

CHAPTER **XXV**

steps. Without surprise he saw at last what he had so passionately desired to see; and she took the place that was hers. As he held her in a long embrace, while spirit spoke to spirit, the gray scarf about her head fell back, and disclosed her golden hair in soft, short curls.

"When and why?" he asked, touching them gently.

"So long since I have forgotten when. And why? For love of thee."

He kissed her, although he did not understand.

"Look," she went on, lifting her face to his; "listen! Seest thou not in mine eyes those into which thou hast looked no long time since? Hearest thou not in my voice tones which thou hast known many months?"

He looked at her searchingly, gravely, again haunted by an elusive memory. She laughed, and put her hand up to her short golden curls.

"They were black a little while ago," she said. "How careful I have been to keep them covered since I began to let them grow golden again, that thou mightst not know too soon."

Still he looked puzzled; and she smiled up at him with a hint of her old mockery.

"Anguish, Anguish, whom didst thou lead here, at the castle doors?"

