

Their Hearts' Desire

coat off, Barbara," he exclaimed, starting impulsively toward her.

She gave him a look that made his fingers all thumbs, then heartlessly left him to struggle with the fastening of her wrap, while she revelled in new knowledge of his tastes and daily life, for everything in the room proclaimed him. Barbara began to understand why it was already home and not a strange abode, as her eyes wandered with tender interest over the carefully selected rugs, big, comfortable chairs and fascinating rows of books, to the big mahogany table with its splendid reading lamp and ready literature, and his beloved pipes. She loved each and every one herself. Then, casually appreciating the absence of pretty bric-à-brac, she enjoyed the restful diversion of a few choice pictures and the refreshing stimulus of a bronze Napoleon and a roaring lion that she longed to pat.

"No," she breathed, bringing her eyes back to his face, "it is so like you, so com-