

came down softly upon him and buried him then and there. . . . It was a wonderful sight. . . . No one had time to go near him . . . nothing remained . . . he had disappeared completely with all his equipment and everything he had with him, including the tokens which reminded him of you."

It was another wonderful inspiration from Gaspard's good heart that induced him to conceal from the widow the real facts about her husband's horrible death and to attribute to Burette the glorious, impressive end which came to Gaspard's other pal, Professor Mousse.

She stood up and gave him both her hands.

"Monsieur Gaspard, now I understand all my husband wrote to me about you. . . . You are a fine man. . . . I'm going to show you his photograph."

She left the room and meanwhile Gaspard began to wonder whether he had done the right thing by lying to her about her husband's death. His hesitation was short lived, however.

"You poor fool," he said to himself. "Mousse was an old bachelor . . . he had no family. What good would it have done him?"

Madame Burette came back, accompanied by her maid, to whom she said:

"Marie, . . . this gentleman is a soldier . . . he was a friend of your master's. . . . My husband had