

The Terror

haven't heard yet what is going to be done with them."

"And Gomorrah?" he asked.

She slipped an arm under his shoulders and raised him so he could look out upon the mountain-girt sea dimpling under the morning breeze.

"There is where it was," she said soberly, "where it was, and is not, and never will be again, thank God! Mr. Leshington waited until everybody had escaped, and then he shut the waste-way gates."

Brouillard sank back upon the pillows of comfort and closed his eyes.

"Then it's all up to me and the hundred thousand," he whispered. "And I'll get it . . . honestly, this time."

The violet eyes were smiling when he looked into them again.

"Is she—the one incomparable she—worth it, Victor?"

"Her price is above rubies, as I told you once a long time ago."

"You wouldn't let pride—a false pride—stand in the way of her happiness?"

"I haven't any; her love has made me very humble and—and good, Amy, dear. Don't laugh: it's the only word; I'm just hungering and thirst-