

twisted smile. "I don't allow that with other people's husbands—not here, at least."

Then they saw Helen on the steps. She waved as they came between the palm trees. She was dressed in white, and the sunlight on her hair made her look like a queen, crowned with a golden crown. Henry could not speak. It seemed to him that the moment was the culmination of years of blind seeking for a happiness that was found at last. He leaped from the carriage and took her hand, silently. He saw that the tears were very near her eyes.

"I'll leave you people," he heard Katherine say. "I promised Harry to take him to see the Indian children. Good-by." Still he did not turn as the carriage drove away. He could not take his eyes from Helen's face.

And then, when they were alone, he took her into his arms and kissed her, on the forehead, the cheeks, the mouth. She leaned against him, and slowly her arms went up until they were clinging about his neck. Neither spoke. At last he led her to the hammock and they sat down, his arm holding her close, she nestling against him.

"So it was not true," she whispered.

"Nothing is true, my darling," he answered, "but