

and stretched out his hand to me; but I ignored the invitation.

"And what—what have you got for me, Mizpah?" I asked, in a very low voice, indeed—a voice perhaps not just as steady as that of a noted bush-fighter is supposed to be at a crisis.

The flush grew, deepening down along the clear whiteness of her neck, and she half put out one hand to me.

"Do you want thanks?" she asked softly.

"You *know* what I want,—what I have wanted above all else in life from the moment my eyes fell upon you!" I cried with a great passion, grown suddenly forgetful of Grûl and Big Etienne, who doubtless found my emotion more or less interesting.

For a second or two Mizpah made no answer. Then she lifted her face, gave me one swift look straight in the eyes,—a look that told me all I longed to know,—and suddenly, with a little laugh that was mostly a sob, put Philip into my arms.