

past helplessness a sudden sigh rose to her lips—
simply she could not suppress it.

“Aren't you glad?” he questioned, grave of
a sudden.

“You foolish boy!” she said at last. “Now
you have your—your beloved career. Do you
know, I think I shall be almost jealous of it.”

“Of the Service?”

“Yes.” Her voice had sunk almost to a
whisper.

“But that's second now,” said he, suddenly
beginning to understand in some small measure.
“The only first thing is—you!”

THE END