

"That I came here to —"

"I should like to think that."

"Well, I came," said the girl, "I don't know why! Unless the boy who was taking down the signs had something to do with it!"

"The —?"

"He said to go 'straight up'!" she laughed.

He laughed, too; all the world seemed laughing. He hardly knew what he said, how she answered; only that she was there, slender, beautiful, as the springtime full of flowers; that a miracle had happened, was happening. The mottled blur in the sky had become a spot of brightness; sunshine filled the room; in a cage above, a tiny feathered creature began to chirp.

"And Sir Charles? Lady Wray?" He spoke quietly, but with wild pulsing or temples, exultant fierce throbbing of heart; he held her from all the world.

"They?" She was silent a moment; then looked up with a touch of her old, bright imperiousness. "My uncle loves me, has never denied me anything, and he will not in this — that is, if I tell him —"

"What?"