

"That statement," said Wilmot, "sounds very pagan and profane to me and also very, very beautiful. But, who, may I ask, is this *other* person?" His brows gathered a little jealously.

"This other person," said Barbara quietly, "is at the present moment a total stranger to us."

Then she leaned forward until her head was on his breast. And she gave a little sigh which was fifty per cent comfort, and fifty per cent courage. She could hear his heart beating like a trip-hammer. Had he burst into immortal eloquence, his words would have been of less consequence in her ear.

"And when you think," said she, "that some women spend the best years of their lives making *statues!*"

THE END