

Germans, then, had only put her in the situation in which a woman, like herself, had always lived . . . and that within a stone's throw of these well-filled linen-closets of hers! There was something strange about that, something which she would like to ponder, if only her head did not ache so terribly. The little boy said, insistently, "*He* always gave me the powders, right away!"

Through obscure complicated mental processes, of which she had only the dimmest perceptions, *Jules* had always given the powders . . . how strange it was that precisely a bedridden woman who had most need of them should have owned no sheets . . . there came to her a great desire to send that old woman the medicine she needed. "You go outside and spin your top for a while," she said to the child; "I'll call you when I'm ready."

She went upstairs. Holding her skirts high to keep them out of the filth, she picked her way to the bookcase. Books were scattered all about the room, torn, cut, trampled on, defiled; but for the most part those with handsome bindings had been chosen for destruction. On the top shelf, sober in their drab, gray-linen binding, stood *Jules'* big record-books, intact. She carried down an armful of them to the pharmacy, and opened the latest one, the one which *Jules* had put away with his own hand the day he had left her.

The sight of the pages covered with *Jules'* neat, clear handwriting brought a rush of scalding tears to her eyes. Her bosom heaved in the beginning of sobs. She