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he said, "what
now that they

answered cheer

"And the old woman?"

"Asylum. She's as mad as a March hare. Since that afternoon when Johnson and Cunningham found her sitting in the ditch by the wood, she has not had a lucid interval, never will have now. She is harmless. She goes about asking everyone if they have seen her daughter Agnes. Mr. Torrance will see that she has the best of care for the rest of her life. The doctors think that she was already irresponsible sixteen years ago when she stole Christine."

"Poor creature! One can't hate a mad woman. When one has suffered so that reason rebels, it is time for the rest of us to be merciful."

"You feel like that now when Christine is safe and happy, but you didn't feel quite that way a month ago."

"No; I did not. That is just a little way life has. Tommy, please don't sit there and stare. It is time to eat the bread."

She smiled at him so gaily that Tommy forgot how serious he was and smiled too.

"You make such nice thin slices, you know," said Celia, handing him the knife.

Tommy smiled again, with the modesty of conscious worth.

"You have not read me your latest poem, either," she added. "Perhaps we shall have time for it before the others come back."

Tommy laid down the bread knife.

"It might be better," he agreed. "Mark has absolutely no appreciation of poetry, and sometimes I doubt if Mr. Torrance really enjoys it. Of course, I know that I am not a great poet. But I really rather like this last. It was Ada's garden that gave me the idea. May