

Their Hearts' Desire

pression in established, unvarying lines, developed an element of loyalty in him far in excess of any other feeling. And so while he found the faithful loving hand of mother, he sought in vain for the sympathetic understanding of the maternal heart.

He went to her with his bumps and bruises; he was sure of succor. He knew almost with certainty just what remedy would be applied for each particular kind of wound. He even knew where they, the remedies, were kept. He was conscious, too, that Jane was ever ready to give him anything he wished for that was right for him to have, but his griefs and disappointments, and most cherished dreams, often the fanciful expression of the real needs of a child, he confided to Adam, and Adam was a dog.

It was almost six o'clock this December night; Jo Strong's birthday, and three days till Christmas.

John had hailed this latter fact with glee