

control the shaking of his body. He could see that she had closed her eyes. . . .

"You must come away now," he heard a voice say to him. It was the young nurse speaking, once more efficient and dry-eyed and armored in the impersonality of her profession.

Wilsnach's stricken eyes, as he looked up at her, were an interrogation. The girl in the uniform did not answer in words. But the slowly affirmative movement of her head as she crossed to the door and opened it was answer enough to his question.

THE END