

384 THE PLACE BEYOND THE WINDS

"The Garden, with its flowers and weeds."

"And its men and women!" added Priscilla, her eyes full of gladness. "Oh! long ago, I told Master Farwell that I felt Kenmore was only my stopping-place; I feel it now so surely."

"Yes, my sweet, but you and I will return here to polish our ideals and catch our breaths."

"In the Place Beyond the Winds, dear man?"

"Exactly! Those old Indians had a genius for names."

"And in the Garden -- what are we to do?" Priscilla asked, her eyes growing more practical. "They will have none of -- Priscilla Glynn, you know. And you, dear heart, what will they do to you, now that you have defied their code?"

"Priscilla Glynn has done her best and is -- gone! There will be a Priscilla Travers with many a stern duty before her."

"Yes, but you?"

"I shall try to keep your golden head in sight, little girl! For the rest -- I have a small income -- my father's. I must tell you about him and my mother, some day; and I shall write -- write; and men and women may read what they might not be willing to listen to."

"I see! And oh! how rich and bright the way on ahead looks! Just when I thought the clouds were crushing me, they opened and I saw -- "

"What, Priscilla?"