

she has no color in her face; so she waits a moment. Then she draws aside the portières, and stops on the threshold.

There he stands near the window, big and strong and handsome, and there is no need to ask him any questions, as she looks into his clear eyes, which somehow, like her own, have grown the better for the cultivation of suffering without bitterness.

For a long, long space they stand motionless, as if their hungry eyes must first be satisfied, then she is in his arms, and he is kissing her over and over and over, and telling her again and again and again that he loves her! And they are never to be parted any more, and she holds out her finger for her ring, and there is no trace in her eyes of the specter of fear!

There is a brisk footstep on the porch, in the hall, in the room. Tommy Tinkle, good old Tommy, with the whimsical grin upon his wide face, and just behind him comes Mummy Stuart, hurrying lest he might say something funny and she not hear it.

"Well, Tavy, I suppose Billy's told you that he's been all over the world, and owns a diamond mine, and had a beard when he came home, and Burke shaved it off an hour ago so you'd be sure