

## THE STORY OF YUKU

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ed to straighten the bedclothes after Koki's nap and they were tossed as the little thing always tossed them. And there on the pillow was still the round, crushed-in place where the dear little head had lain. Yuku, in a passion of tears, threw herself down on the bed, still warm from the contact of the adored little body, and pressed her face into the pillow where her baby's head had been.

“ Oh, my baby, my baby, my little, little baby.” But not for long did she lie there, for Yuku's love for her husband was many times stronger than her love for her baby, and there was something that she wished to do for him and must do before he returned home to-day, lest her courage should not be strong enough to-morrow.