

weapon and lunged point-blank at the Count's breast. D'Armand, at once conscious of his mistake, tried to parry the thrust, but only partially succeeded. The next instant the blade struck him in the shoulder with such force as to hurl him to the ground. As he lay there, momentarily expecting the death-stroke, yet too proud to cry for quarter, there was borne to his ears the rumble of an approaching carriage. Damroche stooped quickly, and grasping the Count hauled him into the bushes at the roadside. Scarce were they concealed than a carriage dashed into view. There were two occupants, a man and a lady. But Damroche, at sight of the woman, went pale. For even at that distance he recognized Mademoiselle Berault. He shook the Count roughly by the arm. Then, recollecting the condition of his rival, he raised him to a sitting posture and silently pointed to the passing carriage. D'Armand gave one glance and then sank back with a groan. For even as he looked, the man in the carriage bent over and kissed the beautiful being beside him, and the woman, unconscious of prying eyes, put her white arms about his neck and laughed softly. Then the vehicle was swallowed up in the forest.

The wounded Count opened his eyes and struggled unsteadily to his feet. Then he held out his hand to his companion.

"Let the matter end, Damroche. We have made fools of ourselves. Is it not so?"

And Damroche agreed that they had.

R. T. S.



DREAMLAND

A sleeping beggar by the roadside lay,
 And dreamed that every bright sunbeam
 Had turned to gold in some mysterious way,
 And that the earth was all a gleam
 About his humble bed.