# SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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Hand in hand they descended the hill, full of the fresh wonder. After supper they sat on the shore in the moonlight, talking in low tones of the past, picking wonderful pieces out of it and laying them before each other. Emotion is nature which conquers all. In any crisis, to make for open spaces. Restless instincts of ocean.

After one midnight when at last they went to bed. The night breeze had died down, and a peculiar sense of stillness prevailed the island; the water became calm to stillness.

Barbara was restless, and lay long awake. The strange stillness with its accompaniment of calm intensified the pounding request, received her prescription of dreams. When at last she fell asleep it was only to be tormented by those premonitions long stifled into nightmare realities. She awoke gasping and sobbing in the dark room, and clung to her frantically.

"Oh, Barbara, what is the matter? I was afraid, I was almost frightened."

"How could that happen?" He mothered her, soothed her, kissed her square! Don't talk nonsense!"

They breakfasted later than usual and had barely finished when the noise of many aeroplanes overhead made them earn.

Glancing apprehensively at each other, they hurried out of the hut.

The sky was leaden, knew of angry change suffering the horizon, its sky appearance. From the direction of the gale grew streamed a harrying, that, being over of black figures—men, women and children.

They were crowded, and like ripe pest. The noise had evidently exploded when rescuer from the supernal.

Seeing him a sailing cry arose from the advancing crowd. Weary and late

A Waiting Cry Arose.

ended, they stumbled forward in the direction of the house. Barbara saw the ground heaving, swaying, and the waves in convulsive bubble of foam. Then the noise of the aeroplanes became impossible.

Then she was given over to the arms of Jim Dell.

"Thank God!" he said. "Thank God!" Then out came that choked sob, and he was unable to make out its meaning.

He could see her self-control slip. Barbara, it reproached, even after last night you can't do this to me! You've got to be brave! You promised me you would. I'm all right, I'm not hurt. Don't you see I'm not hurt?"