

"Care?" repeated Cynthia; she laughed tremulously and laid her tear-stained cheek against his hand. "Father William, I do not care. Like Bona Dea, I love you, love you, love you!"

She lifted her eyes to his and for one second marveled why she had ever thought he was homely or grotesque.

"I have another confession to make," she whispered in his ear.

"As amazing as the last?" he questioned while he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"Only this. One day the suffragists met to prod me. They said I had grown lukewarm. They spoke of the White House."

"And you, dear?" he smiled down into her eyes.

"I—I—" Cynthia laughed again. "While they talked, I was thinking of a little white house which stood in the loop of a creek, and my heart ached with longing for a place at its fireside."