
RICH MAN, POOR MAN

Settling his crutches under his arms, he smiled at Varick, then plied his way out into the hall. Upstairs, with a premonition of what was happening below, Bab opened her door. She heard the murmur of their voices, and in them detected a familiar tone. She went swiftly to the stair. A moment later down the hall she heard the familiar thump! thump! of David's crutches. The sound grew fainter and finally died away as the door closed downstairs. Out of her hearing and out of her life David Lloyd had gone, thumping on his way alone.

A few minutes later Varick found her in her room, her head buried in her arms.

"Bab," he said, "look up at me." Obediently she raised her face. "It isn't the best man who's got you, dear; but I love you. I always have!"

She did not speak, but she raised her two hands and drew his face down to hers.