

"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