

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"But that isn't enough!" he said, his eyes darkening. "It isn't enough to have your encouragement in my working hours. I must have it in my other hours — hours of enforced idleness, when the devils of discouragement and despair will be sure to attack and weaken me. Amarilly, you wouldn't marry me for love of me, but won't you now — when I need you so much — when without you I cannot work — or live?"

The something in Amarilly's heart which had taken such deep and hardy root overcame her opposition.

"Yes, Mr. Derry," she said quietly, "I will."

His uninjured arm came quickly and closely about her. A wave of color rolled upward from her slender throat. Beneath her lashes lurked a look, tender and exquisite.

"Amarilly," he said softly, "promise again. Will you be my wife?"

As a bridge yields to the vibration of a certain note, so the one little point of resistance in Amarilly was broken by his appeal.

"Yes," she said, with an intonation a man hears but once in his life, "yes, Mr. Derry, I will."