

me dupe, dolt, fool! Me — your liege lord! What name do you give to the spirit behind such words, woman?"

There was silence.

"What do you call it, Henri?"

The completely mystified man could only move uneasily in his seat.

"Well, I'll tell you what I call it," said the count, in a low, intense voice, "I call it *courage*. Yes, courage!" he cried aloud, with sparkling eyes. "The same courage that makes a man, a soldier, a true and loyal knight! Woman, you have been the true defender of your mistress. You have proven yourself worthy to bring forth knights for God and the king."

He struck the damsel's neck lightly with the flat of his blade. She raised her head and cried out with the pain of joy.

"Rise, Lady of Ravelle!" exclaimed the count, solemnly. "Be worthy of the order of knight-hood, to which I admit you. You and your children are henceforth and for ever noble."

As the damsel rose, Yvonne leaped to her feet, and, seeing the newly made Lady of Ravelle in her arms, kissed her again and again.

THE END.