

comply with your wishes. Monsieur le Baron is here in the corridor."

Selma looked at von Blitzer as if she had not understood, then suddenly sprang forward toward the door. Von Blitzer intercepted her.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, said he. "I must remind you that monsieur is severely wounded."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Selma, in a plaintive tone, then sank back into Madame Mortier's arms, pale and trembling.

The next moment there passed before the door four stalwart hussars, bearing an ambulance stretcher, on which Selma recognized her lover, pale and haggard.

"Maurice!" she cried, with outstretched arms.

He opened his eyes, and the light of a smile stole into his countenance. Then, with Antoine leading the way and the army surgeon following, they ascended the stairway to de Banyan's apartments.

It seemed ages to Selma before she was permitted to even enter the room where the wounded man lay. The Prussian surgeon had given strict orders that de Banyan was not to be disturbed. He had a lance wound through his lungs, and his condition was indeed critical. Still, with careful treatment his chances of recovery were favorable; and at the command of General von Blitzer, the surgeon exercised his skill to the best advantage. As for Selma, after she did gain admittance to the room, she would not leave it, but remained a silent observer, ready for the earliest emergency.

The next day the Prussian army resumed its march towards Paris, and Dr. Blauvelt was left in charge of the wounded master of Chateau Blanc.

Then followed days of anxiety, which told upon Selma in a way that left her

pale and careworn. Finally Dr. Blauvelt announced that the crisis had passed, and his patient was beginning to improve. Then how anxiously did Selma watch and wait for the first evidence of recognition. How she hovered over him, with beating heart and throbbing pulses, praying that she might not be kept longer in suspense. Finally her prayer was answered. One morning as she leaned over him, he opened his eyes, and with a smile murmured her name.

With a thrill of delight she sank upon her knees at his side, and smoothed back the black, waving locks from his brow. It was a happy moment for them both, but as memory returned, dark shadows began to float before de Banyan's mind, and the smile faded.

"What is it, Maurice?" said she, tenderly, noting the change.

He looked at her as if trying to recall something.

"We were defeated, were we not?" said he finally.

"Yes."

"How long since?"

"Ten days, my love, but why trouble about it now?"

"It was our last hope," said he, wearily closing his eyes. A moment later he murmured dejectedly, "and all is lost."

"Save honour," was her quick reply.

"And you," said he, with a smile.

Then for a long time he remained silent, soothed by the touch of her hand upon his brow.

A week later they learned that the Bourbons had returned, and Napoleon had left France forever. It was as if a flock of geese had waddled through the doorway, as an eagle took flight from the dome of the Tuileries.