

## AFTER THE STORY

I did.

Evelyn lifted the beautiful head of the old man to her arms, and putting back the dant hair, kissed the closed eyes. They not open.

"He is very sleepy," she smiled. "I rec we will let him rest here. Sleep is good—no matter where we get it or how. Let him sleep."

She replaced the old head on its arm upon the table, and set me forth, once more, upon my way—a happier way, now.

. . . . .

And now, Dave, if you still live, and this reaches you, come home!

If you are dead and those live who know it, send no message!

It is better so. Far, far better so.

THE END