

On Christmas Day in the Morning

city of his womankind, Guy took advantage of his moment.

"Nan brought you — I see that. I know you're very fond of her, but — you did n't come wholly to please her, did you — Margaret?"

"Not wholly."

"I've been looking all day for my answer. I — oh — I wonder if —" he was gathering courage from her aspect, which for the first time in his experience failed to keep him at a distance — "*dare* I think you — *bring it?*"

She slowly lifted her face. "I thought it was so — so dear of you," she murmured, "to come home to your people instead of — staying with me. I thought you deserved — what you say — you want —"

"*Margaret* — you —"

"I haven't given you any Christmas present. Will — *I* — do?"

"Will you do! . . . *Oh!*" — It was a great explosive sigh of relief