

for so long, he has meant so much to me, that I could not bear to enter love's holy of holies — until after he had been put to rest."

"There shall never be laws or rules for us, Jean," whispered Henry Ham, his voice a pledge and a promise. "We shall do your way because it is your way, or we shall do my way because it is my way; but the lesser wish shall always yield to the greater. We are one, now, and all of you is part of all of me. Whatever would make you unhappy would make me unhappy — even to little things — and so there will be neither please nor thank you; but perfect frankness because perfect unity. I never realized this until tonight; but it can be no other way."

"Oh, the stories, the stories!" said Jean, with a little laugh which the tears in her throat made tremulous. "The real stories never could be written, and that is why I could not understand the others."

THE END.