

Their Hearts' Desire

slightly ajar, and promptly applying one well-squinted eye to the opening, descried a pile of white packages tied with scarlet ribbon, and the end of an open trunk. He gasped. It had never occurred to him that there would be one.

Trembling with excitement, he gently pushed against the door. Slowly it swung upon its hinges, gradually revealing a chair almost covered with a pile of indiscriminate fluffy whiteness, and then another, and on that reposed two white slippers and a pair of stockings, also white.

The slippers John indifferently associated with shoe-shop windows, but the stockings warmed his heart. They meant something. They really belonged to some one. They had been worn, he could plainly see by the suggestive fulness and the unmistakable imprint of garter clasps.

It all went through his head in a twinkling, and his mind, stimulated by the digested evidence of a trunk and contents of