
Penny of Top Hill Trail

to Hebler, I felt that I had balled things up hopelessly and that the only avenue of escape lay in flight — my long suit.

“My only solace in all this bungling mess I have made is that I have brought Jo and Marta together.

“With you at the ranch and Hebler in town, I don’t know how I could make my get-away but for Larry. I have telephoned him and he is to meet me near here, and by the time my little carrier dove delivers this, I shall be en route — for France. I’m weary of movies, and life is a delusion anyway.

“I admit it was wrong to deceive you — after the necessity for so doing had passed. You were kind — in intent; still, you might have been a wee bit nicer, don’t you think?

“Regretfully,

“PENELOPE.”

“P. S. Does it hurt *now* that I use your mother’s name?”

He read this letter as one who dreams and