

the hollow opened its doors for the morning Mass, and two or three good women trudged down toward it. Melancholy, however, was the note of the scene, and when Bernard had shivered a little while in the cold and wreathing mists, he returned to Yvonne's side and insisted that she should sleep.

"It will be to-day," he said. "You are not well enough to go farther. Let the horses rest a few hours, and then we will think of it. If there is any news, we shall have it soon enough. You heard those fellows say that Blucher is defeated. Sleep upon that, and let the day bring its own message."

She did not protest; the long ride had exhausted her, and now, when the terrors of the night were past, she had not the will to insist.

"We can go on when the rain ceases," she said a little wearily; "someone is sure to come if all is well. Perhaps we could be in Brussels to-night if the Emperor is there. Let us both rest, Bernard. I feel that I have lived a hundred years since I left Paris."

"The sun will be our friend," he said. "We shall find it shining when we awake, Yvonne."

"The sun will never shine on France again," she said. And he knew then that, in spite of the tidings, the great hope had deserted her, and that for the first time since he had met her in the South she had ceased, at the voice of premonition, to believe in Napoleon's destiny.