

would go and work and then come back — But, I suppose —”

That was as far as she got. Dickie flung himself across the room. A chair crashed. He had his arms about her. He was shaking. That pale and tender light was in his face. The whiteness of a full moon, the whiteness of a dawn seemed to fall over Sheila.

“He — he can give you everything —” Dickie said shakily.

“I’ve been waiting” — she said — “I did n’t know it until lately. But I’ve been waiting, so long now, for — for —” She closed her eyes and lifted her soft sad mouth. It was no longer patient.

That night Dickie and Berg lay together on the hide before the fire, wrapped in a blanket. Dickie did not sleep. He looked through the uncurtained, horizontal window, at the stars.

“You’ve got everything else, Hilliard,” he muttered. “You’ve got the whole world to play with. After all, it was your own choice. I told you how it was with me. I promised I’d play fair. I did play fair.” He sighed deeply and turned with his head on his arm and looked toward the door of the inner room. “It’s like sleeping just outside the gate of Heaven, Berg,” he said. “I never thought I’d get as close as that —” He listened to the roar of Hidden Creek. “It won’t be long, old fellow, before we take her down to Rusty and bring her back.” Tears stood on Dickie’s eye-