

she was at the other end of it. So was I, at last, holding out my hand to the white girl with the large black hat, and diamond pins winking in the curly chestnut hair which they held in place.

She was so astonishingly like him! Now that I had come closer to her the resemblance was incredible. The hair; the soft oval of the little face; the eyes—the great star-eyes!

I forgot everything but that one figure, lily-white, and swaying like a lily as it stood. Luckily, there was no one near to see, or think of us. The diners dined, as if this were an ordinary night, as if there might be such nights again.

"Who are you?" I said, as if in a dream.

A wave of colour swept up from the small, firm chin to the rings of chestnut hair. "I—why, I'm the Boy's sister," a low voice stammered. "He sent me. I've a letter from him. My—my friends—are outside. They will be here soon, but I—I came. You are—I suppose you are Man——"

"And I know you are Boy—Boy himself. I mean, he never was—— For Heaven's sake tell me—but no, I don't need to ask. I've got my Little Pal back again, that's all."

"Oh, if I'd been sure you would guess—if I had known you would talk to me like this, I should not have dared to come."

"Yes, you would. For you are brave; and you owed me this."

"I'm ashamed to look you in the face. What must you think of me?"

"Think? I'm past thinking. I'm thanking all the gods. If I could think at all, it would be of myself, that I was a fool not to—and yet, *was* I a fool? You *were* a boy *then*. Even the Contessa——"

"Oh, don't! Where can we sit? I must tell you every-