

and Beaujeu, who intended that his King should be grateful, smiled also.

Through the night, over the heaving dark water, a barge gay with bright colour and gilded carving came to the Palace stairs. Across the courtyard came a little company all muffled from knee to chin. In the midst was the King, hurrying in quick short steps with downcast head. The two tall gentlemen, watching curiously, lifted their hats as he passed. But he saw nothing, and stumbled down the steps, and catching at the outstretched hands was dragged into the barge. His servants sprang aboard. Slowly the great hull swung out on the ebb-tide and vanished into the dark.

M. de Beaujeu was back again in a foul little room, saw again a yellow haggard face—then the yells of a crowd rang again in his ears. In a moment my lord Halifax turned to him smiling: "Is revenge sweet?" Halifax asked.

And M. de Beaujeu smiled back.

*(To be continued)*