

him, and all the rest left their appointed places and crowded round the hero to get in a word of welcome, and speakers and choir and everybody got all mixed up in hopeless confusion.

Nobody noticed that the train had pulled out again, and that every one on board (and who knew but half of them might be newspaper reporters?) had seen the Orchard Glen had done nothing but stand and stare in perfect silence when one of their boys came home bearing the Victoria Cross, and what would the people of Algonquin say when they heard?

But nobody thought of all this just yet, not even The Woman, for she too was crying over Gavin's empty sleeve, and thinking of the one who would never come back. Every one was coming up to shake his hand now and Gavin's eyes were wandering searchingly over the crowd, even when Marmaduke and Tremendous K. and the minister were making him welcome.

And suddenly the restless, hungry look was replaced by a flash of rapture, for Christina, all flushed and trembling, and looking more beautiful than any one would have dreamed she could look, came forward, hanging tightly to Sandy's arm. She forgot all about the crowd for just a moment, when she took his one hand in both hers, and whispered, "Oh, Gavin!" And he looked at her with his eyes shining and said with equal incoherence, "Oh, Christine!"

They stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, the world blotted out, and remembered the night they parted. And they did not say what they had expected to say at all. For Gavin whispered, looking at her dress, "You are wearing my pin." And she looked down for her ring, and remembered that the hand that had worn it was gone! And she could only look at him with the tears welling up in her eyes, and then she was pushed on