

## FINIS

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he had shaved and was conscious of a supreme sense of well being.

She came to him, all in white (as became a bride), looking extraordinarily handsome, radiant with happiness and glowing with the joy of his recovery. The nurse, who was a discreet person, smiled at them both and withdrew.

He held out his arms and without a word she came into them, kneeling.

"Philippe," she murmured, "you are sure that you are getting well? It seems——"

"Right as rain. The cough has stopped. In a week I'll be as strong as ever. And then——"

He paused and she raised her lips to his, flushing adorably.

"And then——?"

She knew what he wanted to say, but she wanted him to say it.

"You and I—Tanya—my wife."

"Whenever you wish, Philippe Rowlan'," she murmured.

"Today?" he urged.

"Whenever you wish. We have won life together."

He was silent in a moment of soberness.

"We have a great work to do, Tanya."

"Yes. We shall do it—together. Russia!" Her voice sank. "Oh, *mon* Philippe—my country—the cause seems so hopeless—anarchy—nothing less——"

"Order will follow—reason—regeneration——"

"Honor cannot come from dishonor. Russia is false—a Judas among the nations——"

Rowland laughed. "Cheer up, my princess. Wave your wand and all will yet be well."