

"ANCIENT OF DAYS"

better do it now, I think—before I go to church for the first time in two years!" He managed to laugh, though with some ruefulness, and continued stammeringly: "I want to tell you how much I like him—how much I admire him—"

"Admire whom?" she asked, a little coldly, for she knew.

"Mr. Ladew."

"So do I," she answered, looking straight ahead. "That is one reason why I wanted you to come with me to-day."

"It isn't only that. I want to tell you—to tell you—" He broke off for a second. "You remember that night in m e before Fear came in?"

"Yes; I remember."

"And that I—that something I said troubled you because it—it sounded as if I cared too much for you—"

"No; not too much." She still looked straight ahead. They were walking very slowly. "You didn't understand. You'd been in my mind, you see, all those years, so much more than I in yours. I hadn't forgotten *you*. But to you I was really a stranger—"

"No, no!" he cried.

"Yes, I was," she said, gently but very quickly. "And I—I didn't want you to fall in love with me