

## ***THE HIDDEN CHILDREN***

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the street between the passing ranks of Gansevoort's infantry, sprang up the steps, and entered the dusky house. Through the twilight of the polished hallway she came forward, caught me around the neck with a low cry, clung to me closer as I kissed her, holding to me in silence.

Outside, the racketting drums of a passing regiment filled the house with crashing echoes. When the noise had died away again, and the drums of the next regiment were still distant, she loosened her arms, whispering my name, and framing my face with her slim hands.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of three tall and shadowy figures hovering in the doorway. Lois saw them, too, and stretched out one hand. One after another my three Indians came to her, bent their stately crests in silence, took her small hand, and laid it on their hearts.

"Shall I bid them to dine with us tomorrow?" she whispered.

"Bid them."

So she asked them a trifle shyly, and they thanked her gravely, turned one by one to take a silent leave of me, then went noiselessly out into the early dusk.

"Euan, my dear mother is awaiting you in our best room."

"I will instantly pay my duties and——"

"Lana is there also."

"Does she know?"

"Yes. God help her and the young thing she has