

THE TENTH OF AUGUST

est quarters of the city, reinforced by deputations from the provinces. The firing from without grew quicker and quicker; from within fainter and less frequent, as those devoted servants of the King were shot down, until finally there was silence within the palace and the scarlet of the Swiss could be seen scattered and fleeing in every direction as the armed and triumphant mob pushed its way forward. Looking into the mad whirlwind of faces, Calvert saw the great, disfigured head, the massive shoulders of Danton (but just come, on that fearful morning, to the fullness of his infamy and power), followed by Bertrand, battling his way beside his great leader.

"And 'twas for this I saved him!" said Calvert to himself. "Truly the ways and ends of Providence are inscrutable!"

He watched the terrible scene a long while, and then, seeing that he was powerless to aid those in the palace, he made his way back to the Legation with a beating heart. The great disappointment the night had brought, the failure of all those plans in which he had been so profoundly interested and for which he had hazarded so much, even the peril of the King and Queen, faded from before his mind as he thought of Adrienne and asked himself why she had risked her life to come to him. He saw her still galloping by his side, her face pale in the light of the full August moon, her dusky hair blown backward, the strange, inscrutable expression in her eyes.

She was not with the rest of the little company when Calvert once more entered the Legation. He