John lifted his hat with mock gravity. " You do me great honour, Mademoiselle. And Dominique," he added, " was he also coming in search of me ? "

She frowned, and turning towards a cannon in the embrasure behind her, spread the white tunic carefully upon it. " Dominique Guyon is tiresome," she said. " At times, as you have heard, he speaks with too much freedom to my father ; but it is the freedom of old service. The Guyons have farmed Boisveyrac for our family since first the seigniory was built." She seemed about to say more, but checked herself, and stood smoothing an arm of the tunic upon the gun. " Ah, here is Félicité ! " she exclaimed, as a stout middle-aged woman came bustling along the terrace towards them. " You have kept me waiting, Félicité. And, good heavens ! what is that you carry ? Did I not tell you that I would get Jérémie to find me a tunic from the stores ? See, I have one already."

" But this is not from the stores, mademoiselle ! " panted Félicité, as she came to a halt. " It appears that Monsieur brought his tunic with him—Jérémie told me he had seen it hanging by his bed in the sick ward—and here it is, see you ! " She displayed it triumphantly, spreading its skirts to the sunshine. " A trifle soiled ! but it will save us all the trouble in the world with the measurements—eh, mademoiselle ? "

Diane's eyes were on John's face. For a moment or two she did not answer, but at length said slowly :

" Nevertheless you shall measure monsieur. Have you the tapes ? Good : give me one, with the blue chalk, and I will check off your measurements."

She seated herself on the gun-carriage and drew the two tunics on to her lap. John shivered as she touched the dead sergeant's.

Félicité grinned as she advanced with the tape. " Do not be shy of me, monsieur," she encouraged him affably. " You are a hero, and I myself am the mother of eight, which is in its way heroic. There should be a good understanding between