

THE YELLOW DOVE

"But not this wonderful thing——" and he kissed her.

"It is a wonderful thing," she whispered. "So wonderful that I wonder if it can be true."

"I'll prove it to you——"

But she had straightened and kissed his hand.

"No more now—I mustn't stay. I hear them in the hall."

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Jackson?"

"Yes."

The nurse knocked discreetly and entered. "Five minutes. I'm sorry."

"So am I," said Hammersley, with a sigh.

Three weeks later they stood side by side at the rail of the Channel boat on the way to Ashwater Park for the parental blessing. The shores of France were already purple in the distance. They had looked upon Death with eyes that did not fear, but the sight of it together had made the bond of their fealty and tenderness the stronger. There was a sadness in his look and she knew instinctively of what he was thinking.

"Germany, Cyril," she said aloud. "I love it because a part of it is you. But I love England more, because it is you."

Hammersley watched the receding shores beyond the vessel's wake, her hand in his.

"They're followin' false gods, Doris. Gods of steel and brass——!"

"They *must* fall, Cyril."

"They will." And then, "But you can't help admirin' the beggars! Poor old Udo!"