

house. Yet you must have been prepared, until last night, for a similar experience. Or, at best, to struggle along in a modest wooden cottage."

"Yes; painted white, with green shutters."

"And that we should live on whatever income I might earn from my profession?"

"Yes, little Ethan."

"And to pass the rest of your days among the far-away Yankees, whom you despised?"

Octavia's cheeks grew a trifle redder. "Oh, why do you recall it?"

"Please tell me honestly. It is true, isn't it?"

"Yes—I am ashamed to confess it."

"The confession is to your everlasting glory. And you were ready to leave your old friends, your social life and all that binds you to England, and to follow me—anywhere?"

"Anywhere." And with this word there was a little outward gesture of the hands, signifying many things.

"You were going to do all this for love of me—just Ethan Lovejoy?"

"Life for me did not begin until you, just Ethan Lovejoy, came into it."

Ethan closed his eyes, straightened up and drew a long breath. When his eyes opened there was a blinking—that familiar but ever useless effort to conceal a moisture between the lids.

"Well, I can only say"—his unsteady voice told of a deeper feeling than words disclosed—"it is