

ONE YEAR LATER—AN EPILOGUE

Again a dead leaf fluttered and drifted between them.

“What is it?” he asked, more gently.

She put her hand on his shoulder, and when she spoke her voice was little more than a whisper.

And he, the man who had spoken of trivial mysteries, bowed before that supremest mystery which broods and centres in the thought of motherhood.

“We’ll have to be good now — terribly good!” she wailed. And she tried to laugh up at him, with a touch of her old bravery, in a futile effort to make light of her tears.

“ 30 ”