

THE BRUSHWOOD BOY

She fell forward on Dandy's neck. Georgie forced himself out of the weakness that was overmastering his limbs, and slid an arm round her waist. The head dropped on his shoulder, and he found himself with parched lips saying things that up till then he believed existed only in printed works of fiction. Mercifully the horses were quiet. She made no attempt to draw herself away when she recovered, but lay still, whispering, "Of course you 're the Boy, and I did n't know—I did n't know."

"I knew last night; and when I saw you at breakfast—"

"Oh, *that* was why! I wondered at the time. You would, of course."

"I could n't speak before this. Keep your head where it is, dear. It 's all right now—all right now, is n't it?"

"But how was it *I* did n't know—after all these years and years? I remember—oh, what lots of things I remember!"

"Tell me some. I 'll look after the horses."

"I remember waiting for you when the steamer came in. Do you?"

"At the Lily Lock, beyond Hong-Kong and Java?"

"Do *you* call it that, too?"

"You told me it was when I ~~was~~ lost in the continent. That was you that showed me the way through the mountains?"

"When the islands slid? It must have been, because you 're the only one I remember. All the others were 'Them.'