

MY WONDER WOMAN

her closer, closer still, silently, breathlessly, until I heard her give a shaken cry:

"It's in your eyes—I can read it! You do love me, you do, you do! David Dale! David Dale!"

After an interval, I said:

"I am writing another book, Wanza. I am sure it will sell. We will go away from here, child—we can live where we choose—we will go south to my old home. There is some property there that is mine. You will love the old home, and the river with its red clay banks—my childhood's home. We will travel, too. Life seems very full, Wanza."

"But we'll always come back to Cedar Dale, won't we, David Dale? We'll come back to Dad—dear Dad—he'll always be waiting. And the birds and the flowers—and the squirrels and woodsy things will be waiting. And Joey will want to come."

THE END