

## *Their Hearts' Desire*

tated. Somehow the question disturbed him. He shrank from it and her, for the note of surprise and curiosity in the accented word had not escaped him; he felt it differentiated himself as well as Jane in some indefinable way.

"No, she's just—a good friend of mine," he faltered and hurrying on ahead followed Jane into the bedroom for his wraps.

"Why, you're the very last to come up, John," she commented, stooping to adjust his leggings. "Have you had a good time?"

"Awful good." The answer carried conviction without enthusiasm. Jane thought it quite too brief to be natural, considering the subject. On the look-out for symptoms, she instantly attributed it to satiety in a malignant form.

"What *did* you have for supper?" in a despondent voice.

John told her in detail, omitting nothing.