

"I can never thank you — I can never tell you what you did for me, believing in — her and in me, no matter how things looked. And then, coming up here as you did — for me!"

"Yes, it was for you, Alan!"

"Constance!" He caught her. She let him hold her; then, still clinging to him, she put him a little away.

"The night before you came to the Point last summer, Alan, he — he had just come and asked me again. I'd promised; but we motored that evening to his place and — there were sunflowers there, and I knew that night I couldn't love him."

"Because of the sunflowers?"

"Sunflower houses, Alan, they made me think of; do you remember?"

"Remember!"

The woman was returning to them now and, perhaps, it was as well; for not yet, he knew, could he ask her all that he wished; what had happened was too recent yet for that. But to him, Spearman — half mad and fleeing from the haunts of men — was beginning to be like one who had never been; and he knew she shared this feeling. The light in her deep eyes was telling him already what her answer to him would be; and life stretched forth before him full of love and happiness and hope.

THE END