

Their Hearts' Desire

to enter the drive, she leaned forward to peer through the half-frosted window.

"Where are we?" she questioned with diffidence.

"Just inside the gate, and if John only knew! There," directing her gaze, "the farther room at the corner is his, and the one with the light, immediately next, is yours. And here we are. Step with care," he cautioned playfully, helping her out. "This delivery of valuable Christmas presents is beginning to wear on my nerves," and he put an arm about her with a fine air of vigilance. "That will be all, James, good-night," he called over his shoulder, as they ascended the steps.

"Good-night, sor," came in half congealed Irish accents from the box.

Half consciously Barbara watched the carriage fade into the darkness, while Robert slipped the key into the latch.

"We'll not ring," he said, "because I want to open the door for you myself and—