

eyes, turned crimson. She remembered, with a sudden panic, that she had kissed him when she thought that he was dying!

Meanwhile, the judge went out grumbling. He was too full of the election to be silenced, and went to drink a mint julep with Colonel Royall. Diana came back into the library leading Sammy. The dog had bounded to his master and lay now on the hearth-rug. Caleb stood by his chair, pale but transformed.

"You must not stand," ordered Diana, as she set down the little tray on the table and began to arrange his luncheon. "Kingdom is out and I brought you some lunch myself," she said simply.

"You are very good to me," said Caleb.

She had turned away, and Sammy, who was devoted to her, had again appropriated her hand. "You must not stand," she repeated, "I will never come here again if you cannot obey the doctor's orders."

Caleb smiled. "I'd rather obey yours, Miss Royall," he said, his eyes following the two figures, the woman and the child.

Half-way to the door Diana turned and let go the child's detaining fingers, coming toward him as if with some new resolve. She had never looked more lovely in his eyes, though to him she had always been an exquisite picture. The warm flood of November sunshine filling the room, and the deeper glow on the hearth touched her and vivified the buoyancy and freshness of her personality. Her chin was slightly raised, and the delicate oval of her face glowed with

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