## "Mademoiselle"

"Mr. Molyneux, I desire to hear nothing from your companion. Had I not seen you at cards with him $I$ should have supposed him in iffer, sir ${ }^{\text {P }}$
"Mademoiselle, I could not tell you on that night" You may inform your high born friend, Mr. Molyneux, that I heard everything he had to say; that my
of listening to his high born confession !"
"Ah, it is gentle to taunt one with his birth, mademoiselle? Ah, no! There is a man in my country who say
"You may inform your friend, Mr. Molyneux, that he had a chance to defend himself against accusation; that he said all"-
"That I did say all I could have strength to say. Mademoiselle, you did not see-as it was right-that $I$ had been stung by a big wasp. It was nothing, a scratch; but, mademoiselle, the sky went round and the moon dance' on the earth. I could not wish that big wasp to see he had stung me; so I mus' only say what I can have strength for, and stan' straight till he is gone. Beside', there are other rizzons. Ah, you mus' belief! My Molyneux I sen' for, and tell him all, because he show courtesy to the yo'ng Frenchman, and I can trus' him. I hing, excep' jus' because-well, for the romance, the fon belief? It is so clearly so. You do belief, mademoiselle ?"
She did not even look at him. M. Beaucaire lifted his hand aptimidly, and paused. She was silent, a statue, my Lady Disdain.
"If you had not belief" me to be an impostor; if I had never sai I was Chateaurien; if I had been jus' that M. Beaucaire of the story they tol' you, but never with the heart of a lackey, an hones' man, a trying to speak firmly, yet as he gazed upon her splendid beauty he choked slightly and fumbled in the lace at his throat with unsteady fingers. "Would you-have let me ride by your side in the autumn moonlight?" Her glance passed by him as it might have passed by a footman or a piece of furniture. He was dressed magnificently, a multitude of orders glittering on his breast. Her eye took no knowl dge of him.
Mademoiselle, I have the honor to ask you: if you had known this Beancaire was hones', though of peasant birth, would you"-
Involuntarily, controlled as her icy presence was, she shuddered. There was a moment of silence.
"Mr. Molyneux," said Lady Mary, "in spite of your discourtesy in allowing a servant to address me, I offer you a last chance to leave this room undisgraced. Will you give me your arm?"

Beaucaire dropped into a chair with his head bent low and his arm outstretched on the table. His eyes filled slowly in spite of him "An, live me re jus',

## CHAPTER VI.


the outer room Winterset, unable to find Lad Mary and supposing her to have joined Lady Rellerton, disposed of his negus, then approached the two
visitors to pay his respects to the young prince, whom he discovered to be a stripling of seventeen, arrogant looking, but pretty as a girl. Standing beside the Marquis de Mirepoix, a man of quie bering, he was surrounded by a group of the great, among who Ir. Nain naturally counted himself. The beau was felicitating himelf that the foreigners had not arrived a week earlier, in which case and would have been detected in a piece of gross ignorance barber.

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