

doorway, a face that lay upon the pillows, and that was very white. It must be the great, truant masses of black hair, which crowned the face, that made it look as white as that. And they said she was getting better! They must have lied to him—the face was so white.

He didn't see the face any more now, because he was kneeling down beside the bed, and because his own face was buried in the counterpane.

And then the great shoulders of the man shook.

His life! That was what she had bought—and that was what she had paid for almost with her own. That was why she lay here, and that was why her face was so white. Teresa! This was Teresa here.

He raised his head at last. Her dark eyes were fixed on him—and they smiled.

She was holding out her hand.

"Dave," she said brightly, "the nurse told me she was going to let you see me for a few minutes—to cheer me up. And here I've been waiting—oh, ever so long. And you haven't spoken a word. Haven't you anything to say"—she was smiling teasingly with her lips now—"Dave?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes"—his voice choked—"more than I can ever say. Last night, Teresa, if it had not been for you, I——"

Her finger tips could just reach his lips, and they pressed suddenly against them, and sealed them.

"Don't you know that we are not to talk about that, Dave—ever," she said quickly. "If I did anything, then, oh, I am so glad—so glad. You're not to say another word."

"But, I *must*," he said hoarsely. "Do you think I——"