

Toronto, Vol. 31, No. 3

# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

JULY, 1934

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## The Red Countess

BY FRANKLIN DAVEY McDOWELL

Over 200,000 Net Paid Circulation In Canada

MRS ALICE TUTTLE  
166 LUTZ ST  
BOSTON N B  
1934

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*Title:* Tomorrow Comes

*Date of first publication:* 1934

*Author:* L. M. (Lucy Maud) Montgomery (1874-1942)

*Date first posted:* Apr. 21, 2017

*Date last updated:* Apr. 21, 2017

Faded Page eBook #20170476

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# Tomorrow Comes

L. M. Montgomery

Illustrations by Seymour Ball omitted, no biographical information available.

First published *Canadian Home Journal*, July 1934.

This story was the prototype for the novel *Jane of Lantern Hill*,  
that was published in 1937.

*A story of two very proud, very silly, very unreasonable young people who were not all to blame for what happened and who have learned wisdom through suffering . . .*

Judith Grayson . . . whose mother called her Judy and whose grandmother called her Hester . . . was born expecting things to happen. That they seldom did happen, even at Bartibog, under the watchful eyes of Grandmother and The Woman never blighted her expectations in the least . . . especially at Bartibog. Things were just bound to happen at Bartibog. If not today then tomorrow. Of course The Woman had once said dourly, when Judy had promised to do something tomorrow, “Tomorrow never comes, Hester.” But Judy knew better. Tomorrow *would* come sometime. Some beautiful morning at Bartibog you would wake up and find it was Tomorrow. Not Today but Tomorrow. And then things would happen . . . wonderful things. You might even have a day when you would be free to do as you liked, unwatched by Grandmother and The Woman . . . though that seemed almost too good ever to happen, even in Tomorrow. Or you might find out what was along that road . . . that wandering, twisted road, like a nice red snake . . . which led to the End of the World. You might even discover that the Island of Happiness was at the End of the World. Judy had always, all through her seven years of life, felt sure the Island of Happiness was somewhere if one could but find it.

But how could you explore for it, or for anything else, when Grandmother and The Woman bossed you all the time and wouldn’t let you out of their sight? Bossing was not Judy’s word. She had taken it over from Timothy Salt and thought it very expressive. Judy especially resented being bossed by The Woman. She did not like it in Grandmother, of course, but you felt reluctantly that perhaps a grandmother had a right to boss you. What right had The Woman?

The Woman’s name was really Martha Monkman, as Judy knew perfectly well: but once, long ago, she had heard someone say that Martha Monkman was old Mrs. Sinclair’s “woman” and Judy never thought of her as anything else after that. It suited her so well, especially when spelled, as Judy always saw it, with a capital . . . a great, big, forbidding W, as full of angles and corners as Martha Monkman herself.

“I hate her,” Judy had once said passionately to mother.

“Hush, hush.” Mother was always hush-hushing. Both Grandmother and The Woman would not have any noise about the house. Everybody had to move softly, speak softly, even, so Judy felt, think softly. Judy often felt perversely that she wanted to yell loud and long. She *would* do it sometime . . . when Tomorrow came . . . and oh, how she would enjoy the look on The Woman’s face!

“Do *you* like her, mother?” demanded Judy.

“Martha is very honest and faithful,” said Mother wearily. “She has been your grandmother’s companion for forty years.”

Judy did not think this was an answer at all.

“She hates *me*,” said Judy.

“Judith Grayson! Martha doesn’t . . .”

“She does . . . and grandmother, too. They both do. You know they do, mother.”

Mother looked aghast. She tried feebly to change Judy’s mind but she did not seem to be able to think of any good arguments. Judy brushed them all aside.

“Why do they hate me, mother?”

