

me, man. Come back to Brussels. I'll hear of nothing else, by——"

Their hands gripped across the saddle, and silently, as Englishmen will, the reconciliation came, there upon that starlit field where the hope of France lay humbled. Little Yvonne hearing them, sat white and silent in the moonlight, and yet she knew that her English friend was glad, and no word of hers would utter a reproach. To-morrow he would leave her and go to this home they spoke of; but to-night he would still befriend her whom all others had forsaken.