

the hills of Sky Farm, but never as alluringly wicked, and he fell in love with her "all over again from the beginning," as he expressed it. In some mysterious way she had broken the mighty grip that held her, and found freedom. She would not talk of money. In fact, she would not do anything that she ought to, and she enjoyed her own defiance so exquisitely that he could only follow her lead in devout acquiescence.

On the fifth morning, as he was putting together some papers, the frown of the punctual business man on his forehead, she suddenly appeared before him with an air of scared purpose. She wore an absurd little dressing sack with fluttering lace for sleeves, and her brown braids lay on her shoulders. Her hands were clasped behind her back.

"Dana!"

"Yes, dear?" Mortal man could not have shown himself more approachable, yet her colour rose and fell, and, in spite of her amused eyes, she visibly gasped.

"It's only — Dana, dear — I — haven't any money. Could you let me have some?"

Could he! His hand plunged into a well-filled pocket and offered her its entire contents. She would have taken a modest bill, but he pressed it all into her hands and closed them over it.

"You'll need it, dearest," he urged.