ake, to whom ly. "Get her ther, that is s of Navarre of Catherine who keep the for Monsieur

ce had crimtill closer to r, saving for any answer. and never oved.

er voice was her rebuke away faith, l for a light

m. "Never ver that." once before,

for me, you service are acred, or, if did before me, I may Come, my

he clirging to the cor-

"A Man Shall Cleave Unto His Wife"

ridor, and as the curtain fell behind them I had looked my last on Henri de Crussenay.

"For this shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife," said my lady, softly, linking her arm in mine; and at her words the wrath died out of the Queen's face.

She had known but little of love with Antony of Vendôme.

THE END