

"I think not. I expect it means at least a year away from the Fatherland."

She was silent and looked almost sad.

"But a year will soon pass," I whispered.

A gesture of pretty reproach answered me.

"If you would make a little sacrifice, it would help, I think."

"Sacrifice!" she echoed, not catching my meaning. And when I did not reply she lifted her head from my shoulder and peered into my eyes, her own full of curiosity.

"You used to pride yourself on reading my secrets," said I.

She thought a minute; then a look of wonderment shone in her eyes, followed almost directly by a great glad blush that spread all over her face, dyeing her cheeks with crimson and driving her to hide them against my shoulder.

"I don't guess this one," she said.

But I was sure she had.

"Don't?"

"Won't, then," she murmured into my coat lapel.

"It could not be yet, of course," said I. "But in three months—"

"You said sacrifice," she interrupted, and glanced up with a quick darting of the eyes.

"It would have to be very quiet—very, very quiet."

"It is no sacrifice to travel—in company."

And there we left it; but we knew well enough each other's hopes and desires.

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