

Their Hearts' Desire

Over the side of the bed slowly descended a heavy braid of bronze-brown hair. Then appeared a smiling face, surmounting a milk-white throat and breast, and a voice said,

"My dear! I'm afraid you're catching cold. Don't you want to get in bed with me?"

John wriggled to his knees, his lustrous, worshipping eyes fixed on the face.

"Oh-h! you're my — really — mother, aren't you?" he breathed ecstatically and with sublime assurance, for who else would tender such an invitation!

"I—belong to John Belden," she said, and held out to him her arms.

THE END