

courtyard in the sunshine. They came at last under the central archway and amongst the rubble and the fallen stones of the hall on the left. They were holding each a hand of the other. Sir William touched with his foot a stone low down near the floor in one corner.

"It must have been just there," he said, and Dionissia continued for him:

"That your head struck the wall"; and she added thoughtfully: "Yes, it was just about there."

"It's all awfully mysterious, my dear," Sir William said. "At least it's difficult to make it all fit in together. Either I went back to the fourteenth century because you wanted me to. Either the fourteenth century is still here behind a curtain. Or else it was you, sitting beside my bed and reading old chronicles, that just put the thoughts into my head."

Dionissia went towards the broken window space through which the sunlight was streaming into the littered hall. She sat down upon the broken stonework and looked over her shoulder at the green valley.

"After all," she said, in her deep and serious voice, "there have got to be mysteries, so we can take it one way or the other."

"Ah, that's so like the Lady Dionissia," Sir William said.

Dionissia looked at him for a long time.

"You've made a great deal of difference in the world for me," she said. "Everything is different. Everything seems much more real."

"And that's like the Lady Dionissia too," Sir William repeated.

She looked at him still seriously. "That isn't quite what I meant," she said. "The point is, that before I saw you I used just to sit and to think for hours and hours about one thing and another. I didn't want to