

THE YELLOW DOVE

"Silly! You fainted, Cyril."

"Rotten time to faint."

"You might have died up there. Once I thought you had died. Oh, that dreadful moment! I wanted to go, too—with you. I was a little mad, I think. I wanted to take you in my arms and go with you—down—down. My hands even left the wheel. The Yellow Dove toppled—but I caught her."

"Poor child!"

"After that I seemed to grow all cold with reason and skill. I forgot you. I looked beyond, over your poor head. I had to succeed, Cyril—that was all."

His hand pressed hers tenderly.

"You're the only girl in the world who could do it. I'm glad—proud——" He broke off. "My word, Doris! There's no use tryin' to tell you what I think of you. I'm no good at that sort of thing."

"I understand. You're just—yourself. That's enough for me."

"You were a trump up there in the Thorwald—to stay with poor old Udo, but I had to go. It was the only way. I never thought we'd make it."

"But we did."

"You did. It was the Dove, Doris—the good old Dove. Isn't she a ripper?"

"I never had a fear—once she rose. How did you happen——"

He laughed.

"It was to be a surprise. I'd been workin' on her for a year—tryin' her out on the moors. Nobody knew—until the war came—and then I told Udo, who told von Stromberg. I tried a flight to Windenberg and made it comfortably. Awf'ly easy thing. I stayed at