

exhaustion in her youth, the rest of her days seemed destined to pass in peace and tranquillity—if not in happiness.

She heard at intervals from La Pommeraye. Means of communication were difficult and uncertain in those days, but he contrived to send her occasional messages, and to assure her of his undying devotion and readiness to serve her in any way she might need. Often her heart ached within her when tales were brought of a famous soldier who was ever in the brunt of the battle, who courted death, but whom death seemed to shun.

At last she learned of a desperate fight, in which the forces of France had almost come to wreck. A gallant hero had led his division to victory. During a short respite he had removed his helmet, and was watching the life-and-death struggle in the valley below him. Suddenly he saw the French line waver. Bidding his men follow him, and with his lion-like hair streaming in the wind, he galloped into the thick of the fray. Right and left he struck; left and right the enemy fell before him. The battle was won for France; but on a heap of corpses he was found with a bullet in his brain: "Dead on the field of honour"; dead in the prime of his strength; with an unblemished record, and a name dear to every soldier in the kingdom.

THE END