

"Tell ye one thing, Ray," he went on soberly: "ef a boy an' a gal loves one 'nother, an' he has any grit in 'im, can't nuthin' keep 'em apart long."

He straightened the mane of his horse, and then added:—

"Ner they can't nuthin' conquer 'em."

Soon after two o'clock we turned in at the château.

We were a merry company at luncheon, the doctor drinking our health and happiness with sublime resignation. But I had to hurry back—that was the worst of it all. Louise walked with me to the big gate, where were D'ri and the horses. We stopped a moment on the way.

"Again?" she whispered, her sweet face on my shoulder. "Yes, and as often as you like. No more now—there is D'ri. Remember, sweetheart, I shall look and pray for you day and night."