“You are an absurd child. Grandmother and Martha are both old people and old people are easily disturbed and worried. Of course you annoy them sometimes. And . . . and . . . when *they* were young, children were brought up much more strictly than they are now. They cling to the old way.” There was no use in trying to extract anything from mother. Judy knew this and gave it up. But she permitted herself one satisfaction . . . although she looked carefully around first to make sure the door was shut.

“Grandmother and The Woman are two tyrants,” she said deliberately, “and when Tomorrow comes I’m going to escape from them forever.”

She had expected Mother would nearly die of horror . . . I am afraid Judy really said that hoping to make a sensation . . . but Mother only looked at her strangely. And said a strange thing.

“There is no escape for either of us now. Tomorrow will never come. As for you . . . they need not be so afraid to let you out of their sight. There is no fear of anyone kidnapping you.”

Mother laughed bitterly. It was unthinkable but Judy almost thought Mother was really sorry that there was no danger of her being kidnapped. And yet Judy knew that her mother loved her fiercely and tenderly and wholly . . . knew it just as indisputably as she knew that Grandmother and The Woman didn’t love her at all. Why, they never spoke of her by her name, even her middle name, if they could help it. It was always “the child”. How Judy hated to be called “the child”, just as they might have spoken of “the dog” or “the cat”. Only there was no dog or cat in Grandmother’s house.

“When Tomorrow comes,” Judy told Grandmother once, “I will have a million dogs and forty-five cats.”

Grandmother’s face had grown dark and angry. Judy had been punished for

impertinence.

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**B**ut at least she was at Bartibog. They always came to Bartibog in the summer. Judy loved it. She hated Grandmother's gloomy, splendid town house in which everything seemed unacquainted with her, although she had lived there as far back as she could remember. But when they came down to Bartibog everything changed magically. She couldn't step outside the door there without stepping into something romantic. She lived in a world of romance once she came to Bartibog. Instead of a long, grim, stately street there was beauty wherever you looked. Luckily Grandmother and The Woman couldn't prevent you from looking, though Judy had no doubt they would if they could. The lighthouse down on the green point, painted in odd red and white rings . . . the dim blue shore where there were happy golden hollows among the dunes and the bones of old vessels . . . the little silvery curving waves . . . the range-lights that gleamed through the violet dusks . . . all gave her so much delight that it hurt. And the sea sunsets! Judy always went up to the north dormer to watch them and the ships that sailed out of the harbour at the rising of the moon. Ships that came back . . . ships that never came back. Judy longed to go in one of them . . . on a voyage to the Island of Happiness. The ships that never came back stayed there . . . where it was always Tomorrow.

She could see the harbour from the north dormer with its smoky islands and its misty bays. She had never seen it any closer but she knew the mysterious road ran in that direction and her feet itched to follow it. When Tomorrow really came she would fare forth on it and perhaps find an island all her own, where she and Mother could live alone and Grandmother and The Woman could never come. They both hated water and would not put foot on a boat for anything. Judy liked to picture herself, standing on her island and mocking them, as they stood vainly glowering on the mainland shore.

"This is Tomorrow," she would taunt them. "You can't catch me any more. You are only in Today."

What fun it would be!

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**A**nd there was Timothy Salt. At least, there had been Timothy Salt last summer and Judy fervently hoped he would be this summer, too. Of course Grandmother and The Woman would disapprove of him as they had done last summer; but they could not do away with him altogether because he was the nephew of Tillytuck Salt . . . which was a name out of Tomorrow if ever there was one . . . the man who took care of Grandmother's house at Bartibog and was so useful in

various ways that they dare not offend him. Tillytuck stood on his dignity and let it be known that his nephew was good enough for anybody to play with, take it or leave it. Grandmother took it and, under many restrictions, Judy had been allowed to play with Timothy. The most galling restriction, of course, was that they were never to go out of sight of the house. What wonders of adventure and romance might they not have discovered had it not been for that! At least they would have explored the Road to the End of the World. *Where* did that bewitching road lead to? Sometimes Judy thought she would burst if she didn't find out.

