

Their Hearts' Desire

many miles away, and now—to have them here?—Tears gathered in his eyes, for the light was dazzling.

He could not understand at all, only—some one must have brought them; some one must have put them in the vase; some one *had* undressed and gone to bed, of course, since there is no other place to go, divested of one's clothes.

And now Logic took a hand and led him without delay through the glittering maze of complex thought and feeling that engulfed him, past the outstanding door, to an unobstructed view of the mahogany four-poster.

One single glance sufficed, and John clapped both hands over his mouth to suppress a gigantic whoop, and a lot of smaller ones persisting in its wake, and which, denied escape, made him writhe in silent glee. For she had brought the flowers herself—from Jo's—and gone to sleep again, and right in the middle of a smile. But John