

"I have, and I shall carry it lightly to heaven if I get there."

"It has a smell of violets," said Lady Orlay, looking down into the fire.

"They are violets—from Warsaw," admitted Deulin. "Wanda is in?" he asked gravely.

"Yes; they are in the study. I will send for her."

"I have received a letter from her father," explained Deulin, with his hand on the bell.

Wanda came into the room a few minutes later. She was of course in mourning for Martin now, as well as for Poland. But she still carried her head high and faced the world with unshrinking eyes. Cartoner followed her into the room, his thoughtful glance reading Deulin's face.

"You have news?"

"I have heard from your father at last."

The Frenchman took the letter from his pocket, and his manner of unfolding it must have conveyed the intimation that he was not going to give it to Wanda, but intended to read it aloud, for Lady Orlay walked to the other end of the long room, out of hearing. Cartoner was about to follow her, when Wanda turned and glanced at him, and he stayed.

"The letter begins," said Deulin, unconsciously falling into a professional preliminary—

"I have received Cartoner's letter supplementing the account given by the man who was with Martin at the last. I remember Captain Cable quite well. When we met him at the Signal House, at Northfleet, I little thought that he would be called upon to render the last earthly service to my son. So it was he who read the last words. And Martin was buried in the Baltic. You, my old friend, know all that I have given to Poland. The last gift has