

"I love you," he said. "Will you not confess to me as you confessed to Bergolet?"

"Maurice, I —"

Through the silence of the night came a sharp word of command, the relief of the Guard on the terrace without. It startled them, so suddenly did it break into the little world which was all their own. Marching feet receded, and then came a voice, singing, a trooper off duty, going down the steep road which led from the castle; not a loud song, but the words came clearly on the still air:

"Maids will deceive, 'tis their fashion we know,
We're not the men to believe them I trow;
Maid's kiss for fool, but for man who is wise
That kiss is best which in the wine cup lies:
Then drink, deeply drink
If your heart —"

The song trailed away into silence as the trooper went further along the road.

"Maurice! It isn't true, is it?"

For one moment she was looking into his eyes, holding herself away from him; then she was just a woman in the arms of the man she loved.

"It isn't true, that song," she said, "it isn't true."

THE END