

fell far behind the rays of Joseph's lantern, or that the sound of Aunt Anne's voice became faint and indistinct! What mattered anything, except the intoxicating bliss of knowing that one is no longer hated or loathed, but loved with the marvellous intensity of ten times more! We lingered, for the untrodden way over the fields in the darkness was the road to Paradise.

And then there was so much to tell, to explain, and so little time; but, after all, no explanation seemed to be needed, though I learned incidentally why no one had inquired what I had burned at the stake, as it were.

*They all knew!*

Yes,—Joseph, Jenny, Aunt Anne, Mrs. Biggles, and Olivia, were all quite well aware, by instinct or otherwise, that it was the writhing remains of the booby bag which they gazed upon. For faithless Mrs. Biggles, as a crowning artistic climax to her mendacious achievements, after piercing a certain tender heart by the tale of Biggles's supposititious puppy dog and her parlour table, had just finished riving it to fragments when Joseph sounded the alarm of fire.

Yes, the woman had gone over to The Briars