

ble and blissfully long-drawn, broke the silence and the pose.

John held her at arm's length — his eyes a-dance with the emotional riot of an experience so foreign to the ascetic life which his character had forced upon him that he felt the wish for anchorage at which to moor himself and his joys. Such a mooring was offered by the long, wide window seat before the dormer which looked over palms and acacias to the Bay.

Taking Bessie by the hand, he led her to this tiny haven.

"Oh, John," she murmured, with a flutter in her voice and a sudden gust of happy tears, as she cuddled down against his shoulder, "it has been such a long, cruel wait, hasn't it? Such a hilly, roundabout way that we have traveled to know and get to each other at last."

"But now it's over," he breathed contentedly, swaying her body gently with his own.

As if a tide had taken them, they drifted out; two argonauts upon the sea of love with the window seat for a bark, and soon were cruising far out of sight of land. There was little talk. Words were so unnecessary. To feel the presence of each other was quite enough. For the time being, degrees and careers and private cars, courts and newspapers, actresses and diamonds, elders and church trials, were sunk entirely below the horizon.

Bessie was first to come back from this nebulous state of bliss to the more tangible realities of the situation. With her lover so close and so secure, she experienced a stirring of possessive instincts accompanied by an impulse to caretaking. John was hers now, and he required attention. With a soft hand she smoothed the yellow locks backward from his brow. With pliant fingers she sought to iron out the lines of care from his