

never dawned there when they parted three days ago.

"Paul Arrington started for Italy last night," she said tremulously. "He has written to Joseph Watt and the Board."

Christopher reached her in two steps. The strained gravity and anxiety of weeks seemed to slip from him, and leave him boyishly exuberant and excited.

"You wonderful girl!" he cried, seizing her hands and nearly shaking them off. "How did you do it? Come and tell Patricia. Patricia! Patricia!"

His voice rang through the house, but Patricia was beside them in a moment and caught Anne in her arms.

"You great baby!" she cried, half laughing at him over Anne's shoulder. "Run away and send wires, or let off fireworks, or get ready for dinner. Anne, come upstairs with me, dearest."

For Patricia understood by the look she had surprised in Anne's eyes as Christopher released her, that Anne was awake, and the awakening was almost too hard to bear at that supreme moment.