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Maria echoed his regret. It was a pity they were leaving. Pomp continued to dwell on the renaissance of Bayside's glory — the Bayside of befo' de wah!

"But where are we going, Billy?" Cissy asked, as the coach drew up and Isaiah sprang down to spread the carpet Pomp had intrusted to him for Cissy to walk on to the train. "Where?"

"Home!" He was jubilant. "To the little Trust Luck mine!"

"I'll see those sunrises," she whispered, her rose-leaf cheek close to his lean brown one, "and those sunsets — and the camp fires curling up on the mountain top, alone with you and the trees!"

"There's a great deal waiting for us," he said. "We're going to 'be'old this world so wide!" Then a bigger, deeper note came into his voice. "It's done only good to me," he said softly, looking at her. "And we want to see it all, but Home first!"

"Home first," echoed Cissy. "Wo-ow!" barked General Jackson, softly.

"He says," said Cissy, "Home first!"

Away off yonder around the curve came the "big train" that never before in the history of the world had stopped at Bayside. Bub slouched out of the waiting-room to say that they'd telegraphed — somebody had —