

Their Hearts' Desire

hurt him dreadfully inside, for he faced an aching void. She—was—not—there!

Like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky it came, striking John fair between the eyes. Half dazed, he took one despairing look under the bed, then crawled back in, and, condensing his misery into the smallest possible space, lay motionless, the covers drawn close about his head.

Just what transpired beneath them it is impossible to say, but Hope, ever alert, gathered her forces anew and presently lured him forth into the world again, where, supported by a feather pillow and her stalwart arms, he found just cause for laughing at himself.

"Of course, how silly he had been!" He almost laughed aloud. "To expect to find her just any where, sitting up, too, when she would be tired and sleepy, just like other folks. Of course she would." This point was most convincing. "Santa Claus had put her some place to rest. Why, any