

## Illustrations

"ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME GO AND MAKE MY FORTUNE?—OUR FORTUNE?" . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"MADAME DE PASTOURELLES SAT AS STILL AS SHE COULD, HER THIN, NUMBED FINGERS LIGHTLY CROSSED ON HER LAP" . . . . .	<i>Facing p. 118</i>
"WITH DRY, REDDENED EYES, SHE STARED AT THE PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN WHO MUST HAVE STOLEN JOHN FROM HER" . . . . .	" 178
"'BY JOVE!' HE SAID, PRESENTLY. 'BY JOVE!— THAT 'LL DO'" . . . . .	" 356