

a beautiful death, Marie. He was struck by a bullet in the forehead and as he fell a shell came along and the explosion tore the earth apart and covered up his body. . . ."

She said it in a trembling voice, but with a great feeling of pride. The servant said:

"How wonderful, Madame, how wonderful!"

A long silence followed, during which the hearts of these two human beings, so different from each other, were beating together; the one happy at the thought that his imagination had enabled him to give the widow some happiness in her tragic sorrow; the other proud and cheerful, thanks to her visitor's efforts.

When he left Madame Burette Gaspard's eyes were shining.

His mother asked him at once:

"Well, did you find it easy to tell her?"

"Yes . . . but I told it to her in my own way."

He took his family to the Champs Elysées in the beautiful summer evening. A golden hue seemed to cover trees and lawns and even those who were passing by. In the pure air of this delightful evening Gaspard enjoyed an immense feeling of happiness, greater than at any other time of his life; happy at the thought that he had done his duty toward his country and toward his friends; happy also to realize that with him were his mother, his child and his