

"Then what is left? Just — you and me, I reckon, Sandy."

Sandy gripped his clasped hands close as if by so doing he could better control the rising passion of his love for the girl beside him. Her ignoring of stern fact turned his reason. She was right — but she was wrong! He must protect her and never fail her; he must not be less than Lans.

Then her words came to him in the chaos of his emotions; a new thought had claimed her. She had finished, at last, with the story of her exile; she was back among her hills.

"And the factory, Sandy, it is coming on right fast, I reckon?"

"It is nearly done."

"And — the Home-school?"

"That, too, is nearly ready."

"You haven't forgotten the lil' room, off in the corner, have you, Sandy? The lil' room where the baby-things are to come to me to be — cuddled?"

Sandy shivered.

"You — haven't left *that* out, have you, Sandy?"

"I had, lil' Cyn, but I am going to put it aback — to-morrow."

"I'm right glad, Sandy, for I've learned some mighty sweet lil' tunes, and I've bought some pictures and books with stories that will make them-all laugh when we've taught them how. My trunk is full of things for the babies."