

—that the Germans shell the poor place nearly every day."

"It's true. They've pitched High Explosive in once already this morning—and as I mean to marry you to-morrow," said Sherbrand, "we had better be off out of it before they repeat the dose." He added: "There's an English Catholic priest at the Hospital—and I've my Special Licence still tucked away in a pocket!"

She exclaimed in delight:

"Then you never meant to give me up? Own it—you didn't!"

"It was you who took your solid oath you wouldn't marry me."

"Unless you were poor and ill—and wanted a woman to nurse you and look after you"—her voice broke—"and work for you! Oh, Boy!—no, not boy any more! My man of all the men that ever were or will be! Don't refuse me the right my love gives me—of working for you!" she urged.

"Such true love. Such fine love. Pat, you're a glory of a woman. And you shall work—I'll give you lots of work," he promised her. "But—my sweet girl, I'm not poor."

She asked him in her deep sweet voice:

"Do you think you'd be poor to me—if you hadn't a copper halfpenny?" And with his arm about her still, and her heart beating against his hand, as they moved over the grass together, she began to describe their home. Quite a small, unpretending, but comfortable home. The home of two people who adored each other, and wanted nothing better than to go on doing it up to the last day of their lives.

"We'll have children—stacks!" she assured him. "Long-legged boys with beaky, hatchet faces—boys who'll invent and build aëroplanes and fly them too, you bet!"

"And girls," put in Sherbrand, tightening his clasp about the supple womanly body, "great big galumphing girls, like their mother!"