

On all these things he pondered, and he knew that if her love would last but to the end he still might dare and win.

Mary, seeing him so silent, thought him asleep, slipped his head from her lap, and with the help of a near by branch, raised herself to her feet, moving her limbs slowly, as if in pain.

Her blue print dress and blouse were soiled by water and dust, she stopped a moment to rearrange her skirt, which gaped with several sad rents, and walked towards the house.

The last bit of sunlight caught her hair, and showed how beautiful it still was, how fine and glossy, without even a trace of gray; but the face was too white, and the lines too deep for the pink cosmetics of the evening sun.

She looked old.

The mouth was hard, the lips set in a straight, thin line.

She passed him where he lay, and did not speak.

The afterglow was still burning on the tree tops, but the house stood already in the shadow.

The woman walked towards the kitchen door, and almost stumbled into the heap of miscellaneous objects, gathered at her kitchen door, before she remembered. She bent down, took up her skirt, filled it with the things, went within, and restored them to their proper places.

She was calm enough now.

She felt ridiculous, when was women ever less sentimental?