

How she thrilled at his words! She who had been so lonely, who had been reared on the cold bread of charity, and had as a rule been made to feel that she was a superfluous article in the world's economy. Then it suddenly came to her mind that, if she had not given up that good offer of the post at Banff to go and tend poor Prudence White, she might never have crossed the path of Jerrold Fane again, and so would have missed the crowning joy of life, a good man's love.

"It is worth it!" she murmured, speaking aloud, as she stood out in the chilly dark of the falling night with her head on her lover's shoulder.

"Just what I said myself," he answered with a satisfied laugh, and his one remaining arm tightened about her waist. "I told you just now that you were well worth my right arm, that I would have given the sight of my eyes if necessary. I am jolly glad, though, that it was not necessary, because now I can see your face, and, my dear, you are looking very thin and pale. I can see that much, although it is getting dark."

"I was not thinking from your point of view, but from my own," she said, drawing back from him a little so that she could see his face.

"What is your point of view?" There was a teasing note in his tone; then he turned her round to walk to the house, for it was much too chilly for them to linger outside on this November evening.