

welcomed and caught at every change and chance of fortune, had never laid down the sword till the blow was struck—that spirit would preserve her and give her back to life now, and some day give life back to her.

He was right. When they came to the door of the church, she was there. For the first time since Monseigneur had died her eyes were red with weeping; but her face was calm. She gave her hand to Dunstanbury.

"Come, let us mount," she said. "I have said 'Good-bye.'"

Lukovitch knew Dunstanbury's plans. He was waiting for them at the gate, his arm in a sling, and with him were the Zerkovitches. These last they would see again; it was probably farewell for ever to gallant Lukovitch. He kissed the silver ring on Sophy's finger.

"I brought nothing into Kravonia," she said, "and I carry nothing out, except this ring which Monseigneur put on my finger—the ring of the Bailiffs of Volseni."

"Keep it," said Lukovitch. "I think there will be no more Bailiffs of Volseni—or some Prince, not of our choosing, will take the title by his own will. He will not be our Bailiff, as Monseigneur was. You will be our Bailiff, though our eyes never see you, and you never see our old grey walls again. Madame, have a kindly place in your heart for Volseni. We shan't forget you nor the blow we