

"Dave, I'll call the nurse!" she said in a low voice. "You'll—you'll make me cry."

It was true. The dark eyes were swimming, full of tears. She hid them now suddenly with their long lashes.

Neither spoke for a moment.

"There's something else, then, Teresa," he said at last. "I'm going to give that money back."

There was no answer—only he felt her hand touch his head, and her fingers play gently through his hair.

"I knew it," she told him.

"But do you know why?" he asked.

Again there was no answer.

Dave Henderson spoke again.

"I remember what I said last night—that I couldn't buy you that way. And—and I'm not trying to now. It's going back because I haven't any choice. A man can't take his life from a woman's hand, and from the hand of a friend take the life of the woman who has saved him—and throw them both down—and play the cur. I haven't any choice." His voice broke suddenly. "It's going back, Teresa, whether it means you or not. Do you understand, Teresa? It's going back—either way."

Her fingers had ceased their movements, and were quiet now.

"Yes," she said.

Dave Henderson raised his bowed head. The dark eyes were closed. His shoulders squared a little.

"That—that puts it straight, then, Teresa," he said. "That lets me say what I want to say now. I've done a lot of thinking in the last few hours when I thought that perhaps you weren't—weren't going to get better. I thought about what you said last night—about God giving one another chance if one wanted to take