

and some, it was noticed, walked with heads upon their breasts.

So Joan and her husband and her old servant buried their dead and all the people followed them. It was now far on in the evening and the moon was high. It stood in the sky as if it had been built into the walls of the city whose gates were each a pearl; one felt as if something had been opened and let Heaven down.

Joan's exalted face—wasted well-nigh as much as that other which was covered now from sight beneath September leaves and flowers—unconsciously assumed the battle look, like that of the woman warrior to whom the minister had likened her, but this expression passed into the seer's gentler one. She seemed to be reviewing invisible forces; she seemed to hear inaudible voices. It was as if she stood apart from the world—even yet neither asking nor expecting to be understood.

She took her hand from her husband's arm and knelt beside the open grave and covered her eyes. But in that solitary moment no man—not even he who loved her best—intruded.

Afterward she made it known to him that she wished to remain, they two alone together, till the souls had been laid upon the poor man; and it was done as she had asked, and everyone went away and left her so. She busied herself with the flowers and did not speak. She expected some time. When she rode back with her husband and came to the doorway of her own home she was surprised to see that people were standing silently on this side of the avenue and on the other.

The house was warmly lighted and the shades were raised. On the upper step stood Mary Caroline with Martin Luther. Mary Caroline was smiling, but Martin Luther, who could not smile but only love, came leaping down. The crape had been taken from the fate upon the door, and flowers knotted with white hung to the knocker. At a word from somebody the carriage was stopped



THE BRESCIA "VICTORY" AS IT WAS

A correspondent sends two interesting views showing an astonishing change in the famous statue of Victory at Brescia. It used to have a shield and helmet as shown here, but neither object seemed to agree well with the attitude of the figure.

without coming to the steps, and the two got out and walked a little way among the neighbours, not understanding why they did so. The old dog preceded them with dignity.

So Joan, on her husband's arm, in her white dress with the moonlight on her, came up between the lines of people on this side and on that and wondered a little, but did not say so—till suddenly she felt soft arms around her neck and warm tears upon her cheek, and it seemed to be that Annie Hammerman was sobbing in her ear.

"Forgive me, Joan!"
 "And forgive me, too," nobly said the minister's wife.
 "I might have done so much—I wish I had."

Before she could draw her agitated breath Joan perceived that the women of Mapleleaf, her old neighbours, had come crowding up to ask her pardon because they had misunderstood her. This touched her deeply, so much that she could not answer them. Then, while she was trying to do so, she saw that her way was blocked by a group of men who stood with lifted hats and heads bared to do her honour. It surprised her to observe that she stood face to face with the committee of the village church.

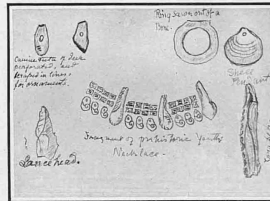
They were all there—the senior deacon, the junior deacon, the clerk, the theological member, and the rich members—so they seemed to have received her in an official capacity, for the senior deacon was their chairman and their spokesman, and he it was who with some difficulty and very slowly said:—

"It is our judgment and our belief—"
 Joan's fingers tightened suddenly on her hus-

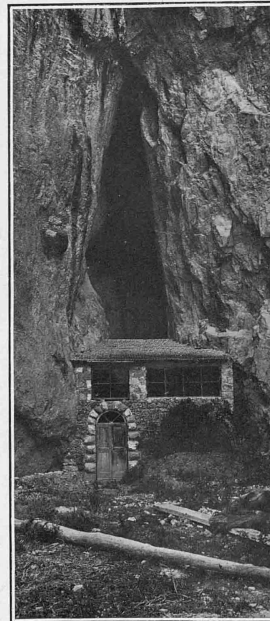
VISITORS TO MENTONE
 Of an Early Age



THE MUSEUM AT MENTONE
 Where the remains of Mentone's earliest men are preserved



RELICS OF MENTONE MEN
 Besides human remains bones of northern animals such as the elk, wapiti (Canadian deer), chamois, an early species of marmot, wolves, cave bears, and wild boars have been unearthed. The rhinoceros, cave lion, and peacock found in the caverns would, on the other hand, need more heat than that of the Riviera of to-day. The cat, rat, mouse, dormouse, hedgehog, fox, bruc, horse, rabbit, and several of the museum could be matched in the locality alive at the present time.
 The modern goat is not quite the same as the goat of the caves



THE ENTRANCE TO MENTONE CAVE

"It is our judgment and our belief," repeated the senior deacon, "that when a Christian church does anything wrong it ought to say so, like anybody else. Miss Dare, we made a mistake. We've come to ask your pardon for it. We wish to say—in fact," proceeded the senior deacon, "we do say—that we consider you have reached a high plane of grace" (grace was a favourite word with the senior deacon, though what he meant by it probably neither he nor anybody knew), "and we honour you for it, madam. We wish we had understood the circumstances all along. But we—well, we didn't. We thought we were doing right. We meant to. But we see we didn't. So we ask you to forgive us for—for Christ's sake, amen," added the deacon as if he had been making a public prayer.

Then Joan, for Christ's sake, amen, held out her thin hand to the deacon and to the members of the church committee and to her old neighbours one by one. For her great heart was large enough to hold them all. A woman who could love as she had loved would forgive as she forgave.

Joan looked from face to face. Her chin lifted with that pretty motion she used to make when she was happy.

"You see," she said quite naturally, "I promised mother I'd always take care of my brother."

She entered her home with her husband, and all the house was still; it was dazzling bright, it had a certain unreal splendour like that of the new earth which is promised with the new heavens. Every tragic sign had been removed and Mary Caroline was getting supper as if nothing had happened.

The Morris chair was in its place before the library fire, which somebody had lighted. Douglas Ray led his wife across the room and took her to his heart.

With the capacity for happiness which only suffering gives Joan entered the kingdom of joy. And so much greater a power is hope than despair



THE BRESCIA "VICTORY" AS IT IS

The shield and also the helmet (since the photograph was taken) have now been removed as archaeologists feel sure that the figure was intended to represent the driver of a "laga," or chariot. The hands held the reins and the feet rested on a raised portion of the chariot.

that it seemed to her as if every pang which she had known had evaded her memory as it had retreated from her life. She tried to say so, but no words came.

Martin Luther jumped down from the cretonne couch with the roses, planged downstairs, and looked in at the library door. When he saw what he saw his ears went flat to his head and he walked critically away to report the circumstance to Mary Caroline. He found her serving supper with the professional aid of the furnace man who said that character was more precious than rubies.

THE END

MENTONE'S EARLIEST VISITORS

Thousands of visitors to Mentone during the present season have been visiting the prehistoric museum which has been built near the now famous cavern. The work of sifting and collecting the wonderfully rich stratum on the cave floor is still being continued and the results arranged in the new Museum Prehistoricum. The caves were discovered during some quarry-blasting and have since given up to the spade of the archaeologist some highly interesting skeletons of a race known as the "men of the Barma Grande." M. Bonifis, curator of the Mentone museum, collected the remains and stored them with great care until the municipality of Mentone decided to build the special prehistoric museum which is here illustrated. It is situated near the entrance to the caves, and in it are now stored, under the charge of M. Abbio, the Barma Grande finds which have been dug from the layer of 33 ft. which covers the cave