

"Charles," she sobbed, "can you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" he said. "What is there to forgive? It is you that must forgive."

"No—I tried to keep you from your duty."

"That's all ancient history now," he said. "And even if there was a mistake, aren't you in uniform now? Haven't you made good?"

"Oh," she cried, her face suddenly clearing, "do you look at it like that? Do you really mean it?"

"What else can it mean?" he said. "I only wish I weren't such a crock. Just one arm now, old girl—only half my nerves—the rest are 'somewhere in France.'"

"Poor boy," she said tenderly. Then more cheerfully, "It's up to me to bring you back the other half. I think there must be some fate in this. Here have I been training all this year for just such a case as yours——"

"Don't be so professional," interrupted Charles with a smile. "Here have I been training all these years for just such a heart as yours—that is to say, if you will still have what is left of me."

"Will I!" she leaned over and kissed his eyes ever so softly for answer.

Ten minutes, or it may have been an hour later, Dr. Trevor came in unnoticed and found her seated on the bedside, Charles's hand in hers.

"Miss Raymond!" he exclaimed severely. "That is not the correct way to feel a pulse."

Madeline jumped up, blushing furiously and hung her head.

"All right, doctor," sang out Charles, and the doctor's professional ear was quick to catch the stronger note. "You don't understand. You are English. This is the American way—over there they call it 'holding hands.' We are old friends, don't you know—I and the Singing Sister for

"Her voice is low and sweet  
And she's all the world to me."

THE END