

turned hurriedly, tearing herself that her strength might give way. After all there was not much to be said—what could words avail, save to state clearly the facts as they stood. Only toward the end did her voice break. Louis leant forward then and took her hand in his.

"Josephine, Josephine, thou canst not mean this—it cannot be true?" Tears were in his eyes, his chest heaved. "Thou shalt not sacrifice thyself so. They cannot demand that. And what of me, dost thou care so little as all that?"

"Louis, Louis, canst thou not understand?" She was weeping now, the first tears which she had shed, they brought relief with them.

"I understand that we have loved each other all these years—that thou art promised as my wife."

"But, Louis, our duty, our religion."

"Duty, religion—" his voice grew vehement—"what do I care for them? They have only kept us apart. As for Marcel, I tell thee he is living. I want thee,