

"This afternoon!"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."

"Please!"

Silence.

"How brave you are!"

"I? Oh, pshaw!"

"Would you have shot one of them?"

"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.

"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."

And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhiordes, the magic old Yhiordes from Bagdad.

THE END