

—look!” As he spoke, he took Anthea’s left hand, drawing it out into the moonlight, so that Small Porges could see the shining ring upon her finger.

“Oh!” said he, nodding his head, “then that makes it all right I s’pose. An’ you aren’t angry with me ’cause I let a great, big gnome come an’ carry you off, are you, Auntie Anthea?”

“No, dear.”

“Why then, everything’s quite — magnificent, isn’t it? An’ now we’re going to live happy ever after, all of us, an’ Uncle Porges is going to take us to sail the oceans in his ship, — he’s got a ship that all belongs to his very own self, you know, Auntie Anthea, — so all will be revelry an’ joy — just like the fairy tale, after all.”

And so, at last, they came to the door of the ancient House of Dapplemere. Whereupon, very suddenly, Adam appeared, bare-armed from the stables, who, looking from Bellew’s radiant face to Miss Anthea’s shy eyes, threw back his head, vented his great laugh, and was immediately solemn again.

“Miss Anthea,” said he, wringing and twisting at his hat, “or — I think I should say, — Mrs. Belloo mam, — there ain’t no word for