

"MY ALL—THE—WORLD"

is that her white hands have to-day, for me, the same quickening thrill that they had when they locked so softly into mine that night in the inn at Mettray; and that the look I sometimes see in her eyes can suddenly blur my vision with unshed tears.

I saw her just this moment through the windows of the morning room which open on the terrace. She was crossing it toward the lawn where the white peafowl are, and the sight of her made my heart leap, just as it had leaped when I found her there in the dawn after my interview with Duggleby.

She had greeted me then without a word, with just an outstretched hand, and we had set out together down the path under the beeches.

The dew lay thick upon the grass, and the air, though cool, was intoxicating in its sweet perfume. The limpid sky was aflush with the morning.

Presently we stopped and looked back at the chateau. Its gray walls were tinted faintly, with the rose color of the dawn.

"It's home, Virginia—your home and mine."

Her cheeks flushed then, as if all the glory of the morning were reflected there. She withdrew her hand then, and clasped the two together, as if they were trembling.

"You are glad?" I asked.

"Yes—glad," she answered, not very steadily,