

Their Hearts' Desire

earlier in the day, but now emerging from the light and warmth of Jo's home into the darkness and cold, somehow everything seemed behind him but bed—and that doesn't count with a boy. Consequently, his mind reverted to the events of the afternoon for comfort, but with poor success, for the very things he recalled with greatest pleasure only served to increase his present gloom.

Three hours before, he and Jane had passed over the same ground on the way to the party. Then the sun was shining in the world, and in John's heart, and before him lay the object of many days' joyful anticipation. Even Jane's worst forebodings had paled a little under his enthusiasm.

Arriving at the Strong's house, she had taken him up to remove his wraps and then down-stairs, where she left him scoured within an inch of his life; his hair brushed to stringent smoothness, every line of his attire and character properly adjusted.