

## BY THE QUEEN'S GRACE

"Aye," he muttered, "things be set right. 'Tis time to rest. 'Tis time."

He drew a long fluttering breath.

Yelverton bent over him.

"Old one!" he cried. "Old one!"

There was a long pause, and out-of-doors the darkness grew deeper. In the still room the man rose from his knees and stood beside the travel-worn figure.

"So," he said. "So comes death to all of us."

It was the next morning, and Lord Yelverton and Joyce Caverden stood by the window in the yellow-room that overlooked the Thames. The river sparkled like beaten silver in the sun and ran swiftly on its way to the sea.

"Bitter years come to all, sweetheart," said the man, "but at the end joy comes not to all—as it hath to me. 'Tis not every man who hath the courage to rob Her Majesty. But I shall certainly take thee from her and carry thee to France, the land of sunshine and blue skies. When wilt thou wed me, sweetheart?"

The girl raised her face to his and touched