In spite of all restrictions she and Timothy had a good deal of fun together. They made sand pies and swung on the side gate . . . and talked. Judy liked to hear Timothy talk. He always said such nice slangy things. He was always very polite, too . . . Tillytuck had told him he would lick the stuffing out of him if he wasn't polite . . . and had a nice lean, brown face with round blue eyes and a delightful grin. He was about a head taller than Judy . . . which made her wonder what on earth The Woman meant by saying he was beneath her. Judy went to bed that night rather sadly because she had as yet seen nothing of Timothy. Perhaps he had gone away. It was a lonesome night, too . . . the first few nights at Bartibog were always like that till you got used to the moan of the sea and the sigh of the wind. Judy wished she could sleep with Mother. But Grandmother wouldn't allow that. Mother couldn't even put her to bed. Judy couldn't understand why but she knew she was never left alone with Mother any oftener than Grandmother could help.

"I'm always so afraid of things in the night," she had told Grandmother piteously. And Grandmother had said there must be no cowards in her house.

Alone and lonesome though she was, Judy went conscientiously through her little ritual of retiring. She folded her clothes and cleaned her teeth and brushed her long straight brown hair with the glints of red in it that always angered Grandmother . . . Judy couldn't imagine why. Of course it wasn't like Mother's lovely golden hair with the ripples in it and the little love-locks that curled about her ears. She didn't look a bit like Mother anyhow. Her skin was creamy and colourless where Mother's was pink and white, her eyes were as russet as her hair where Mother's were the most heavenly blue, and her chin was square and cleft where Mother's was pointed and little. Of all the things about her Judy knew it was her chin Grandmother hated most.

"It gets more like His every day," Judy had once heard Grandmother say to The Woman.

Whose?

Before Judy got into bed she opened one of the drawers in the high, black, polished old bureau and took a carefully-hidden picture from under a pile of

handkerchiefs. She had cut it out of a piece of newspaper that had come wrapped around a parcel. A man's picture . . . she didn't know whose because the name had been torn away. But she liked the face tremendously. The chin was like her own. She thought if she had had a father she would have liked him to look like that. Her father was dead, so Grandmother told her, looking at her so vindictively that Judy knew her father had been hated by this grim, bitter old woman. Mother never would say anything about him. She had forbidden Judy to mention him.

"Your father did not love you," she said, her eyes dark with some kind of feeling and her little red mouth trembling. "He . . . hated you."

Judy wondered why. She had, so they said, been only three when her father died. Why should anyone hate you when you were so small? Could you be worth hating? But Judy never mentioned her father to anybody again.

"Good-night, dear Man." She kissed the picture and returned it to its hiding place. Then she climbed into bed and cuddled down under the blankets . . . for the June nights were cool enough at Bartibog and the sea breeze searching. There was more than a breeze tonight. It whistled and banged and shook and thumped and raged, and she knew the waves were dashing wildly down on the shore. What fun it would be to steal down close to them under the moon! But it was only in Tomorrow one could do that.

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Judy lay awake a great deal at nights when the grown-ups were asleep, thinking out things and asking herself questions that were never answered. Why was Mother always so sad? And why was Grandmother angry with her because she was sad? And tonight she had a new mystery to ponder over. She had overheard Grandmother say to Mother,

"*He* is here."

"How . . . how do you know?" Mother had asked in a queer, choked voice.

"Tillytuck told Martha. He is visiting his uncle down at Flying Cloud. James Markham is very ill . . . he is not expected to recover. And *he* will probably stay there until the end."

"It . . . it doesn't matter to me." Mother had spoken breathlessly and defiantly. It was almost like a cry.

"It shouldn't. But you are always so terribly weak, Elaine."

"Why have you told me he was here at all?" cried Mother.

"To prepare you. You might meet him somewhere unexpectedly. And the child must be kept under strict watch and ward. If he thought he could get a hold on you by kidnapping her he would do it in a minute, hate her as much as he may."



