

some sheltered seat in the Square where we can talk."

"Yes, Louis, that is what I wish." Her voice sounded strange, for the first time, looking at her more attentively, he noticed the whiteness of her face, with its queer strained expression. He questioned her.

"Josephine, art thou ill?"

"No, Louis, I am quite well, only tired."

"No wonder, but something is wrong?"

"I will tell thee presently."

Silence again. Louis was no talker; yet, in the early years of their engagement, Josephine's unconscious gaiety had proved infectious, awakening his latent sense of humour. Lately, however, he had grown morose, and, but for his sweetheart's efforts, their walks would often have passed in total silence. It was this change in him which Josephine had noted. The expression of his face also had altered. His forehead was much lined, his eyes had lost their look of keenness, growing each day more patient.

They reached the Square, and crossing it, found a seat on the far side, sheltered