

Their Hearts' Desire

"And whoever would have thought it of Bob, the celibate?" suggested Bob's brother.

"Or Barbara, the reserved, for that matter," supplemented Mrs. Strong. "But one never can tell."

"No, not when Fate and Santa Claus both take a hand," said the gentleman in question. "But will you kindly tell me, Mrs. Strong, where one Barbara is?"

"Upstairs, I think," she said, matter-of-factly. "And how are you this evening?"

"Not at all. Grooms never are, you know. But when is she coming down?" he persisted.

"The ceremony is at six, I believe," she responded, with studied indifference, by a look referring the matter to her husband. Then she left them to adjust a vase of lilies and hide a smile.

"Well, there's scarcely a minute more," Robert contended, trailing after her, watch in hand. "And you needn't laugh," he