

Scharfenstein took his hand from the insensible man's heart. Pulsation was there, but weak and intermittent. "Sergeant, take ten men and clear the square. If they refuse to leave, kill! Madame is not yet queen by any means."

The men scattered. One soon returned with the brandy. Scharfenstein moistened the wounded man's lips and placed his palm under the nose. Shortly Maurice opened his eyes, his half-delirious eyes.

"To the palace!" he said, "to the palace—Ah!" He saw the faces staring down at him. He struggled. Instinctively they all stood back. What seemed incredible to them, he got to his knees, from his knees to his feet, and propped himself against a gate post. "Your life or mine!" he cried. "Come on; a man can die but once!" He lunged, and again they retreated. He laughed. "It was a good fight!" He reeled off toward the palace steps. They did not hinder him, but they followed, expecting each moment to see him fall. But he fell not. One by one he mounted the steps, steadying himself with the saber. He gained the landing, once more steadied himself, and vanished into the palace.

"He is out of his head!" cried Scharfenstein, rushing up the steps. "God knows what has happened!"

He was in time to see Maurice lurch into the arms of Captain von Mitter, who had barred the way to the private apartments.

"Carewe! . . . What has happened? God's