

for a little, there, I had a fear that I was grown distasteful to you."

His hand was on her shoulder. A fanlight on the doorway dimly lit the porch from a lamp within. The gale blew up the lane with noises of the sea; they occupied a privacy of storm. The crimson hood was slipped back from her head, and her face was wet with rain. Her eyes were troubled; she was dumb; he drew her close to him; she leaned against him for a moment, and he felt a wild heart-flutter, and then she shrank back from him, pushing with her hands against his breast.

"No, no!" she whispered; "that is by with! My far-too-clever father has put an end to that!" and Æneas was dismayed.

"Has he, faith?" he said, and bridled. "I feared what you might think, but I never dreamt your father would let that affect him."

"What!" she asked in wonder.

"This—this nightmare in my history, my father's downfall; this appalling mystery. What blame have I? Am I the worse a man for it that you or yours should shun me like a plague? It's not what I would look for from Macgregors—God knows your people, like my own, have died in ugly ways. But I'll have it out with him! This thing is far more vital to me than his search for bones."

At this she changed immediately. Distant no more, she nestled to him. "Æneas," she whispered, "you know my father just as little as I knew you till now! Forget what I said; it was all in error."

Her face was cold and wet; the rain was in her hair; his own face, burning, found in their contact, in their moisture, in their chill, a delight that was almost aching. It is in fires that love is withered, but not in fires that keep a surface damp and cool with clean night-air and storm, and Æneas with his lips on her, drank bliss.

"How can we—how can we be happy?" she gasped at last. "At such a time! Are we not wicked?"

"No," said Æneas gravely; "the world must aye go