

On the Westfall Lake 441

The silvered sheet of water rippled placidly at their feet. There was wind among the birches. They watched the great moon sail behind a cloud and emerge, flooding the sylvan world with light.

"Sweetheart," said Philip suddenly, "I thought that Arcadia was back there in Connecticut by the river, but it's here too! Dear little gypsy, it is everywhere that you are!"

"It will be Arcadia — always!" said Diane, "for Arcadia is Together-land, isn't it, Philip?"

The moon and Philip answered.