

bility rests. Those hands so clumsy at repairs were swift to reduce me to rags."

He stared at her, unable to speak. Their positions in that room were now reversed, he thinking her demented, as on the previous occasion she had brought him.

"I put on this torn sleeve purposely. I wished to know—if you—if it brought any—reminiscence to your mind. Do you mean to say you do not remember that you came to me—to this room—when you were hurt?"

"I came here? Good God—came here—insane?"

"You were sane, it seemed to me."

"Into this room? Then—it was not all a dream?"

"Not unless—waking—you wish it so."

"Came to you! What—what did I say?"

"You said—Oh, what do you think you said?"

"If they battered me until but a remnant of thought remained, that remnant was filled with you. If my heart still throbbed, you owned every pulsebeat. If enough of life were left me to crawl to your feet and breathe but four words when I fell there, those words must have been, 'Grace, I love you.'"

"That's what you said—Jim."

Then he did exactly what he had done before; kissed her on the lips and on the bare rounded shoulder.

THE END.