

powered her. Still, she reached the door, and saw the waggon drawn up amidst a cluster of struggling men, and by and bye Wyllard, whom they surrounded, break out as if by force from the midst of them. She stood on the threshold waiting him, and in the midst of her exultation a pang smote her as she saw how gaunt and worn he was. He came straight towards her, apparently regardless of the others, and clasping her, the hands she held out drew her into the house.

"So you have not married Gregory yet?" he said, and laughed triumphantly when he saw the answer in her shining eyes.

"No," she said softly, "it is certain that I will never marry him."

Wyllard drew her back still further with a compelling grasp.

"Why?" he asked.

Agatha looked up at him, and then turned her eyes away.

"I was waiting for you," she said simply.

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her before he turned, still with her hand in his, to face the others who were now flocking back to the house, and in another moment or two they went in together amidst a confused clamour of good wishes.

THE END.