

With a sudden thought that the child might be grieving alone, she rose and went in search of her. Failing to find her, either in writing-room or bedroom, she directed her steps at last to the hall.

She went in very quietly, not really expecting to find the girl there: and stopped short, tremulously, at the sight that met her eyes. Two heads visible above the back of the Chesterfield—one blond, one black—but in such close proximity!

For a moment she felt quite staggered. It was, to her, completely unexpected. There they sat, as they might sit during many a winter's eve in the time to come—side by side, and cheek to cheek.

Dannie was a very intelligent woman, and as she gazed, she began to see that she had been more than a little stupid.

The reason for Germaine's broken engagement—the reason for her flight from Gray Ashted were now apparent: though she felt certain that Germaine herself had not been aware of what ailed her. She cleared her throat.

"Ermie darling, are you there?"

They did not move, nor start. "Yes, Dannie, we are both here," replied Germaine sweetly.

Dannie came round the back of the couch and smiled upon them both as they lifted their glowing, conscious faces to her.

"My dears, my dears! I had not thought of it; but it is very right."

"Absolutely right," said Miles: and his smile was good to see.

THE END

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GERMAINE