

ing that by a little effort on my part I could recover my lost fortune? I am sorry I could not have guessed the sender. I am sorry my journey has been successful. It was nothing to you that I should chafe myself near to death in prison—that, escaping to Canada just before the war ended, I should spend weary years in poverty and friendlessness. But as soon as the tide of fortune turns—”

“Mais, monsieur le docteur, mon homme—”

The voice behind him, breaking in on him, was that of Laforest's patient wife.

“My man is restless, monsieur; there is no keeping him still since Jean has told him monsieur le docteur is come.”

Without a word, Kendal turned on his heel and followed the woman indoors.

No one spoke at first; his swift step echoed in the stillness, on the gravelly slope.

Then Marie, rather pale, but with a resolute gleam in her eyes, faced round on the three standing together.

“You have a homely saying, Françoise, that one may not **hope** to save the hare and the cabbages. Yet **that** is what I am going to do,” she said, with a **gay** little nod of defiance to Dame Fortune, who, with a turn of her wheel, had made the task so much more difficult than Marie had expected. “As we are all *en famille*—”