

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

It was nearly an hour before the two couples turned their backs on the deserted chateau and started on their homeward way.

In the after years there were four people who remembered that morning walk through the Breton woods and meadows as a vision of the primrose path of joy, a vision to be recalled for comforting on days of disillusionment, in the grimness of winter city streets.

With sight of the village house-tops, the affairs of every-day life began to resume their reign, and before they reached the Place, Thorpe had even confessed to a fine hunger.

"Where did you breakfast?" Julia asked. The two couples had formed into a group for the better facing of the hotel.

"Marie Jeanne gave us a glass of beer, and some bread and cheese. How you bolted it, Garvie, and what an age ago it seems."

"You see," Garvie explained, "we were a bit nervous, when we heard your father had gone off, and we didn't know where Britski might be. It was rather rash, your going to the chateau," he added, with a look that told his pride in her venture.

"So Sylvia said," Julia laughed, "but I had this," and she shewed a smart little revolver.

"And Britski had its pair," Garvie commented.

Marie Jeanne who always rose to the occasion, had ready for them a festive luncheon that would not have disgraced a Paris chef.