

"Oh, what?" she said, with an imperiousness which was not wholly free from anxiety.

And Wade, watching her face, saw that he had parried long enough. Dropping her hands, he spoke quietly.

"It is nothing to alarm you, Tiddles. In fact, I have rather hoped you might not mind the idea. Your father has written to me, to tell me that I am to take a position on *The Zenith*, next week, and that, for the present, at least, I am to live in your home."

Sidney caught her breath sharply. Then sharply her fingers shut on his outstretched hand.

"Oh, Wade!" she said. But Wade, looking down into her clear gray eyes felt there was no need for many words.

And Ronald, half envious, and wholly pleased at the wisdom of his own suggestion, of a sudden found it hard to break the silence. Once he attempted it, and yet again. Then the need was taken from him. Down the path from the cottage came Bungay, with Jumbo in his arms and Ruth following close at his heels. Bungay's hair was rampant, his tone like a clarion of war.

"Sidney, I want my xylophone, quick! You packed it all up in the bag, and now I must have it to sing to Jumbo on. Ruth slapped Jumbo,