

that would have been unlike him. Angela, I have written the book you asked for long ago, and it is likely to make my fortune. You can choose the mansion or the cabin, as you please. In either case, I shall be able to gratify your request."

"O, Donald! I am so glad for your sake. Can I understand the book? Did you bring it for me to read?"

"I wanted to talk myself. I will give the book a chance some other time."

She was very quiet, apparently forgetting even Donald's dear presence. He watched her closely. The mood was a new one even to him, but all her ways and moods fascinated him, and just then books, or ambition, or the great world's praise, counted very little with him as he sat with her at his side, in the supreme content that years of waiting brought.

"I wish Lindsay could know! What she so longed for has come just a little too late. Oh! I am so glad that I shall have the company I like henceforth."

Her sentence ended with a sigh of deep content.