

"She knows, Richard, never doubt that," Jeanne answered. "When I think of you, I often think of her too. I am here, in her place. Her boy has become my husband. I am very thankful to her for my good, brave husband."

He rose to his knees, put his arm round her, and kissed her.

"You have no regret, Jeanne?"

"None."

"No disappointment in me, in Broadmead, in this land of Virginia?"

"None. But sometimes, Richard, when I see a sail, like that one yonder, fading into the horizon, going, it may be, toward France, I wonder what has become of some of those we knew."

"I often wonder, too," said Richard. "Perhaps we shall never know, Jeanne."

News traveled slowly, and there was little detail in it. The Reign of Terror had come and gone, its high priests swallowed in the fury which they had created. Danton had died like a man, Robespierre like a cur; and then the end—cannon clearing the mob from the streets of Paris. A new era had dawned for France, but the future was yet on the knees of the gods. Had Raymond Latour escaped the final catastrophe? Were Sabatier, and Mercier, and Dubois still in Paris, more honestly employed than formerly perchance? Or had they all sunk in the final storm, gone down into night with their sins red upon them? No news of them reached Broadmead, only a rumor that the Marquis de Lafayette had fallen into the hands of Austria, and certain news that the Terror was at an end.

"Probably we shall never hear of them," said Richard.