

suddenly his face was wet with Barbara's tears. "Have I died?" she whispered. And the tears which were damp on his face were salt on his lips as he whispered back, "No."

He remembered how he, too, had once thought himself dead, and then had crept slowly back to life. He had seen Barbara then, as in a dream within a dream. Now she, too, was passing through this experience. He held her tight. He could not let her suffer as he had suffered when he came back to life! Yet what could he do for her, after all? The sense of his helplessness was heavy upon him.

"Forgive me," he said, "Barbara, darling! I never meant this to happen. The first I heard of you—after—was that you 'd married—your cousin. I believed you loved him. I was in a German hospital—broken to pieces—disfigured. I ought to have died, but somehow I could n't die. I had to live on. Later, I escaped. I came here—where *you* had lived. God knows, all through I tried to do for the best—your best. Nothing else mattered. I wrote that book—for you, only for you! And you know