

She continued to wave and to stare after him, but he did not look back until, quite in the distance, he turned and again, as she thought, looked at her; and again she answered, waving to him.

He did not look back any more, and when, the last sign of the troops having disappeared and she was still staring after them, Denys touched her arm, she started almost as one awakened from a dream.

"I am glad he has gone," she said, sighing; and then Denys saw that her eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Tears? Lucette?" he cried.

"It strains one's eyes to stare so long. Give me your arm, Denys dear, and be patient with me to-day. I—I—oh, Denys dearest, I am so glad you are well again," and she walked away clinging closely to his side.

And Denys, not understanding this mood of hers, was almost as much perplexed by her humour as he was delighted by her tenderness.

THE END.