

MY WONDER WOMAN

There is white hawthorn nearby, I swear, and the yellow violets are in the grass, and the wild forget-me-not, and I smell the wild roses—”

“How you go on, Mr. Dale!”

“Wanza,” I said, “look up at the stars through the pine branches.”

“I like to watch them in the river.”

“Yes, but look up, Wanza.”

She looked as I bade her.

“The moonlight in your eyes is wonderful, child.”

“Please don’t, Mr. Dale.”

“Keep looking at the stars, Wanza—your face is like an angel’s seen thus. Your hair is like silver starshine, your lips are flowers—you are very wonderful—my breath fails me, Wanza. You are very wonderful—a wonder woman—and I love you. Will you marry me?”

“Joey isn’t going to die, Mr. Dale.”

“I know it.”

She spoke with a sobbing breath: “Then why do you say this?”

“Because I love you with my whole soul.”

“Oh!”

“Turn your eyes to me, dear. Don’t look at the stars any more. Do you love me?”

“Yes.”