s long skirt, ta st classic digni the silk cushion l

with the ice.

"And spite of this play-acting are felt simbled and put down."

"In w. At hidden virtue lay the disaction of the scene? A girl from the ost primitive life in the crudest othing with a child!

"In a

come through collect the taxes, everybody to come

He sets a everybody to come to the town.

"And you made that journey in Winter, in weat er like this, with our child?"

"The mo ntain woman seemed emoarrassed to repli "He—he wash born then. He was born in the tyn. I had to go along when we wen to pay the taxes; there was not dy to stay with me."

me."
"The mistress of the house was amazed at these simple details. But she made no further inquiry. She was seized with a sudden impulse; a longing to uncover the child, handle it, caress it. But instead she made some futile inquiry. Would the child take any injury from its exposure to the cold—the night—the journey? She had heard him cry.

She had heard him cry.

"No, it won't hurt him."

"As the nothing could hurt him; as the her affection for this child, but of its own virtue, put him beyond injury; was in itself all-protective.

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could have ke matters such a pertective.

"And then she repeated what she said at the cow-barn:

"'I don't know what made him

n the mental conception woman, that she flowed into was enveloped by the figure behi her, becoming a part of it. Now wh was that?"

was enveloped by the figure being her, becoming a part of it. Now why was that?"

"Good heavens," said the doctor, "how do I know?"

Presently the man went on.

"I suppose," he said "no one knows The human mind itself is as profound a mystery as the moving impulses behind it. It is no use to assemble a lot of names, I know all iabout at. She went right into events that were as real as any actual events of life. She saw the life that she was going into on this night just as accurately as anything that she had ever lived through. She saw it just as clearly as tho she were looking in through a window upon it.

"She saw a woman hurrying about the tables at Monte Carlo, forcing her way through the crowds of people, searching among the players everywhere, through the gilded salons peering into every corner, into every

everywhere, through the gilded salons peering into every corner, into every face. Finally at the door to the tables of the trente-et-quarance she stopped, as tho stricken rigid. A man, stooping over, was putting down some gold pieces beside a girl

"The girl was young, but the man was older than he was tonight; his dark hair had a tinge of gray in it; his firm, sun-tanned face showed purple veins; the jaw had grown heavy. That's how she said he looked.

And then she repeated what she said at the cow-barn:

"And then she repeated what she said at the cow-barn:

"I don't know what made him cry."

"The mistress of the house made some vague apology to cover her absence from the room, and went out. This was madness. What was happening to her firm fiber? The night was advancing. Matters could be no longer delayed. She must pull herself to gether. She went over to a closet in the diningroom, poured out a glass of liqueur, and draik it off.

"It had been brewed by the monks of Chartreuse before France doomed them to exile, and given to her as a bit of treasure. The potent liqueur revived her spirit of revolt, her will to adventure. She would pack the articles she required and go. What had a woman of the hils to do with her. She had provided shelter, food, comfort for the night. Her obligations were ended.

"She saw the opera in Paris, the woman, this same woman, sat in a woman, this same woman, sat in a sex and the provided for the spirit of revolt, her will to adventure. She would pack the articles she required and go. What had a woman of the hils to do with her. She had provided shelter, food, comfort for the night. Her obligations were ended.

"She paused, considering swiftly what articles she should take: gowns, iewels? No, the gown had been purchased with her husband's money, the jewels could read and respect the coins in the ockets of the victim! Murder! It is the very nearly that. This man to the first of the will be the first of the will be deep the provided them. Forter, the did not permit herself to retain the was a steen one she abandoned, time was it? How still the was! How still the was! How still the was was the one she abandoned time was it? How still the was! That would have been must be approaching midnight, the shrew open the French doors as steen one she abandoned time was it? How still the was! The work of the work of

all night at the gate of the grounds with his weapon for the two persons in the motor to come out He came in at daylight, and found his wife asleep on the divan before the fire."

"But the mountain woman," said the Doctor; "the man with the mule, the child, what had become of them? Did not the man watching at the gate see them when they came out? Did he not see them when they entered? What became of them?"

The voice of the dying man became

What became of them?"

The voice of the dying man became stronger; it took on almost the firmness and the vigor of health.

"It's the Gospel according to St. Luke," he said, "that I wished you to remermber. I mean the story of the Nativity according to that Gospel.

"Jesus of Nazareth was born in Bethlehem of Judea when Joseph and Mary journey into that village to be taxed. You see, Doctor

The voice ceased as tho fingers had closed on the throat.

The doctor knew what had hapepned, but he did not move. The detach-

ed embolus had floated into the heart. He looked up at the cross of stars hanging in the sky, And sudden-ly far away the great bell of the cathedral began to sound in the still,

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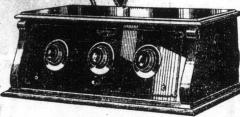
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