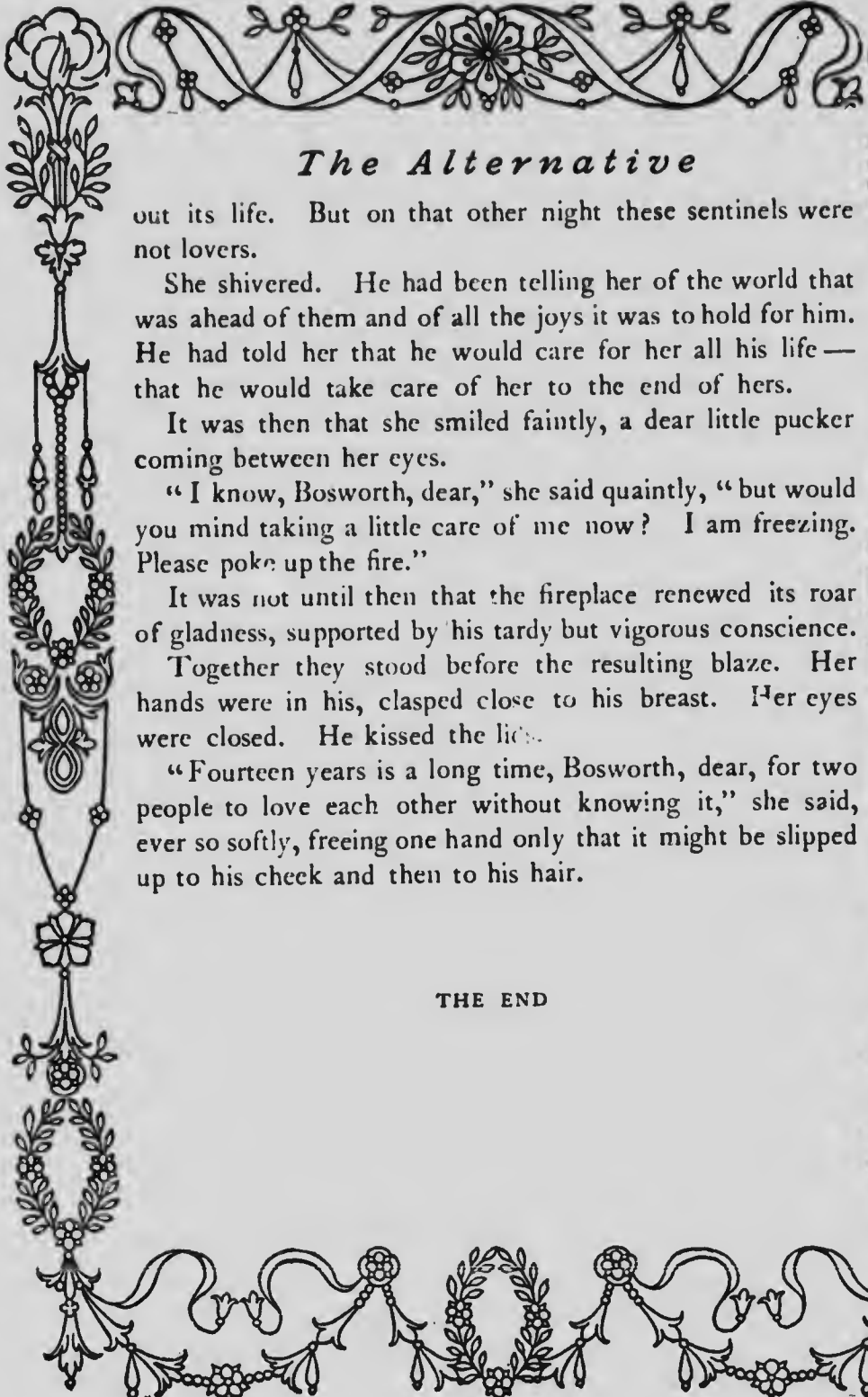


A decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the text. It features a repeating pattern of stylized flowers, leaves, and swirling lines, with a central floral medallion on the left and right sides.

The Alternative

out its life. But on that other night these sentinels were not lovers.

She shivered. He had been telling her of the world that was ahead of them and of all the joys it was to hold for him. He had told her that he would care for her all his life — that he would take care of her to the end of hers.

It was then that she smiled faintly, a dear little pucker coming between her eyes.

"I know, Bosworth, dear," she said quaintly, "but would you mind taking a little care of me now? I am freezing. Please poke up the fire."

It was not until then that the fireplace renewed its roar of gladness, supported by his tardy but vigorous conscience.

Together they stood before the resulting blaze. Her hands were in his, clasped close to his breast. Her eyes were closed. He kissed the lids.

"Fourteen years is a long time, Bosworth, dear, for two people to love each other without knowing it," she said, ever so softly, freeing one hand only that it might be slipped up to his cheek and then to his hair.

THE END