

Their Hearts' Desire

lock you safely in," he added, smiling as he closed it, and adjusted the bolt and chain. "Now!" with a deep sigh of contentment.

She looked up at him quite at a loss, her pulses fluttering. What a tremendous word it seemed, and she had none commensurate to offer.

Impulsively she tendered him her muff. He took it, wondering a little.

"There isn't any place to keep it," she explained, looking helplessly about, as if expecting to find wardrobe facilities just inside the door.

"We'll find a place," he assured her, suppressing a smile. "But first won't you come in to the fire and take off your wraps?" and he ventured to push back the hood of her coat.

Barbara followed him dubiously, experimentally, as it were, in that highly wrought, sensitive frame of mind where in the falling of a leaf a die is cast. And the man who loved her, guessing as much, or nearly, de-