

## 236 You Never Saw Such a Girl

I am leaving this week for California, where I hope to see you sometime.

With every good wish for your future happiness

I am

Yours sincerely,

CONSTANCE BURGESS.

Marty looked out over the valley—green, gold and brown—and the fields seemed to blur together like a piece of watered silk. But soon her vision cleared, and then she saw that Eric was looking at her.

“Well?” he asked with one of his whimsical smiles, “shall you say good-bye this time when I go?”

“Oh, Eric, don’t!” said Marty. She had almost said, “Don’t go,” but caught herself in time. “Don’t!” she said. “It wasn’t that at all which made me act the way I did—that afternoon.”

“I do not wish to be unduly inquisitive,” he said in his old manner as he