
AFTERMATH

and joke with a passing patient, when he should be handing out the mail!

It is *ridiculous*—this delay!

“Paul Damase—Yes, here is me”!

Then I turned coward. I closed our ward door, and I ran. No, one doesn't *run* in a ward, but I walked so quickly that it was faster than running, to the very other end, where the linen cupboard is. I buried my face in the shelves of sheets.

“Sister——” I heard his voice through the door, and the quick knocks by which he hoped to gain admission.

I went on counting sheets. I could not face the stricken look that would be there.

“Sister, Damase, wants to speak to you,” interfered my tiresome little junior.

“I know! I know!” I scolded, and the poor child retired, startled and alarmed.

The door was open, and on the threshold stood Damase.

Still a coward, my eyes began at his feet, travelling slowly upwards, for I have never become accustomed to the sight of pain.

“Sister——” A voice shrill with delight, a face shining! “She's comin', Sister, she's comin'”!!

“What do—you—mean”? I gasped.

“She's comin' out in Spring to be ma wife”!