

Baroness de Mélide on the platform awaiting them. She was in black, as were all Frenchwomen at this time. She gave an odd little laugh at the sight of her husband, and immediately held her lip between her teeth, as if she were afraid that her laugh might change to something else.

"Ah!" she said, "how hungry you both look—and yet you must have lunched at Toulon."

She looked curiously from one drawn face to the other as the baron helped Lory to descend.

"Hungry," she repeated with a reflective nod. "Perhaps your precious France does not satisfy."

And as she led the way to the carriage there was a gleam, almost fierce, of triumph in her eyes.

The arrival at the château was uneventful. Mademoiselle Brun said no word at all; but stood a little aside with folded hands and watched. Denise, young and slim in her black dress, shook hands and said that she was afraid the travellers must be tired after their long journey.

"Why should Denise think that I was tired?" the baron inquired later, as he was opening his letters in the study.

"Mon ami," replied the baroness, "she did not think you were tired, and did not care whether you were or not."

Lory had the same room assigned to him that opened on to the verandah where heliotrope and roses and