

Baron, how determined I am that my people should not be disappointed."

"Your Grace, there is one of these princes —"

"Who will have ridden far from Metzburg before St. Winifried's Day," she answered quickly. "That is well, I think. And after the feast, Baron, we will answer this letter from the Elector. He presumes too far, but our letter shall surprise him a little. Now, I would rest, Baron, before I present myself to my guests to-night."

Kevenfelt turned to the door, even more troubled than when he had entered the room. She stopped him before he reached it.

"Baron, I do not wish the princes to know there has been another suitor. You will not mention that Maurice of Savaria has been to Metzburg."

And that night the Duchess took her place among her guests. Perhaps Bertha alone guessed that there were tears behind her laughter, and even Bertha could not hear the musical clash of silver bells which rang from time to time in the ears of her mistress. Once, the Duchess half turned round before she realized that the sound was only her fancy, before she remembered that the jester was not there. It was strange to know that Bergolet would never again stand behind her chair.