

rich-hued cheek, the soft waves of her dusky hair drooping toward it.

"What does this mean?" he said, unsteadily and very low. "This can't be just to make me go mad with longing. For that's what I shall do if I look long at you like this, here in my home—you, looking as if—as if—you belonged here!"

He saw her hand tremble as it touched the violets in the bowl, arranging them. It was a very beautiful hand, as he well knew, and he saw with fresh wonder that there were no rings upon it, where rare and costly ones were wont to be.

There was silence for an instant before her reply. Then she turned and looked up, full into his face.

"May I belong here?" she said, very gently.

"Do you want to?"

"Yes."

"You are willing to leave it all—for me?"

"Yes."

"Ought I to let you?"