

Châlet, and of the lips which kissed her own in the woods above Grenoble.

Nay, he read the story now in her eyes, and holding both her hands, he claimed her for his own.

“Yvonne,” he said, “there never has been an hour when you were not all to me—Yvonne, my little girl, my wife——”

She had no answer to make to him. France seemed no longer the France of her dreams and hopes. She knew that the gates of her home were closed upon her, and never again would be opened. All had been staked—all lost—in this mad emprise. But a brave man’s love remained to her.

“Take me to England, Bernard,” she said. “I have no longer a country.”

“When the day comes, yes,” he said; “but to-morrow to the Châlet, as you went, Yvonne, a hundred days ago.”

THE END.