

"THIRTY"—ANOTHER STORY 333

It was a photograph, in a cheap gilt frame, of Judith herself, apparently cut from some newspaper. It was the only picture in the room. Aside from the books, it was the only thing which did not belong to the boarding-house. Imrie felt a lump rise in his throat. He heard Judith's voice faintly.

She was asking matter-of-fact questions quite calmly, but the effort it was costing her was manifest. The landlady, who was superstitious, was very glad that the silence had been broken. She talked volubly.

"Yiss, he was buried all right and reg'lar. No, there was no fun'ral. He said as how 'twas needless expense. No, there was no friends, 'cept, o' course, a few of us hereabouts. He wouldn't 'ave nobody notified. He said as how nobody cared. I think m'self 'e wandered a bit. He talked wild, it seemed to me. No, 'e didn't suffer none — not as I could see. His books? Oh, 'e sold 'em. They're comin' for 'em to-morrer. He wanted the money given to a Jew boy that's sick downstairs. He was queer, Mr. Good was, but 'e was allus free with 'is money, that 'e was."

"What about the picture?" Judith's voice was strained and hoarse.

"Oh, that? He told me to send it to some lady. Funny name, it was. I got it downstairs. I been too busy to attend to it. What with the dyin' and