

had subsided; "let him see the old place from to attic. It will be his some day. I reckon his tone and glance left no doubt as to what I meant.

I did as he directed, partly. All but the Not yet must any enter there but me. I so stored Harold to the merry circle—and the steps turned, almost reverently, towards that room. It did not take me long, what I had for love's sake is soon accomplished. And I knew would not be in vain—I knew that Gordon not fail me. Yet my heart beat fast as I turned the attic door and looked back once more before I went down-stairs. Everything was perfect—a gentle breeze was ruffling the curtain of the window.

They were all in bed when Gordon and I brought ourselves to the room set apart for us. It was above the parlour, the largest and most important apartment in all that roomy house. A large mahogany bed was planted, immovable, in the centre; hand-carving, richly wrought, made the ceiling and mantel things of beauty; oil-paintings hung upon the lofty wall; soft draperies bedecked the windows.

We closed the door and Gordon looked about the splendid room. I began unpacking a valise that lay upon the floor.