

HEADQUARTERS

At the end in front of her she saw lights and reached a doorway, where an orderly opened the door of the machine and saluted her companion. Their arrival, it seemed, was expected. Captain Jackson took her by the arm and led her indoors, for her courage or her nerves seemed to be failing her again, down a quiet hall into a room where an officer with a gray mustache sat before a lighted lamp at a table covered with papers. She recognized him at once from the many portraits that had appeared in the weekly papers. He spoke to her and she tried to reply, but she could not. She seemed only to have strength enough to thrust the papers forward into his hand, when her knees gave way under her and she sank in a heap upon the floor.

Gentle hands lifted her and laid her upon a couch in the corner of the room. She tried to get up, but could not. She heard the voices of the officers in the room as from a great distance, and then a woman came and two men carried her upstairs and put her to bed. She realized that she was talking incoherently of Cyril, of the Yellow Dove. They gave her something to drink and her nerves grew mysteriously quiet. She seemed to be sailing smoothly through the air—higher, higher—Cyril's fingers were pointing upward. She was tipping the wheel toward her—ever toward her, and they rose higher. They had reached the region of continuous and perfect day. Cyril turned his head and looked at her, and then he smiled.

It was broad daylight when she awoke, for the sunshine was streaming in at the window. A woman sat near her, knitting. She was an old woman of many wrinkles, kindly wrinkles which seemed to vie with one another to express placidity. As Doris rose in her