

as she was held aloft by a brave who had been one of those at Verdun to shout, "They shall not pass!"

The demolition of the Signalling Station in the Section of the Rue de la Murette had practically ended the work of "Bertha," and then had come the blessed day of the signing of "The Armistice."

At the Cafe St. Barb the patrons were gathered to talk of the Armistice and to tell of the brave deeds done by some relative or friend, some to return laden with honors won, many gone to their reward leaving behind glorious and sweet memories that filled the heart and moistened the eye. Tears and smiles in plenty were there but in every heart lived the spirit that had won for the sons and daughters of France an undying fame as the bravest of the brave.

Sprightly of step and bright of eye was our old friend Lucien Dufresne. To him it seemed like other days, days before the sombre clouds of war descended to obscure the sunshine of "Sunny France." He had now two assistants, rosy cheeked and red lippled daughters of old friends who were not coming home.

Lucien had much to make him happy. France was safe from the Hun, and one whom he loved and cherished for memories of the long ago had been found "Not Guilty" of a charge of treason, through his pleading and evidence dating back to the days of Julien Montreuil, Pierre Sourel and Joseph Ledue.

In addition to the other things to make him happy and renew his youth Lucien was saving a honey-sweet morsel and the time to partake of it was near at hand. His periodical glance at the Cafe entrance and the old cuckoo-clock behind the bar indicated that he expected the arrival of guests.

As the hands of the clock reached five to ten Lucien removed his white apron and stationed himself at the entrance. His face filled with almost childish expectancy as the cuckoo of the old clock struggled through ten announcements that he was there in the same old place. At five past ten the look of expectancy changed to one of gladness as framed in the doorway appeared another old friend, Captain Roy B. Knight.

No mere handshake of friend and friend was there for Lucien's loving heart turned him into a child and he threw his arms around one whom circumstances had made dearer than friend. Tears of joy glistened on his wrinkled cheeks as he embraced Roy and arm in arm walked with him to the stairway leading to his quarters and there bidding him wait in the room of the portrait.

Roy ascended the stairs, his mind on the time when he first saw the portrait so like the one he had so dearly loved, and a feeling akin to reverence filled his heart as he opened the door. Then his hand trembled on the latch as he saw a girl kneeling before the portrait, her head bowed as if in prayer. The shapely head was