“Why should he kidnap her? The law would give her to him if he cared to invoke it.”

“He will not go to law. That clan hates publicity. That is why he has never attempted to get a divorce.”

“He won’t bother his head about Judy. He cares nothing for her . . . or me. You have told me that often enough, mother.”

Mother was crying now. Judy clenched her fists. How dared Grandmother make Mother cry? But Grandmother often did that with some queer little speech Judy couldn’t understand. Only she always felt that there was far more in what Grandmother said than her words themselves said.

“Is Grace with him?” asked Mother.

“Probably. She wouldn’t trust him near Bartibog alone.”

“Then,” said Mother bitterly, with a little laugh so sad it nearly broke Judy’s heart, “you need not be afraid of my meeting him.”

Grandmother had come out into the hall and her face darkened when she saw Judy.

“Eavesdropping!” It was only one word but what venom Grandmother could put into a word!

Judy thought it over until her head whirled. Who was “he”? Where was Flying Cloud? What a name! Out of Tomorrow again. It was maddening to be so near Tomorrow and not be able to get into it. What had “he” to do with Mother or herself? Kidnapping! Judy quivered, hardly knowing whether she were frightened or thrilled. But it was all nonsense. People weren’t kidnapped in Bartibog. That only happened in the papers. But she would ask Timothy Salt about it tomorrow. How the wind blew! The waves sounded nearer . . . nearer . . . one of them was a great dark wave of sleep . . . it rolled right over her . . . Judy drowned in it with a delicious sigh of surrender.

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She could not ask Timothy about it next day for there was no Timothy. For three days there was no Timothy. Judy simply couldn’t stand it any longer so she waylaid Tillytuck and asked him where Timothy was. It was a tremendous relief to learn that Timothy was only visiting another uncle and would be home by the end of the week.

“I was afraid he might have got into Tomorrow ahead of me,” Judy confided to Tillytuck.

“Ye’re an odd little skeesicks,” said Tillytuck. Then added, as if speaking to himself, “And it’s my opinion them two old dames are a sight too hard on you.”

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Timothy was there the next Monday morning, as brown and polite as ever, and at least an inch taller. It was good to see him. Judy smiled to him over the gate with her shy sweetness and said, "What's the news in your neck of the woods?"

Being safely out of Grandmother's and The Woman's hearing she could indulge in a bit of slang. It sounded daring and adventurous. She felt as if she had slipped from some invisible shackle when she said it. Timothy and she swung on the gate the whole forenoon while he told her the news in his neck of the woods. Occasionally The Woman came to a window and scowled at them. But not as often as usual because Grandmother was in bed and The Woman was waiting on her. It was such an unheard-of thing for Grandmother to be in bed in the day time. Judy couldn't recall such a state of affairs before. Of course, Grandmother wasn't really ill. She just had a pain, The Woman said. So Judy felt that it was not altogether too awful of her to be glad that Grandmother had to stay in bed.

"Let's hope," said Timothy, cheerfully and unashamedly, "that she will have a pain for a week."

Judy felt a bit guilty because she couldn't help thinking it *would* be rather nice. And she felt guiltier still when the doctor had to be sent for after dinner.

From then on she didn't feel anything but amazement and bewilderment over the rush of events. Everything was in a whirl of excitement. Grandmother had appendicitis . . . Grandmother must be taken to the hospital at once. The Woman went with her. She would not let Mother go . . . Mother must stay and look after the child. There was nobody left in the house except Judy and Mother and the cook. But Tillytuck promised Grandmother he would sleep in the garage loft at night.

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That night Judy slept with Mother. It was almost as if Tomorrow had really arrived. And how heavenly to wake in the morning and see Mother's face on the pillow next to her, all flushed and sweet like a rose, and the little gold knob at the nape of her white neck. Mother was always so beautiful in the mornings. Only Mother's eyes looked sad and restless as if she had not slept a great deal. When Judy laughed in her face Mother shuddered.

