

"Surely you have not lost it?" she said, grasping his hand in both of hers, and looking earnestly into his eyes.

"What else can one do? Wounds of the flesh are nothing, but what of the heart—the spirit of the man?"

"I am sorry," she spoke in a still lower tone, and her voice trembled. "But you will not give way. Your soul is as brave as your heart is, and you will live to love and win a woman more worthy of you far than I could ever be."

Suddenly, he threw his arm around her, pressed a kiss upon her cheek, and was gone.