

and as the train started John looked at her a moment through dimmed eyes, and slowly said:

"The glory of this hour has more than paid for all the pain and all the shame a thousand lives could hold!"

And then in low soft accents broken with sobs she confessed to him the story of her love and at the end with trembling lips asked:

"But you can't hate me for it now, can you, my darling?"

For an answer he bent and tenderly kissed her hand, while she felt rather than heard the low passionate words: "I love you—I love you—I love you!"