

She put up her hands to push her hair away and she felt the great coils of hair tight round her head. And then she remembered. Last night . . . after . . . she had come up and thrown herself down just as she was, and from sheer exhaustion had slept an hour or two. Yesterday . . . last night! He had said: "Hetty——"

When she took out the hairpins one by one and threw them from her, her thick dark hair came tumbling all about her and fell over her face . . . that hair he used to kiss! . . . And she threw herself back on her pillows and lay there quite still, and it seemed to her as if her heart was breaking . . . as if she could feel it breaking there, inside of her.

Then after a bit she turned over on her face, and with her hands over her ears she shut the world out . . . and the pictures came again. They shifted rapidly, unbearably before her shut eyes. And now and again she moved as if the bed was red-hot under her.

For now she saw pictures of the time that came . . . after. That time she was sorry for now . . . so sorry . . . so sorry! How could she have been so unreasonable! How could she have treated him so . . . been so unlike herself! Her low sobbing came quick and she was breathless . . . she lay there struggling. And then, after a bit, she lay quiet again, just looking—looking at what went passing before her eyes.

It was the baby did it. Her baby! The baby she couldn't have. Of course, she couldn't have it: she saw that. It couldn't be. It was a choice