

twilight calm had settled over woods and fields, and Jean came and slipped her hand into her lover's. "Let us go in," she said softly, "and share our joy with the one who cannot know."

They found the door at the top of the stairs unlocked, and within the room, Richard Morgan, in his familiar suit of blue denim, was seated beside the couch, and holding the wrist of its quiet occupant. The wrist had grown very thin, and in the glow of the single candle the fingers were transparent.

"How is he?" asked Jean.

Richard Morgan's dark eyes glanced about the room. "He is like a candle in the wind," he replied in a low voice.

"Does he suffer?"

"Not at all, and he will not suffer. Like the candle in the wind he may go out with a little puff, or he may last until the last spark of vitality is consumed; but he will not suffer. Do you wish me to stay here tonight?"

"No," said Jean, after a thoughtful pause, "I would rather have you go back to Fleet Hayes. I shall give him his nourishment, make him as comfortable as may be, and then we shall go to the edge of the cliff and listen to your playing. Play just as you feel, mingle the joy with the sorrow, for thus it is with life. I have planned everything, and when the time comes he will lie beside my father and mother, and no one will know but we three, and Chetadag, who will ask no questions. Now go; if I need you, I will send for you."

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After the yard dogs had been given their freedom and the house locked, Jean and Henry Ham once more walked through the woods, hand in hand. They sat close to the edge of the slope, Henry Ham leaning against a tree and Jean leaning against him. Below them the ripples murmured