

guns with more composure—he did, when the time came—but he did not show it.

“I suppose,” she said, half tearfully, “that you think we ought to sit around with our hands folded until you get through with your kissing. . . . I don’t care; he’s going away to fight, and he probably won’t come back at all. . . .” She stopped, wishing she had not said that, for in the old mysterious way she knew it was true.

“So am I,” said Chan.

“What?”

“Going away. I volunteered by wire yesterday; and in fact, there was a commission waiting for me. . . .”

“Not you!” she cried, and knew that she had not changed at all. “Why must you go?”

“Why not me as well as the others? I came West this time to make up my mind. I’ve decided that it’s too late to think now; we must fight. I’d like to help pay the bill; then I may have a right to think. So I’m going. Now—will you kiss me, too, since I’m going away and may never come back?”

“No—no——” she said, though she did not mean that at all; and since she was already in his arms, he knew that very well.

“You won’t?” he asked, with tender raillery, holding her away yet a moment so he could see her face.

With a great effort, she drew the fateful curtains of her secret prescient mind, and though her soul quailed with fear that it might see too much sorrow, she dared. Her eyes for a moment were remote.

“But you will come back,” she said, “only it will be so long. . . .” The sentence was never completed, and neither did he ever remember to ask her about the letters. Along with a great many other things, they did not matter particularly.

THE END