

“Je suis content!” 303

“C'est b'en toi, Marie?” He groped for her hand.

The woman kissed his bleeding lips for answer.

“Tu loove me encore?”

She sank her face against his and her tears trickled over his shoulders.

“Ah attend so long pour toi!” she murmured softly.

Jules sighed.

“Le Grand, v'ere ees he?” Marie asked.

“Mort!” he answered huskily.

“An' dat Annaotaha?” she asked again.

“Keel!” and his voice thrilled with anger.

“An'—an' toi, Jules?” Her voice trembled, and she gazed steadily into the deep gray eyes.

Verbaux smiled, and kissed the thin hand that caressed his forehead.

“Moi? Je suis content!”