

Their Hearts' Desire

swift movement of passionate appeal with which she sought her husband's arms. Clinging to him in tense silence for a time, at length, with hands slipping from his shoulders and eyes downcast, she murmured, "I think—I—am—ashamed."

He took the hands and kissed them fervently. "You needn't be, God bless you! But look at me, Barbara, look long, until you're—sure—forever."

She answered with a little wilful shake of the head, a tremulous smile about her lips. "Excuse me, but I shall not look—at all," she said. "What's the use?" And turning to her own easy chair, she sank into it with an exquisite air of abandon. "I think I'm ready for my mending now," she told him, and the eyes she raised to his were cloudless and wonderfully sweet.

"No, I can't have you sewing to-night," he remonstrated, happily, seeing she had come into her own again.