

WAR

"Be not afraid, he will come for this forgiveness you are sending to him through all the world!"

But, inside of me, to use one of Vonner's thoughts, conscience was again saying:

"If not here in another—and, God knows:—perhaps a better world—for such as you and Jon and Dave!"

"Yes!" she said now.

And I, too, now said yes!

I over-argued.

"Love is immortal," I urged. "There are no years for you and him."

A sudden flush, as of youth, overspread the cheek and throat of Evelyn. She nodded quickly, as a young girl might. Then, indeed, I believed my own saying! She did. The interrogation was gone from her eyes. I was glad.

"I *know* he will yet come," she said now, very quietly, while the years rolled from her. "Please come back. You must say good-by among the blossoms. It is better luck."