

Their Hearts' Desire

"But the gloves?"

"Hang the gloves! I need a little attention myself," and he established himself on the arm of her chair, ready to receive it. "Goodness, but you're sweet!" he added with a sigh, looking down at her. But not even this remark brought the slightest recognition of his presence. "Now what are you thinking about?" he questioned enviously. "Your friends, the Martians?"

"Not—exactly," she hesitated, smiling up at him. "I was only—wondering."

"I thought perhaps you were regretting—some handsome Lothario with landed interests in Mars. By the way, I hope you're prepared to give unlimited information, Mrs. Belden, regarding your former residence, for John's questions are——"

"Oh, but he'll recognize me, don't you think he will?" she interrupted, "and perhaps be disappointed."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, that I didn't come from Mars."