

counting the hours which should bring him news of Wellington's victory must now play the rôle of comforter to this helpless girl, and remind her that the campaign had been so far little better than a triumph for France and its Master. It was plain, however, that she paid little heed to him, and that his words were vain. The dejection of those weary hours when they had ridden through the blinding rain toward an unknown goal lay heavy upon them both; and she no less than he welcomed the brief sunshine. Indeed, they quitted the farm which had sheltered them with a relief which its hospitalities did not justify.

"The road to Charleroi is wisdom; to Brussels folly," he said. "We find our servant at the first, our friends at the second. Tell me what I am to do, Yvonne."

"Let it be to Brussels," she said. "It is something to believe that we may speak of it." And then she asked him, "Cannot you hear the guns again, Bernard? I thought that I heard them while I slept. Yes, I am sure that they are firing over there."

He admitted that it was so. A rumbling thunder of sound upon the far horizon had no longer the distinct meaning of yesterday, but they found it unmistakable, none the less. Perhaps this new message of battle reanimated them both and awakened a curiosity which became greater as