

## CHAPTER XVI

### POETIC JUSTICE

LISTON remained at the Hospital all night, taking it turn and turn about with the Nurse to stand watch over the fluttering life of the new-made mother. There was a little camp bedstead on the upper landing, reserved for his use in emergencies like this. And just as the day was breaking the worn, exhausted woman fell into a deep refreshing sleep.

He stood by the door that was to have led, one day, to a balcony, and watched the dawn over the subdued contours of the limitless prairie etched in white against the tender greys and mauves of the retreating night.

Heralded by a rosy blush before whose coming the virginal stars withdrew one by one, the sun appeared at last like a burst of happiness, a burnished golden rim below the ever brightening glory on the far eastern horizon. His fan-like rays of splendour trembled, then shot straight and strong athwart the smiling heavens attaining nearer and nearer to the very zenith as the glorious orb silently, majestically mounted. An