

Their Hearts' Desire

possible for John to investigate that, at least, without a chance of meeting any one who might ask questions, a thing he shrank from even at this decisive hour.

Hitching up his pajama trousers from the droop occasioned by the vigorous discharge of bedclothes, John walked quickly over to the curtain, pulled it aside, and carefully turned the key in the lock. He paused to look furtively behind him, and then, grasping the knob with both hands, slowly, cautiously, with abated breath, opened the door and crept into the closet.

About him all was dim and uncertain. He thought he smelled flowers, but he was not sure, and all that he could see were seeming shadows, that, soft and yielding to his touch, filled him with delicious though vague intimations of impending joy.

"Oh, if he should find her—if he should!"

With outstretched hands, John made his way to the farther door. He found it