

pretty, and she knows how! Where is Mr. Morton? O Mr. Morton, would you be so kind as to take me round to the other side of the cliff? There's something going on there which I must put a stop to at once. Would you believe it? that incorrigible husband of mine—"

She vanished, and Leigh and Philip wandered away over the rocks.

An hour later they sat together, caring little for the vast cliffs towering above them, or for the foaming surf at their feet. They saw but the gladness in each other's eyes. Their own murmurs spoke a mightier language in their ears than the voice of the great waves. Yet they sought in vain to express the meaning that overcharged their hearts, for

"Love's tenderest, truest secret lingers,
Ever in its depths untold,"

and its sweetest words are only

"Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea."

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"And are you glad to see me, dear? And are you quite 'sure of yourself' now? And is it like your 'theories'?"

"I was very, very glad, but I think you took an unfair advantage in surprising me, and some day I will have my revenge."

"And will you go out on the prairies and live in a log-cabin with me, if ever I ask you? Will you, Leigh?"