

Suddenly he came over and stood beside me. One hand touched my shoulder and I looked up.

"We're not going to sleep here," he said quietly.

"Why?" I asked. "Where?" although I knew, and my bounding heart bespoke my joy.

"You know—come," with which he took up the valise and led the way aloft.

The roof was low and I think Gordon really bowed his head a little as we passed within that attic door. The same discarded articles, finding their limbo here, stood about the walls. But the fire was crackling on the hearth; the coverings on the bed were snowy white; the silver toilet-set on the old bureau was the same I had laid there so stealthily years before. And on the little table in the corner was a bowl of the choicest roses, their fragrance floating through the room.

I looked at Gordon. Perhaps I was just a little disappointed that he did not speak. His eyes rested on the fire, turned to the roses, lingering long.

"That's the same fire," he said slowly.

"Oh, Gordon," and I laughed; "how can you say that?"

"The very same," he persisted; "it never has gone out. And the roses too; they're the very same—they've never faded."

"I thought you'd want to come here," I said,