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## Hurry!

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## Hurry!

### The Broken Coin

Continued from Page 3  
felt at his back the impact of another man. The three struggled furiously.  
"Quick! Shoot him!" panted Sachio.  
"Kill him! I cannot last!"  
"I am not armed," cried Ladislaw.  
"Let me search."  
Frederick felt the hands of his new enemy feeling at his pockets, searching for some weapon, and rejoiced that he also at the moment was unarmed. At least the conflict would be more even now.  
But they were more than a match for him. Count Frederick felt an arm throttle him, felt his eyes almost start from his head, felt his breath leaving him. Slowly slipping, inch by inch, he felt himself impelled toward the open door. Strive as he could, he found himself unable to resist the joint attack of these two desperate men.  
A moment later he heard the heavy clang of the door behind him.  
He was alone. He had proved the victim of the plan which he had formed. He was locked in the torture chamber of Gretzhoffen, that place of horror which he had reserved for his enemy. He had failed. He had lost all—all! He had been the cause, perhaps, of the ruin of his country!

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

##### Le Roi S'Amuse.

It was not often in his modified life that Michael had so full warrant to give rein to his impulses. He had not noted the absence of Sachio or Ladislaw. After a time, his attendants, hesitating, told him that a woman was waiting to be admitted. Her name was one which came to his brain now above all others.  
"Admit her at once, yes—why do you delay?"  
She came before him now, pale, downcast, almost trembling. Heavy enough had been the burden of anxiety she long had carried. She had come to the king, but she sought not this weak king's comforting. No, she had come hither in search of the man on whom even the king must rely.  
"Ah, mademoiselle," he began, half-maudlin, "you have come to us at last. Why were you so absurdly long? We have grieved for you, and who would grieve the king?"  
"Your majesty," said Kitty Gray, and half-shuddered as she gave the title, gazing as she did upon the bearded face of this man who claimed to be a king. "Your majesty, you are more than kind to remember so unimportant a person."  
"Unimportant! Do not say that word. Unimportant—when all we have thought of was yourself. What has kept you away—though I am sure you came as soon as you could."  
"Yes, your majesty, as soon as I could."  
"And because you have heard of what we have done today, of how we have routed the army of yonder King Cortislaw—it was cleverly done, mademoiselle, though I do say it."  
"And what of him who was with you, your majesty?"  
"Whom do you mean? Count Sachio?"  
"Count Sachio? Was he here, your majesty? I meant another."  
"Ah, always you mean that other. Always he seeks to come between his king and his king's desire," said he, complainingly.  
"And what is it that your majesty desires?"  
"Why, my majesty desires a many things, my dear," he replied, in vicious liberty. "My majesty desired, a while ago, an extra bottle of Beloe, and my majesty sent a man, Count Sachio yonder to bring it. My majesty desires—"  
"Sachio here!"  
"Yes, here. You have said that twice. He was here, twice or once—I know not how many times. But now you are here, mademoiselle, and that is enough. My majesty desires—"  
He advanced toward her. The least upon his puffed face gave her swift disgust as well as terror. With no purpose whatever, as he stumbled forward she fled from the room, fled she knew not where.  
Without much plan, Kitty turned toward the interior of the palace, and down the long hall which before that time she had explored. Something told her that Frederick, if he were here in the palace now, had passed that way. The torture chamber—that dread spot! Must she go there to look for him? She sped on rapidly along these passageways which she had learned before. Through the last deep sunken tunnel which led to the door of the torture chamber itself she passed alone, trembling with fear, and yet re-



He Heard the Deep Voice of Sachio.

solved.  
The door was locked. She turned to see the key upon the wall. As she turned there came to her a faint sound. Someone was knocking at the door. The blood stopped at her heart. She felt her face go cold. Had the dead indeed come to life? Was it indeed true that some hand from beyond the grave alone could point out the hiding place of this treasure? What could it mean?  
But the knocking at the door grew bolder. She heard a voice—a faint voice through the steel facing of the inner cavern. Trembling, she fitted the key, gave one great push to open the door, which yielded the more quickly to a power exerted within. She saw the faint gleam of a light added to those of her own candle, saw the face of the man she had sought!  
"You!" she cried. "It is you?"  
She heard him answer calmly, slowly, without agitation, as though all the time he had been convinced she would come.  
"It is ended," said Count Frederick at last, slowly. "Never again will I doubt! I prayed for you, prayed that you should understand before I died. But it was meant for you to come for me, that I might know—know as much as they who are here, who have been my fellows and my friends. Mademoiselle—I had said good-by to every thing excepting one. There was that left which no man should die without knowing—that experience which only makes life worth living. I have dreaded all things, but now I hope. I must—I shall hope!"  
He stooped toward her now and for the moment each was careless of the strange surroundings in which they stood. For a half moment the heart of Kitty Gray was on the point of surrender.  
"Monsieur le comte, for that we have no time now," said she gently. "It was but chance which brought me here."  
"Chance? Yes, if fate, if the hand of heaven mean chance, I shall call it chance, not otherwise. I say that it was the plan of fate long ago that you should come to me, now and here."  
"We have come close to the secret," said Kitty Gray slowly. "But we have come closer to perils."  
"True, more than you know."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Sachio was here—it was he and his man who thrust me in here, where I had planned to place him. They know it all—all that we do now, mademoiselle. Sachio himself has gone to carry his news to his king. We are undone, mademoiselle! There will be war."  
"If war, then why do we wait here?" she demanded of him. "War is what we have sought to avoid for this kingdom by our own knowledge of the coin. If it be too late—why, then, we must fight. Ah, how I wish I were a man, that I might fight as well."  
"You have fought well for all of us, mademoiselle," said Frederick. "We have repulsed our enemies. Would you repulse—your friend?"  
She made no answer, but was away before him in the dark passageway.

#### CHAPTER L.

##### The Battle.

They never reached the confines of Gretzhoffen kingdom; instead they met the army of Cortislaw already aloft and well across the neutral lands.  
"Look!" cried Sachio. "Cortislaw is aloft! By the Lord! Yonder comes a real king."  
"What! Sachio," he said, as he grimly regarded that nobleman. "You have failed again!"  
"No, your majesty, I have not failed. I bring you success, at last."  
He opened the palm which he raised before the eyes of his king. In it lay the broken half of the Gretzhoffen coin.  
"The coin!—by our lady! It is ours! Bring it to me closer. Give it to me! Let me see!"  
"The secret is ours!" said he. "The torture chamber—the treasure!"  
"It lies in the northeast corner of the palace, deep under the walls," said Sachio. "Come, let us march steadily, toward the unsuspecting city of Gretzhoffen, governed by an addled king too far gone in his cups to suspect danger of any sort—a king never strong, and now weaker than his wont at a time when all the forces of a real king were needed."  
They met no resistance at the walls of Gretzhoffen itself. The armies of King Michael were not in evidence. The people of Gretzhoffen ran this way and that, leaderless. "Where are our forces?" they demanded. "Where is the army? Where is the king? Where is Count Frederick?"  
To these demands came no present answer. The forces of the enemy advanced along the avenues.  
"Yonder it lies, your majesty," said Count Sachio, pointing to the castle

of their own kindred, leaving behind them the befuddled monarch who had no idea that he had entertained such vipers.  
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