

still loved him—with the heart-broken love of a wronged woman who could no more hate him than she could hate her own child. And I knew that for all his blindness and fanaticism, he had still a human, natural love for her. There was nothing that I could do—nothing that I could say. I held her dumbly.

The light slowly faded out of the sky.

When her fit of weeping had spent itself, she dried her eyes and kissed me—in a silent gratitude for the sympathy that I had thought too vain a thing to give voice to. She saw the street lights that were showing bright below us. “I must hurry,” she said. “The children will wonder——”

I stood up with her. She turned and put her arm around my neck. “Martie,” she said, “you don’t think that I am cruel or selfish or wicked, *do you?*”

“Oh, Ruth,” I cried, “you’re all patience and goodness and—oh, I wish I could help!”