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Iberville. She looked at him steadily, but at first he would not meet her eye. Presently, however, he did so.

"Good-bye," she said brokenly, "I shall always remember—always."

His reply was bitter. "Good-bye, madame: I shall forget."

She made a sad little gesture and passed on but presently turned, as if she could not bear that kind of parting, and stretched out her hands to him.

"Monsieur,—Pierre!" she cried, in a weak, choking voice.

With impulse he caught both her hands in his and kissed them. "I shall—remember," he said, with great gentleness.

Then they passed from the hallway, and he was alone. He stood looking at the closed door, but after a moment went to the table, sat down, and threw his head forward in his arms.

An hour afterwards, when Count Frontenac entered upon him, he was still in the same position. Frontenac touched him on the arm, and he rose. The governor did not speak, but