"Do *his* eyes still laugh?" she whispered to herself. Judy's quick ears caught it.

"Whose eyes?"

"Never mind. Somebody I used to know."

"Somebody you liked an awful lot," said Judy shrewdly. But she was more taken up with her own hopes than with anything else just then. It was so wonderful that Grandmother and The Woman were gone and she alone with Mother. The cook and

Tillytuck didn't count. But Timothy did. And Timothy made a proposition when he came that fairly took Judy's breath away.

"Say, I've got to go down the harbour way on an errand for Uncle Tillytuck. You come with me."

"Oh . . . I couldn't," gasped Judy.

"Why not? The old ladies are away."

Why not, indeed! Judy took a huge gulp of freedom.

"How long will it take?"

"Not more'n two hours. You'll be back in time for dinner. We'll see where that road goes to."

That settled it. This must certainly be Tomorrow. Judy decided then and there to take a chance on it. Mother had gone to lie down with a headache and Judy wasn't going to disturb her, especially as it was quite possible Mother would forbid such an expedition . . . "put the kibosh on it," as Timothy said. It was probably wicked to go without asking permission but things were all upset anyway and old standards had gone by the board . . . and she couldn't resist the lure of that road which had called her so long.

"Now you can yell," Timothy told her as soon as they were out of sight around the first S bend.

Strange! She no longer wanted to yell, now that there was nothing to prevent her doing so. She just wanted to walk quietly on . . . on . . . on, towards that blueness at the end of the world, drinking in the loveliness all around her. Every turn and kink of the road revealed new beauties . . . and it turned and kinked interminably, following the twists of a tiny river that seemed to have appeared from nowhere.

On every side were fields of buttercups and clover where bees buzzed. Now and then they walked through a milky way of daisies. Away to the right the sea laughed at them in silver-tipped waves. On the left, the harbour, ever drawing nearer, was like watered silk. Judy liked it better that way than it was pale-blue satin. They drank the wind in. The very sky was glad. A sailor with gold rings in his ears . . . the kind of a person one would meet in Tomorrow . . . smiled as he passed them. Far out on the bar was a splendid low thunder. Judy thought of a verse she had learned in Sunday School. "The little hills rejoice on every side". Did the man who wrote that mean the golden dunes at Bartibog?

"I think this road leads right to God," she said dreamily.

"No, it just goes down to the back shore," said Timothy matter-of-factly. "Look . . . you can see the end from here. Soon as I've done my errand we'll go on down to the end. Here . . . we turn off here . . . we've got to go over to that island."

“That island” was a long slender one, lying out in the harbour about a quarter of a mile from the shore. There were trees on it and a house. Judy had always wished she could have an island of her own with a little bay of silver sand in it just like this. But how to get to it?

“We’ll row out in this flat,” said Timothy, picking up the oars in a small boat tied to a leaning tree.

Judy shrank back for a moment. Even in Tomorrow . . .

“You’re afraid,” taunted Timothy.

“I’m not.” Judy stepped into the boat. She *was* . . . a little . . . but she was not going to let Timothy see it.

“Good stuff,” said Timothy approvingly.

He could row. Was there anything Timothy couldn’t do? By the time they reached the island Judy had got over her fright and wished the distance were twice as long. But this island was a fascinating place where anything might happen. Of course it was in Tomorrow. Islands like this didn’t happen except in Tomorrow. They had no part or lot in unadventurous, humdrum Today.

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Timothy’s errand was to a certain Mrs. Thompson who appeared to be the housekeeper. A nurse who met them at the door told Timothy he would find her on the far end of the island picking wild strawberries. Fancy! An island where wild strawberries grew! Timothy went to hunt her up and Judy was asked to wait in the living room.

