

face was a look of indescribable pain.

Paul stood motionless and silent as he gazed upon the group that lay before him. Then he looked up sadly at Veda. For a moment she did not move, and then she slowly turned her face to him. Tears were standing in her eyes ready to gush forth.

"Our mother and our father, Paul,"

she said simply, and threw herself into his arms.

"Veda, my sister!" he replied tenderly, and kissed her upon the forehead as he clasped her in his arms.

The day dawned slowly upon the city, and with it there broke a new life into two hearts where sorrow and joy were blended.

Love or Honour?

Nigel Tourneur

LACROIX put down his pen. As he quickly sorted out his legal documents, and slipped the requisite ones into his breast pocket, he listened with growing distrust to the thundering of Mount Pelee. "Thank God!" he murmured, "we can leave at once for Barre-Terre." The cup of the volcano, soaring 4,000 feet behind his plantation, was no longer visible. It was with sinking heart he marked, from the window near by, the piles of murky vapour hiding it. Ominously were the upheavals of steam and mud peeling, in long-drawn, cyclopean mutterings, just as if Mother Earth was bursting asunder.

Shaking his head when he thought of the impending dangers, Lacroix stepped out into the passage, and deep in deliberation went along to his wife's bedroom.

Aimee Lacroix was lying down, the mosquito curtains of the bed tossed aside. Intently was she staring into the flame of the candle burning in a tall silver holder on the adjacent *escritoire*. Only the negro maid, busy beside the trunks, turned her strained face on him as he entered. Throughout the house, windows were closed and jalousies drawn flat, yet the volcanic dust was everywhere penetrating. Lacroix noticed the thin film of it covering the polished floor and the rugs, overspreading the *cheval* mirrors, clogging the silver water-cooler—soiling the

skirts and lingerie strewn about the half-packed trunks. Mentally he again thanked God that they were to sail from Pierre that morning for Gaudeloupe.

He kissed his wife on the forehead.

"Well, Aimee! You will be ready to start in a few minutes? I have business to do with Pere Gallifet in Pierre, about the additional advance from the Bank at Basse-Terre, to aid Jean."

"You sail without me. I have changed my mind," came the instant answer, and his wife's eyes roved restlessly round the room, evading his astonished look with an exclamation of anger and dismay, he dropped into the high-backed chair by the top of the bed.

Sooner than he could utter a word, she ran on with. "Oh, yes, I know what you will say! 'Pelee is about to break out again, and will overwhelm the island. It is really safer we go to Guadeloupe. How kind of the Governor to grant us the pass. We must be at Sainte Marie to cheer Jean; and so on.' Bah, Pelee will not erupt. The danger is past. This is positive. No, m'sieur, I do not go to Guadeloupe. I stay at Fort de France."

The lines of Lacroix's face had deepened as listening to her he thought of her recalcitrant disposition. It came to him Aimee had never throughout all their married life ever seemed to have had any thought save for her own follies and