

"Idiot? Mr. Smith? I am not going to marry him, Dr. Martin, but he is an honorable fellow and a friend of mine, a dear friend of mine."

"So he is, so he is, a splendid fellow, the finest ever, but thank God you are not going to marry him!"

"Why, what is wrong with——"

"Why? Why? God help me! Why? Only because, Moira, I love you." He threw himself upon his knees beside her. "Don't, don't for God's sake get away! Give me a chance to speak!" He caught her hand in both of his. "I have just been through hell. Don't send me there again. Let me tell you. Ever since that minute when I saw you in the glen I have loved you. In my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night you have been, and this day when I thought I had lost you I knew that I loved you ten thousand times more than ever." He was kissing her hand passionately, while she sat with head turned away. "Tell me, Moira, if I may love you? And is it any use? And do you think you could love me even a little bit? I am not worthy to touch you. Tell me." Still she sat silent. He waited a few moments, his face growing gray. "Tell me," he said at length in a broken, husky voice. "I will try to bear it."

She turned her face toward him. The sunny eyes were full of tears.

"And you were going away from me?" she breathed, leaning toward him.

"Sweetheart!" he cried, putting his arms around her and drawing her to him, "tell me to stay."

"Stay," she whispered, "or take me too."

The sun had long since disappeared behind the big purple mountains and even the warm afterglow in the eastern sky had faded into a pearly opalescent