

CHAPTER XLVII

IN WHICH THIS HISTORY IS ENDED

A BRIGHT room, luxuriously appointed: a great wide bed with carved posts and embroidered canopy; between the curtained windows, a tall oak press with grotesque heads carved thereon, heads that leered and gaped and scowled at me. But the bed and the room and the oak press were all familiar, and the grotesque heads had leered and gaped and frowned at me before, and haunted my boyish dreams many and many a night.

And now I lay between sleeping and waking, staring dreamily at all these things, till roused by a voice near by, and starting up, broad awake, beheld Sir Richard.

"Deuce take you, Peter!" he exclaimed; "I say — the devil fly away with you, my boy! — curse me! — a nice pickle you've made of yourself, with your infernal Revolutionary notions — your digging and blacksmithing, your walking-tours —"

"Where is she, Sir Richard?" I broke in; "pray, where is she?"

"She?" he returned, scratching his chin with the corner of a letter he held; "she?"

"She whom I saw last night —"

"You were asleep last night, and the night before."

"Asleep? — then how long have I been here?"

"Three days, Peter."

"And where is she — surely I have not dreamed it all — where is Charmian?"

"She went away — this morning."

"Gone! — where to?"