

"Yes," he said slowly; then, after a moment: "And faith too is very much like that."

"Only some need a sign," she said.

There was silence again, while her hand crept over his face and back to his forehead to smooth his hair once more — and then very gently she slipped out of his arms.

"What are we to do about — about everything here?" she asked soberly. "We are forgetting that in our own happiness. How are we going to return the money that we have taken?"

"I don't know yet," he answered. "I haven't thought much about it — but we'll manage somehow."

She shook her head.

"I've thought a great deal about it since yesterday — and I'm not so sure it is to be 'managed somehow' — and the more I've thought the more tangled and complicated it has become."

"Well, we'll untangle it to-morrow," said Madison, with a smile, "and —"

"No" — she touched his sleeve. "To-night. Let us do it now — to-night. I should be so happy then."

He smiled at her again, and drew her to him.

"But we ought to have Pale Face and the Flopper too, don't you think so?" he said.

"Of course," she said; "and so we will. The Flopper is here, and we can send him for Harry. It's early yet — not ten o'clock."

"All right," said Madison; "if you wish it. We'll go in then and get the Flopper."