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"You here too?" she exclaimed in a tone which seemed to say: "Will wonders never cease?"

"I certainly am!" promptly acknowledged the beaming Mr. Reagan.

Marty and Eric smiled at each other, but then Eric's face grew serious again. "I have a letter here from my mother," he said. "Would you care to read it now?"

She led the way to a seat which Uncle Ebau had built around one of the elms, and there she opened the letter. It ran:

*My dear Martha:* I trust you will forgive an old woman who can offer no other excuse than her love for her son. You saved him from going on the *Fortuna*, for which I shall pray God to bless you as long as I live.

Your mother and I had our differences, in which I was often wrong. Can you forgive me for that too? Some day, perhaps, before it's too late, you will write me a line and tell me so.

I have told Judge Allison that I shall not contest your claim in any way. The Pillars, of course, belongs to you—and much besides.