ed yourself not to tell. Oh, it was all as plain as print! Steven, I am rich now. I have everything now—but you. I mean *we* have everything, for we *have* you. Steven, don't tremble so. Oh, how longingly I have waited for you!"

"No, no!"

He spoke at last, hoarsely in his intense agitation, but his longing eyes still told her what no words could.

"I have waited for you," she gently persisted. "I shall go on waiting"

"No, my—it would be a sin in me."

"I shall wait," she said, in quiet earnestness, "if it be forever. Steven, you once said, at least I thought you *meant* it, if you did not—that, though I had many faults—so true that is!—in your soul I bided. Was not it that? Unless you have put me out of your soul I shall wait for you forever. Oh, Steven," she cried, with actual pain, for the unspeakable gladness that her words had brought into his lined face was at that moment more than she could bear. That words of hers should change him

so, told all that he would not—for her sake—confess.

"Oh, Steven," she cried, in actual pain; and then could say no more, until a new thought and a new courage came. To all seeming she spoke quite easily, looking across the room, away from him. "I declare, Steven, I have not yet properly renewed my admiring friendship with that dear, ingenious grin of Mrs. Frayd's. Do you recollect how you despised me for not appreciating the orange-tinted gold of the frame? You did. I don't forget that, as it was that picture which guided me to you, Steven, and as—without it—I might been for years, or all my life, and not found you, I must—kiss it!"

Her lips had been always beautiful to him, but he thought only now of the warm, brave, tender heart that stirred them.

"Yes," he said, still holding fast his self-control in all his overmastering love and gratitude, "yes—afterward."

THE END.