

## CALVERT OF STRATHORE

"And who will tell these gentlemen waiting at Courbevoie, and the regiments advancing from Compiègne at the risk of their lives, of this sudden change in your Majesties' plans? Should Monsieur d'Angrémont be induced to divulge their names they will inevitably be lost—their only hope is in immediate flight," says Adrienne, looking from the King, sunk in resigned silence, to the frantic, hapless Queen, and back again.

"Who but myself, Madame?" said Beaufort, advancing. "And if your Majesties are fully determined to go no further in this business, I will ask leave to withdraw and set out for Courbevoie at once. Every moment is precious, and an hour's delay may mean the loss of many lives."

"No, no, Beaufort, I cannot let you go," cried the King, starting up. "Nom de Dieu, I forbid you!—d'Angrémont is taken from me—there is no one in whom I can confide or trust—we must send another," he went on, incoherently, and raising his hand as if to check Beaufort's departure.

For an instant the Queen swept him a glance of disdain. 'Twas not timidity that made her falter. She could not understand the physical weakness of the King; with her the abandonment of the great undertaking was a matter of expediency, not of fear, and she deserted her friends as relentlessly from interest as he did from cowardice.

"There is no one, your Majesty—no one whom we can send. 'Tis too late to trust others with this great secret——"