It was a beautiful room, with flowers everywhere and wild sea breezes blowing in. There was something about the room Judy loved. Especially she loved the mirror over the mantel which reflected the room so beautifully and, through the open window, a glimpse of lowland and dune and sea.

And then Judy got the shock of her life. Propped up against the mirror was a large envelope with a typewritten address.

*James Markham,  
Flying Cloud,  
Bartibog.*

This island was Flying Cloud! Here was the mysterious “he” who might kidnap her! And there he was, coming through the door.

Judy stood frozen in her tracks, all dismay and terror . . . and something that was neither. For this was the man whose picture lay in her bureau drawer! And he looked even nicer than in his picture, with his crinkly russet eyes and his sleek, red-

brown hair. Judy decided, in one swift flash of intuition, that she didn't care an awful lot if he did kidnap her.

"Who are you?" asked the man, smiling.

"I'm . . . I'm me," faltered Judy, still in a swither of various emotions.

"Oh, to be sure . . . you. Popped out of the sea, I suppose . . . come up from the dunes . . . no name known among mortals."

Judy felt she was being made fun of . . . a little. And she liked it. But she answered a bit primly.

"My name is Judith Hester Grayson."

There was a silence . . . a very queer silence. The man looked at her for quite a time without saying anything. Then he merely asked her politely to sit down.

"I'm waiting for Timothy," she explained. "He's gone to tell Mrs. Thompson something. When he has told it we are going back to Bartibog."

"Now, if you have any notion of kidnapping me, Mr. Man!"

"Of course. But meanwhile you might as well be comfortable. And a spot of light refreshment perhaps? What would you like?"

Judy sat down. She felt oddly happy and at home.

"Can I have just what I like?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Judy triumphantly, "I'd like some ice-cream with strawberry jam on it."

The man rang a bell and gave an order. The ice-cream and jam came. Yes, this must be Tomorrow. No doubt about it. Ice-cream and strawberry jam didn't appear in this magical manner in Today.

"We'll set a share aside for Timothy," said the man.

They were good friends right away. The man didn't talk a great deal but he looked at Judy very often. There was a tenderness in his face . . . a tenderness she had never seen before in anybody's face, not even in Mother's. She felt that he liked her very much.

"I have your picture in my bureau drawer," she told him.

He looked startled.

"My picture! Who gave it to you?"

"Nobody. I cut it out of a paper. It hadn't any name but I liked it. Do you notice . . ." Judy was very grave, ". . . that our chins are something alike?"

"Something," agreed the man. Then he laughed . . . bitterly. Did all grown-up people laugh like that? No, Tillytuck didn't. But this man was looking as bitter as his laugh now. He wasn't happy. Judy wished she could make him happy. People who

lived in Tomorrow shouldn't be unhappy.

Timothy came in and ate his share of the treat. Then there was nothing to do but go. Judy knew the man hadn't the slightest notion of kidnapping her and she felt the strangest, most unaccountable sensation of disappointment.

"Good-bye and thank you," she said politely. "It is very nice here in Tomorrow."  
"Tomorrow?"

"This is Tomorrow," explained Judy. "I've always wanted to get into Tomorrow and now I have."

"Oh, I see. Well, I'm sorry to say it isn't Tomorrow for me. And I wouldn't want to get into Tomorrow. I would like to get back into Yesterday."

Judy was very sorry for him. She looked longingly back to Flying Cloud as Timothy rowed away. Why did Grandmother hate this man? There was nothing hateful about him. Her heart yearned back to Flying Cloud. Even on the road she turned again for a last, longing look at it.

"Look out," screamed Timothy.

---

The room went around oddly. The furniture nodded and jiggled. The bed . . . how came she to be in bed? She couldn't remember going to bed. Somebody with a white cap on was just going out of the door. What door? How funny one's head felt! There were voices somewhere . . . low voices. She could not see who was talking but somehow she knew. Mother and the man. What were they saying? Judy heard stray sentences here and there, bobbing out of a confusion of murmuring.

