

as if his subconscious self had removed a barrier and said
'Line clear—go ahead.' It is more than I had ever dared to

"Your friend,

"E. P. WILLITS"

"P. S.: Are you ready?"

Esther looked at the postscript and smiled—
slow smile which lifted the corner of her lips so
ciously.

"May we wait for you, Teacher?"

"Not to-day, dears."

The children moved regretfully away. Presently
school yard was deserted. The busy robins had finished
quarrelling over their crumbs and were holding a
cous around the red pump. In the quietness could
heard the gurgle of the spring rivulets on the hill.

Was there another sound on the hill, too? A faint
whistling mingled with the gurgling water and tw
ing birds? Esther's hand tightened upon the letter
she leaned forward, listening intently. How loud
birds were! How confusing the sound of water!
now she caught the whistling again—

"From Wimbleton to Wombleton is fifteen miles"—

The familiar words formed themselves upon the
lips before the message of the tune reached her
and brought her, breathless, to her feet. He
coming—so soon!

Panic seized her. Her hand flew to her heart
would hide in the school-room, anywhere! The
remembered Willits' postscript, the postscript
she had thought so needless. Her hand fell to her
The panic died. Next moment, head high and
smiling, she walked down to the gate.