

A MAID OF MANY MOODS

and in the quiet that followed, when Master Thornbury and Darby talked together, Don Sherwood drew Debora into the shadow by the window-seat.

"I' faith," he said, "if I judge not wrongly by Master Nicholas Berwick's face when he spoke with thee but now, he doth love thee also, Deb."

"Ah!" she answered, "he hath indeed said so in the past and moreover proven it."

"In very truth, yes. But thou," with a flash in his eyes, "dost care? Hast aught of love for him? Nay, I need not ask thee."

She smiled a little, half sadly.

"I love but thee," she said.

He gave a short, light laugh, then looked grave.

"'Tis another of life's 'Why's,' sweetheart, that awaiteth an answer. Why!—why, in heaven's name, should I have the good fortune to win thee, when he, who I think is far the better gentleman, hath failed?"

As he spoke, the bells of Stratford rang out their joyous pealing, and the scund came to them on the night wind. Then the child, who