

to her knees and began wildly to pick up the pieces, green glaze, and bits of roses, red and yellow.

He watched her, still leaning against the mantel. Tears came to his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. He watched her, as gradually her hands moved more slowly, until they stopped. Her head bowed, and she knelt there, hardly breathing, it seemed to him.

Then he went to her, and knelt beside her, and put his arms around her. "Uncle John died a year ago," he whispered.

She shivered, and pressed close against him. "Once," she said at last, "I lived here. Since then I have had a dream of the great desert. And I was afraid because you were not there to protect me. Stephen was there, and I was afraid."

He drew her more closely to him. "Was it a true dream, Henry?" she asked.

"Yes, dear. But now it is only a dream—a dream that we shall forget together."

She sighed, a long, shuddering sigh, and he heard her say—"Poor Stephen."

She was quiet a moment. But, suddenly, she drew away and cried in agony of fear, "And Harry—my little boy?"

"We have found him together, dear. Harry is my son as well as yours."