

crowned with a wealth of brown hair and as she stood up Roy could not restrain the joyful cry that surged to his lips. At the cry the girl turned, the brown eyes dilated with surprise, and her lips and cheeks went white then became crimson as she extended her arms and cried. "My Brave, Oh! My Brave!"

Roy sprang forward and took Vivette in his arms and this time there was none to say them nay for she who stood between was in her grave with an owl in vivid red stamped on her breast.

Lucien came softly up the stairs, saw the lovers on bended knees before the portrait, closed the door gently and returned to the Cafe.

And there they are living today, at Cafe St. Barb; Vivette, Donald and Lucien; Vivette's loyal heart knowing only one regret, that her twin sister had died a traitor to France; Donald's only regret the one that "Hunchy-Boy" could not be with him, and Lucien none at all for the burrow of the mole would become a happy home and the day would come when children would play about his knees while the happy parents were busy with the patrons of his gift to them, The Cafe St. Barb, Rue de la Minette,

