

Their Hearts' Desire

terminated that her mood should guide him.

He took off his coat and laid it across a chair and put her muff on top. Then he brightened the fire and turned the burner in the lamp a little higher, moving easily and naturally, scarcely looking at Barbara, though conscious of every move she made, almost of her breathing, so keen his thought was of her.

At length she spoke. "Isn't it strange?"

"You mean the room?"

"No, that it isn't—strange, I mean. I thought perhaps it would be. But—I feel almost as though I had been here before," and she looked up at him for explanation.

"You have, many times. You may have forgotten," he conceded, as she demurred, "but I have seen you with my own eyes for as much as—a quarter of a minute! It was a joy to have you, dear, even for a little time, but such a disappointment when you went away. Oh! you *must* let me get that