

"Why—why do you ask me this?" she asked, evasively; but she was shaking like a leaf, and her eyes were fixed on the ground before her.

"Because I wanted to tell you that *you* have," was the answer. "I want you to tell me that I have not done wrong in coming, and that you are glad to see me."

"Don't you think you are asking me to undertake a rather heavy contract?" she rejoined, the perverse and inscrutable promptings of old Mother Eve and the instincts of her better self each having their share in the framing and significance of this question.

"Heavy!" he repeated, somewhat taken aback, and a sudden sense of fear seizing him. "Is it, then, such a very hard thing to do?"

"But is it necessary to do it?" she persisted, ignoring his question.

"What do you mean?" he asked, fearfully, still impenetrable to the drift of her protest. There is no more stupid creature under the sun than a man when he is in love. "What is it you imply?"

"That you are like Thomas—of little faith," was the comment, with unruffled severity, "since you think it necessary to probe an old wound and view the print of the nails. Is there not *anything* you can take on trust?"

The old crow on the rotten limb lost patience with the short-sighted male animal at this point, and swore at him in a way that only a crow or a Queensland