

Their Hearts' Desire

"But you," anxiously, "what did *you* eat, John?"

"Everything."

Jane uttered not a syllable, but got her charge into his wraps as quickly as possible, which was not very quick, since he seemed disinclined to help himself.

But at last, the task accomplished, he followed her through the upper hall and down the stairs. The house appeared quite deserted. They saw no one, and perfect silence reigned, except for the faint sound of retreating voices and low laughter; and then somewhere a door closed—closed softly, gently, but still, it closed, increasing the air of finality that oppressed him.

At the foot of the stairs, he lingered an instant; his eyes bent dreamily upon the floor strewn with bright bits of paper, holly berries and forgotten or discarded favors. Close to his feet lay a bow of pale blue ribbon. It recalled Emily—and other things. Picking it up, he reached to lay