came the swish and roll of wheels through the archway, and in gladness and pride and hope Dick Stewart leapt from the car and ran with his good news up the terrace steps. "*Bonne! Bonne! M. de Grandemaison!*"

"He's in there, sir!" said the voice of some one hiding in the laurustinus bushes near the workshop window. "Better go in quick, bedod! They're fighting, he's got him down! If you hadn't said I wasn't to let the old gent see me, I——"

Stewart perceived a pointing hand, peered in, saw mischief, dashed a casement open, and rushed within. The next minute he appeared at the window again, and shouted to the chauffeur. "Fetch a doctor, Dupont!—no, fetch the Abbé first! Go like the devil, Dupont—the Abbé, and then a doctor!"

Dropping to his side beside the thing which had been the Comte, he tore the collar away, lifted the heavy head, and looked round for help; and as he looked round he saw that M. de Grandemaison had sunk into a chair, as if with feebleness, and was staring at the floor.

"Water, sir—bring some water! How did it happen? You were struggling with him, weren't you? You must have . . . I believe you have done for him; I do!"

"We hope we have." Slowly the words came, but savagely. "He accused our daughter . . . *our* daughter—Madame Royale! . . . The liar, the liar!—let him die!" But he had left his chair and was bringing water, which sparkled as Stewart held it to the foam-disfigured lips. The clenched teeth refused it entrance, it dropped and trickled down. "No matter," M. de Grandemaison