"I . . . I thought you always hated her," said Mother. There was a sound of tears in Mother's voice . . . and a sound of laughter, too. Laughter with no bitterness in it.

"My own baby! I loved her," said the man. "Always. But I never knew how much till Timothy Salt came rowing over to tell me she had been struck . . . and killed . . . by a car."

"I knew you loved her as soon as I got here and saw your face bending over her," said Mother.

More murmurs. The room went around again . . . jiggled up and down . . . steadied itself.

"I admit I was jealous of her. I thought you cared nothing for me any more . . . you seemed so wrapped up in her."

If that room would only stay put! Really, things behaved very queerly in Tomorrow. Judy hadn't heard what Mother said. The man was speaking again.

"It was your mother told you that. She never liked me or anything about me. You remember she would never call Judy anything but Hester because Judith was *my*

choice of a name . . . my mother's. Elaine, you know it was your mother and Martha Monkman who made all the trouble between us."

"Not all." Mother seemed to be spunking up in a rather half-hearted defence of her family. "Not *all*. You know your sister hated me . . . *she* made half the trouble."

"Grace was always a mischief-maker I admit. But I wouldn't have believed her if I thought you still cared. And Judy seemed afraid of me. I thought you were bringing her up to hate me."

"Oh, no, no, Stephen! She *was* frightened of you . . . I didn't know why. I think . . . now . . . mother and Martha told her things . . . and I thought you couldn't forgive her for not being a boy."

"Woman!"

What a delightful way he said "Woman". Judy could fancy his smile. She wished she could see him but when she tried to turn her head round went that room again.

"We were both young fools," Mother was saying when it steadied once more.

"Is it too late to be wise, Elaine?" said the man.

Judy strained her ears for Mother's answer. Somehow, she felt it would be of tremendous significance to everybody in the world. But she could hear nothing . . . only sobs. Judy gave a long sigh of despairing resignation.

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**T**here was a brief silence. Then they came over to her bed . . . Mother and the man. She could see them now. Mother, all pale and tearful, looking as if she had been through some terrible experience, but with some strange inner radiance shining behind it all . . . a radiance that seemed part of the golden sunset light which suddenly flooded the room. The man was smiling triumphantly. Judy felt they both loved her very much.

"Are you feeling better, darling?" said Mother.

"Have I been sick?"

"You were knocked down by a car over on the mainland road," said the man. "Timothy came for help. To use his own expressive language, the liver was scared out of him. We brought you over here to Flying Cloud and sent for the doctor . . ."

"And for me," said Mother happily.

"The doctor said you had a very slight concussion . . . nothing serious. You'll be all right soon. Only you must keep very quiet for a few days."

He had such a delightful voice . . . you loved him for his voice. And he had his arm around Mother.

"This is your father," said Mother, "and . . . and . . . we are not going to be separated any more."

“Father is dead,” said Judy. “So I suppose I am dead too.”

“Father and you are both very much alive, sweet.” Father bent down and kissed her. “When you feel quite up to listening you shall hear the whole story of two very proud, very silly, very unreasonable young people who were not all to blame for what happened and who have learned wisdom through suffering.”

The woman with the white cap was coming in again. Somehow Judy knew that whatever she had to say must be said before she quite got in.

“Will we live here?”

“Always . . . when we’re not living somewhere else,” said Father gaily.

“And will Grandmother and The Woman live with us?”

Father seemed as bad as Timothy for slang.

“Not by a jugful,” said Father.

The sunset gold was fading and the nurse was looking her disapproval. But Judy didn’t care.

“I’ve found Tomorrow,” she said, as Father and Mother went out.

“I have found something I thought I had lost forever,” said Father as the nurse shut the door on him.



## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

[The end of *Tomorrow Comes* by L. M. (Lucy Maud) Montgomery]