

Their Hearts' Desire

it on the newel-post, shattering, as he did so, a full blown American Beauty rose from the vase above.

Just then the center lights went out. Impulsively he turned and hastened after Jane, but before the library door again he paused, for She sat within, leaning wearily back in a big cushioned chair, one hand falling listlessly over the arm, while the other, holding a bunch of little purple flowers, lay in her lap. Though she smiled, her eyes were closed—perhaps she was a sleeping Princess, and this a forsaken palace.

Away off, as far as he could think, John heard the closing of another door. He held his breath. *Now* she was quite alone. If only he might stay!

His pulses quickened, he drew a step nearer, and then—Jane took him gently but firmly by the hand and led him out into the night.

For months John Belden had been haunted by a vague longing which had