

“Oh, I am not deserving!” she cried out, halting herself from him. “All these things you will do to your little wife; and I—I thought, I feared—oh, I have been a wicked, doubting Lilamani, this long time—now—now——”

Swiftly she hid her face against him; and once again, on the day of betrothal, the deeps of his manhood were stirred by her passionate murmur: “Live for me, my lord and my king——!”

THE END