

THE STREETS OF ASCALON

gun to tremble and she could not control them or force from them another word for all her courage.

He came over to where she stood, one slim hand resting against the wall; and she looked back bravely into his keen eyes—the clear, direct, questioning eyes of a boy.

“I—I will—marry you,” she said.

A swift flush touched his face to the temples.

“Don’t you—want me?” she said, tremulously.

“If you love me, Strelsa.”

“Isn’t it enough—that you—love—.”

“No, dear.”

She lost her colour.

“Rix! Don’t you want me?” she faltered.

“Not unless you want me, Strelsa.”

She drew a long unsteady breath. Suddenly the tears sprang to her eyes, and she held out both hands to him, blindly.

“I—do love you,” she whispered. . . . “I’ll give what you give. . . . Only you must teach me—not to be—afraid.”

Her cheek lay close to his shoulder; his arms drew her nearer. And, after he had waited a long while, her gray eyes, which had been watching his face, slowly closed, and she lifted her lips toward his.

THE END