

CHAPTER XXI

SHE PROPOSES

SHE was still in her riding habit when I found her alone in the parlour of the Titus suite.

I give you my word my heart almost stopped beating. I've never seen any one so lovely as she was at that moment. *Never*, I repeat. Her hair, blown by the kind November winds, strayed — but no! I cannot begin to define the loveliness of her. There was a warm, rich glow in her cheeks and a light in her eyes that actually bewildered me, and more than that I am not competent to utter.

"You have come at last," she said, and her voice sounded very far off; although I was lifting her ungloved hand to my lips. She clenched my fingers tightly, I remember that; and also that my hand shook violently and that my face *felt* pale.

I think I said that I had come at last. She took my other hand in hers and drawing dangerously close to me said:

"I do not expect to be married for at least a year, John."

"I — I congratulate you," I stammered foolishly.

"I have a feeling that it isn't decent for one to marry inside of two years after one has been divorced."

"How is Rosemary?" I murmured.

"You *are* in love with me, aren't you, John, dear?"

"Goo — good heaven!" I gasped.

"I *know* you are. That's why I am so sure of my-