

self to all the agony of silence. Nor had his intuitions ever revealed to him that Mrs. Maclaren's judgment in this respect might possibly have been unjustified until that moment when his eyes had looked into Jean's, on the last night of their meeting as he bade her good-by, and then the habit of self-repression, which had been so assiduously cultivated, would not permit him to tell her of what was uppermost in his heart.

The summer time came again and with it his annual vacation. He resolved to follow her to Germany.

Never did the Saxon Capital, with its countless towers and minarets, to a traveler from foreign lands, appear more alluring than it did to Muir as he drove along Prager Strasse from Bahnhof to the Europaischer Hof.

That night, although weary with the long and tedious journey by rail from Paris, for hours sleep refused to close his eyes. At last he was actually in the same city which contained, among its many thousands, that one and only one who was more than all the world besides to him.

He reviewed in his mind the circumstances of their last meeting and tried to convince himself that the momentary look which he had caught in her eye had silently suggested her love for him.