

504 THE CONGRESSWOMAN

"A woman. Even the prehistoric man wanted a woman in his cave dwelling. I thought I had lived down my prehistoric instincts and yet—"

"The prehistoric man lassoed a woman, didn't he?" asked Cynthia. "And dragged her to his cave?"

"I believe so. One cannot do that, however, with a beautiful lady."

"It is a lady then,"—when Cynthia turned her face toward him it was one radiant flush,— "not a prehistoric woman you are searching for?"

"Yes, only I have found her and—"

She waited through a long silence.

"There have been moments, William, when I imagined you a very brave man." Cynthia hid her face with one hand and stretched out the other gropingly; it was caught suddenly in a strong, tender grasp. New strength and warmth seemed to flood her weakened body with fresh life.

"Dear,"—the man slipped to his knees beside the couch,— "do you mean it, mean that you—would fill that place at—my fireside?"

"Oh," she sobbed, "take me home with you."

"Take you home with me?" he repeated. "It is the most amazing thing that ever happened in the history of the world."

"What?" she faltered.

"That you should even care for—me."