

a superb, ungovernable Temper, and, so far from ruling it, he gloried in its sweep and flame. Oh, he was a poor sort. However, the man and the woman found each other one day, and together they built a house. And they called it the House of Dreams."

There Mr. Beauregard's voice broke queerly. But he spoke straight on.

"But it didn't stand long. For one day the man's Temper and the woman's Pride both stormed down upon it. And there was nothing but wreck and ruin left.

"The man and the woman went away, and tried to forget. But, ever since, they've wandered about, they've gone searching—"

Irene stood rigid, pale as snow.

"Searching—What?" He caught her face in his hands, and turned it to the light, and laughed at it, mockingly. But it was a mockery sweeter than his pleading voice, tenderer than tears.

"Searching—what? What have you found, in all your Excavations, my girl? What does your beloved Archæology reveal to you?