

## OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

At this point he groaned aloud.

"I'm so sorry it hurts you yet," mourned Mary. "Let me help you back on your pillow."

With her instinct of mothering him she leaned over and curved her arm under his shoulders, and quite as unconsciously one of his bandaged hands slipped around her neck. As you will understand, this brought their faces close together, and suddenly Mary saw the tears come to his eyes.

"Am I hurting you?" she quickly whispered.

"N-no," he gulped. "It—it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"I—I can't tell you."

"Yes, do tell me," she whispered, half guessing.

And moved by a force which he could control no longer, he whispered back, almost with fear: "I love you."