

Their Hearts' Desire

failed to notice she had forgotten to entirely close one eye.

In his consciousness surcharged with joy, there was no room for thought of how or why she came to be there. Neither was there solicitude for the mother he coveted. Why should there be, since somehow all the longing of his heart was satisfied.

Softly he approached the bed. Oh, he wanted to grab her; he fairly ached to; but it might not be exactly polite, so he only ventured to handle the lacy softness of her gown and touch with the tip of one finger the tiny band of shining gold upon her hand. And just at this most inopportune time, Nature, without warning, expostulated in a vigorous sneeze. It fairly cleaved the air. John dropped as though it had been a bullet and he the victim; and lying just as close to the floor as he could get, he heard the soft rustle of the bedclothes above him, and he knew the supreme moment had come.