

only a month dead," Dick Stewart reflected as they came near Lustrac. "Really, I don't suppose I ought to intrude on her now. . . . Wish I hadn't come, point of fact—the place will be like a tomb!"

Yet the place was bright with sunshine and the terrace was gay with spring flowers when the automobile went slackening in under the arch. Tan barked a welcome, wagged a furious tail, and jumped up and down in frantic delight. And there on the terrace was Consolata, divinely fair in her crape, and there too was Bonne. Bonne rushed at the automobile, seized Stewart as he was stepping out, and hugged him like a mother. He smiled, he patted her shoulder, and put her aside. Then, shaking, he mounted to the terrace, stooped above a trembling little hand, touched it with his lips, and looked up into the half-veiled eyes which he had followed so far through so much. There was silence between and around them. Then the Abbé spoke.

"Stewart, do you love my cousin?"

"Do I *what*?"

The Abbé smiled. "Do you ask her in marriage?"

The terrace seemed to reel. "I do! God knows I do?"

"Then kiss her, kiss her, Mr. Faney Bendick, sir!" cried Bonne, all joyous and tearful and dancing.

And the Abbé said, "Stewart, won't you kiss your betrothed?"

THE END