

## THE MOONLIT WAY

"Are they clearer?"

Her head remained lowered but she raised her grey eyes to his. Her face had become very still and white.

"Dulcie," he said under his breath, "I am in love with you. . . . What will you do about it?"

And, after a little while:

"W-what shall I do, Garry?" she whispered.

"Love me. Can you?"

She remained silent.

"Will you?—Dulcie Fane!"

Her lips stirred, but no sound came.

"You are so wonderful," he said. "I am just realising that I began to fall in love with you a long time ago."

The declining sun sent a red shaft across the fields, painting every tree-trunk, gilding bramble and brake. A single ray touched the girl's white neck and turned her copper-tinted hair to burning gold.

"Do you love me? Can you love me, that way, Dulcie?"

She rose abruptly, and he rose too, retaining her hands; but as she turned her head from him he saw her mouth quiver.

"Dearest—dearest!" But she interrupted him:

"I want to tell you—that I don't understand why I should be called by my mother's maiden name. . . . I w-want you to know that I *don't* understand it . . . if that would make a difference—in your c-caring for me. . . . And I wish you to know that—that I love and worship her memory—and that I am happy and proud—and *proud*—to bear her name."

"My darling——"

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dulcie."