

in, a note of triumph in his deep voice. "And we going to achieve something between us, you and now you've made a live man of me again. There's deal of work I can still do—with a Sheila-wife to help me. How about dedicating the arts and crafts colony to our own fellows crooked-up in the War? And those who are fit for it shall be put on to the land. My disablement won't hamper me there. It's mustard-seed of a notion. It may grow into a tree. There's a programme for you. Entirely your doing. You've been my real source of inspiration from the first. And you always will be—Don't cry about it. Beloved. It's too splendid for anything."

"Yes—that's why," she answered lucidly—and could no more. The great wave of joy that swelled up within her broke softly in a shower of tears. It was the pent-up emotion of months. And Mark drew her head against his shoulder, comforted and caressed her, kissed away her tears and held her to him without a word till she had regained her lost control.

Then: "You're not going back to-night, don't you think it!" he said in her ear.

"I don't think it," she answered with a small shiver of happiness. "Mother would bite me to pieces!"

"Well, that settles it. You're under my orders now, and you take your leave from to-day. You can write a note to explain. Macgregor can handle the little car. She almost drives herself, and he can bring any scrap of luggage you're wanting."

"Listen to the autocrat!" She sat upright now, beaming on him. "And I've got to write a note of explanation. And *you* don't realise yet what that means!"

"Why? Where's the mystery? That letter?"

"Yes. Interfering people are quite useful sometimes—by accident!"