

embarrassment. Tom stepped swiftly towards her but stopped short, just out of reach.

"Well," he said, at last.

Slowly she turned and slowly she lifted her burning face to his.

"Tom," she faltered. "I'm not engaged to Hez, and—"

"Jane," he cried rapturously, and the next thing she knew she was tight in his arms and sobbing quite joyously on his shoulder.

THE END