

AFTER THE STORY

derful voice. But, presently, my conscience would not and rose in revolt. Almost without my willing, it uttered a grim warning:

"Do not forget the years," said I. "Dave would be seventy if he should come back."

But, instantly, when I had choked down conscience, I was glad that my saying had not hurt her. It meant nothing to love like hers.

"And, do men cease to love and forgive at seventy?" asked the gentle voice. "Women don't. I do not, and I am nearly seventy."

She said it with a wonderful smile, while her nostrils quivered and her face was lighted with the eternal passion.

What man can know a woman's waiting!
What man can know a woman's loving!

And, so, that conscience, which, veined with reason, had uttered its stern warning, now weakly hastened to reverse itself and lend hope and comfort to the amazing love and waiting.

For the moment I was ashamed of my conscience. I felt like bidding it stand fast. I.