

their individual lives ; the last barrier between them was broken down.

"You'll keep things going—you and Jeffries?"

"Yes, we'll manage; don't you worry about that—we'll carry on."

He had not looked at Lillah. She came to him. He felt, rather than saw, the outstretched hand. For the vision of all that he had nearly lost blinded him.

"So perhaps we shall come back after all!"

"Yes—you will come back now." Her hand clasped his. He tried to free himself, but her hold was firm and strong. "Lillah," he muttered. "Lillah—I nearly didn't tell him—I nearly let him go——"

"But you did tell him. That's what matters." She paused and then added quickly: "And Genifer sent a message. You were to remember your bargain—something queer that I didn't understand about tiger-skins and camp-fires."

He smiled.

"I understand. And I have never really forgotten."

He watched them till they had vanished into the pale mists of the morning. Then he went back and drew Harding's wooden stool up to the brazier. He was tired and cold and a little drowsy. As he sat there he thought he felt Genifer's hands on his face and her quick warm kiss.

"That's to take with you. And of nights—when you're feeling a bit tired and down you'll say to yourself—'Well, I've got a good pal over there, anyhow.' And perhaps, at the same moment, I shall be imagining what you are doing, and thinking of all the good times I shall have when *my* good pal comes home——"

"If ever you want to—come back!"

He held his hands over the glowing fire, thinking of her.

FINIS