

The Dream Room

boyish stammer ; " but I am too dazed with happiness to be of any use."

" It's my turn to wait upon you, and I — Oh! how I love to have you dazed," Rose answered. " I'll be at the table presently myself; but we have been housekeeping only three minutes, and we have nothing but the tin coffee-pot this morning, so I'll pour the coffee from the stove."

She filled a cup with housewifely care and brought it to Stephen's side. As she set it down and was turning, she caught his look, — a look so full of longing that no loving woman, however busy, could have resisted it; then she stooped and kissed him fondly, fervently.

Stephen put his arm about her, and, drawing her down to his knee, rested his head against her soft shoulder with a sigh of comfort, like that of a tired child. He had waited for it ten years, and at last the dream-room had come true.