

design, one of them fell on his own and rested there. The light contact sent electric thrills up his arm.

"That's just it," she said with her slow smile. "You must know. But we neither of us do—yet. It's been a wonderful fortnight. And if I haven't travelled quite so fast or so far as you, that doesn't mean——"

"Of course it doesn't. I'm not such a conceited ass as to suppose you could fall in love with me at sight. But now I've spoken—isn't there any response?"

"Haven't you felt any?" she asked lightly, and the hand that rested on his moved in a just perceptible caress.

"For God's sake don't play with me!" he broke out, half angry again. "I'm in deadly earnest."

"I know. That's just why one of us must try to keep a cool head."

"Rot! You're simply fencing. And you haven't answered my question."

"I'm trying to. But I'm half afraid . . . to let myself go. No—don't!" She warded him off with a gesture, but deliberately replaced her hand over his. "It's too sudden altogether. Wouldn't it be wiser—for both of us—to wait a little? You don't really know me one bit."

He bowed his head and kissed the fingers that covered his own. "I know I love you," he said simply, his deep voice low and controlled. "And if you can say the same, that's enough for me. The rest will be an enchanted voyage of discovery."

"Voyages of discovery are rather risky things," she reminded him. "And sometimes—they end in smoke. You see, you're not just any one. I'm outside your world; and—your mother doesn't like me."

"Rot," he said again, with less conviction than before.