

That lady moving toward the door? Follow
Her quick and give her this from me."

Then, Howeth

Thrust a letter in his hand and, bowing,
Led the lady bird away. By the time
Valoria reached the door she had grown calm;
So when the step she knew so well paused at
Her side, and they two stood again gazing,
Each on the other's face, across the edges
Of the yawning years, she was the first to speak
The fitting words which friends use when they
meet,

Having been only friends. Wendal stood like
A courtier who has been so long in duty
On the field that when he found himself again
In the bright presence of his queen forgot
His courtliness. But there are souls who spring
So quickly to each other's level, leaping
All boundaries of time, estrangement, pride
And almost hate, let them but meet, they rush,
Electrify and mingle, quick as light
And air, besides, one glance full in her hazel
Eyes which looked but simple truth, yet neither
Asked nor gave, wrought its old charm in spite of
doubts

And aching fears; and when she smiled adieu,
Holding the letter in the hand he had
Just touched, his heart was keeping holiday
Upon the Heaven-kissed Hills.

"Now, Wendal, stay me with flagons of your
Choicest wine, and comfort me with odors
Of the East, while I recount my last achievement
On the legal turf," said Howeth, entering his
friend's

Room when the night had come. "Thank you, two
chairs