

Their Hearts' Desire

then something, an indefinable agency, drew her attention upward, and her eyes encountered other eyes, claiming recognition gently, but irresistibly.

As though rebuked, she withdrew her hand and clasped it behind her with the other one and retreated a step, but her gaze never wavered, while intuitive knowledge of the pictured face oppressed her.

"Do I know what?" said Robert Belden, turning to retrace his steps. And then he grasped the situation.

Barbara did not answer. Revulsion, for the moment, made her dumb. Something tightened about her throat—even the right to breathe seemed suddenly denied her. "Why, oh why?" her heart cried, and "Why?" the girlish, wistful face above her questioned, too.

How like John's it was, she mused, and a wave of tender compassion surged within her, crowding out the thought of self, that, struggling, spent itself in the