

HEADQUARTERS

"I think about him, Cyril. Do you think he got away?"

"Well, rather! I cut his bonds with a huntin' knife before we went down."

She looked up into his face in amazement. "You dared do that?" He laughed.

"You wouldn't have let him be more generous than me."

"And he let us go?"

"He didn't think we *could* go. He left things to Destiny."

"Good old Udo!" she repeated. And then dreamily, "Destiny! You were not meant to die, Cyril."

"Not yet." He said slowly: "But I must go back—over there, Doris."

She shivered a little and drew closer to him.

"Yes, I know," she said. "But you've earned——"

"I couldn't ever earn what I've got," he broke in quickly.

"Nor I——"

"I'm not much of a chap at pretty speeches and all that sort of thing, but you're a rare one, you know, the rummiest sort of a rare one—the kind a chap dreams about but never gets—and yet I've got you—Oh, hang it all, Doris," he broke off helplessly. "You know——"

She smiled at him and slipped her arm through his.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"Good old Doris," he muttered. "Silly ass, aren't I?"

But she wouldn't admit that.