

but he turned so quickly that his face had no time to come into the kindly conspiracy, and no triumph of hyperbole could have described its look as happy.

“Yes? Good news, I hope?”

“I won’t . . . be cowardly and let you think that this was accidental . . . my seeing you . . . and telling you that I’m sorry. We—we were going to drive down to the yacht . . . after the speeches were over. I don’t understand it all yet, but this afternoon a great thing happened. There came a letter from my father . . . and everything is all settled now. He . . . wants my mother . . . more than me, now. Why should n’t I tell you? It is what I have longed for . . . prayed for every night . . . for twelve years. We are going to New York—to-morrow—to see my father.”

His great gladness at that made him forget himself entirely, and for the first time he could look at her.

“Why, I can’t *tell* you how glad I am! How tremendously happy that makes me!”

She sat back in her cushioned seat, still as a sculptured lady, hands clasped on her silken lap, eyes gone off down the street, though not for vision, to where Hare was thundering a splendid peroration. He had already become aware, without looking at her, that she was richly and beautifully dressed; but he was hardly prepared for the effect which such a setting would have upon her face. For all his conjuring of memory, he had forgotten that she looked quite like that. . . .

“Yes . . . it makes me happy, too. And my mother wants to ask you—no, I do—that is, both