

THE YELLOW DOVE

bed the old woman rose, too, and came forward briskly, speaking in French.

"Ah, Mademoiselle is awake. *Bon*. She is feeling better?"

"Yes, better—but a little tired." And then, as she realized where she was, "Could you tell me——? General French—could I see him?"

"All is well, mademoiselle. Monsieur le General—he is not here now. But he will be back after a while. He will see you, then, but first it is proper that you have breakfast and a bath. Mademoiselle needs a bath—I think."

Doris glanced at her hand, which lay upon the white coverlid. It was black. "Yes, I will bathe. But first will you tell me——?"

The old woman smiled as she interrupted, "I was to tell you that Monsieur yonder is better. That is what Mademoiselle wished to know, is it not?"

Doris sank back upon her pillow in a silence which gave the full measure of her joy. Cyril would recover. She had been sure of it. She had told them last night. God was good.

The news gave her strength, and the coffee and eggs that were brought revived her rapidly. Her nerves still trembled in memory of what they had passed through, but when she was bathed and dressed in clean linen garments, much too large for her, a surgeon brought her medicine, and what was better than medicine, news that Cyril was conscious and was asking for her.

But they would not let her go to him. Tomorrow perhaps. Meanwhile the doctor would be glad to take a message. Doris colored gently. The message that she would have liked to send was not to be transmitted by this means.