

"Oh my dears!" said little Miss Priscilla, "I've hoped for this, — prayed for it, — because I believe he is — worthy of you, Anthea, and because you have both loved each other, from the very beginning; oh dear me; yes you have! And so, my dears, — your happiness is my happiness and — Oh, goodness me! here I stand talking sentimental nonsense while our Small Porges is simply dropping asleep as he stands."

"'Fraid I am a bit tired," Small Porges admitted, "but it's been a magnif'cent night. An' I think, Uncle Porges, when we sail away in your ship, I think, I'd like to sail round the Horn first 'cause they say it's always blowing, you know, and I should love to hear it blow. An' now — Good-night!"

"Wait a minute, my Porges, just tell us what it was the Money Moon said to you, last night, will you?"

"Well," said Small Porges, shaking his head, and smiling, a slow, sly smile, "I don't s'pose we'd better talk about it, Uncle Porges, 'cause, you see, it was such a very great secret; an 'sides, — I'm awful sleepy, you know!" So saying, he nodded slumberously, kissed Anthea sleepily, and, giving Miss Priscilla his hand, went drowsily into the house.