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dancing with the joy of release into the spring sunshine and warmth. But Mark gave to them only a passing glance, unseeing, impatient; for beside the open door, in exquisite relief against the rude background, stood a slender, black-gowned figure, crowned with the glory of a mass of fair hair, glowing, instinct with life in the golden sunlight. He caught his breath sharply, and his strong heart leaped and pounded, while his love surged back upon him, flooding his soul. Of no avail his stubborn struggle. In that moment he knew that he was conquered, helpless.

He drew back amongst the trees, waiting until the children had gone lightly on their way homeward; then, with halting steps, he stole quietly to the open doorway, quaking with the fear that was upon him.

Dorothy sat at her desk, at the far end of the room, bending busily over the day's last tasks, and all unconscious. Now and again, as she turned the leaves of her