

save as a wide white line that lay across a dazzling a new path to unmeasured happiness.

Just before dawn the time came, as it has come every pair that ever mated, when the future thrust it upon them with its needed planning. It was the duke who brought it to speech first, men having a fashion always of wanting to tie their happiness to reality.

"When you are safe in the new land, dear heart," said, "and the *curé* has bound us together for always then I shall feel strong enough to leave you and return to my poor people to serve again in my place until Revolution is over. But when that day comes, I will come for you, beloved—ah, never fear for my lagging for no sails were ever bent that could carry me home enough!—and we will come back to France together to live forever—forever, beloved—for what could part us then? And we will forget all these grim days and remember only what all the days to come may bring.

She drew herself away from his arms a little, just enough to look into his face. "You mean—oh, I cannot believe that you mean to leave me in England while you return?" Her eyes, looking straight into his own, were dark with their passionate protest.

"Ah, do not tempt me! Do not look at me like that!" cried the duke in turn. "I must; don't you see that I must? My people have been given me that I must stand with them to the end; how could I desert them when they have been loyal all these years? Whether the king reigns or anarchy rules; whether they call me duke or citizen; whatever politics may decree in the name of the Committee; all that cannot alter the fact that my place is with my people. Even with you, dear