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"No, but I tried to forget it," he whispered.

"Are you glad?" she asked.

At that he raised his head and looked at her. Tears sparkled on her lashes and her cheeks were pink. On brow and lip he saw the marks of the man's fury.

His face went white as the pillows. He got slowly to his feet, shaking in every muscle, leaned over the bed, slipped an arm behind her shoulders, and kissed her with passionate reverence upon the trembling lips and bright, wet eyes.

"I came because I knew," she said a minute later.

He could only repeat that he had been a fool, and worse. Her head, with its braided hair, was upon his shoulder. She laughed up at him.

"But I planned to go out for a little while," he said. "I started once, and was stopped by some trouble here. I meant to start again tomorrow to make sure of the truth. The madness was working out of me, dear."

"I am glad I came," she replied. "It was hard, but I won through to you, and found you in your own country."

He trembled as he thought of what she had battled through.

"It is a wild and desolate country," he said. "I have grown fond of it, but it would be unbearable to you. We shall go back in a few