

He paused.
"Now you have the place, with no name attached to it. Try to think about something else. I want you to see a woman in this house. I am goboring city on one industrial schools in he had missed a trair

one does not forget the details of miracle."

He went on.

"You keep the details in your mind and when I get through you will understand why I say she was the loveliest human creature that ever lived. I want you to think of her as she was that night—that Christmas eve—that night the miracle happened. She wore a house-gown of iris-blue, beautifully embroidered in Japanese designs; her yellow hair, soft, heavy, and delicate, hung in two- wrist-thick plaits on either side of her face, extending themselves over the iris-blue to the knee. Her features were very nearly perfect, her eyes large, the mouth small, but the dominating beauty of the woman was her exquisite figure. One never could wish to change a contour of it.

"You see, she had been a beauty from the cradle; it was a sort of profession to her—a sort of genius in her. The will behind events had designed her for a life of pleasure—not for the sort of life she had gotten into. She was standing before the wood-fire in the drawing room of this big house. I want you to start in with that so you will get the details of the

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her. The will behind events had designed her for a life of pleasure—not for the sort of life she had gotten into. She was standing before the wood-fire in the drawing room of this big house. I want you to start in with that so you will get the details of the miracle clear in your mind.

"She was alone. The last servant."

ed the soft, vague charm of this roo "And suddenly, as the it were new impression, the significance

"Yes," he said, "I understand it. I understand it as a story, but I don't understand it as a miracle."

Again the man in the chair made some sort of a gesture which the doctor could not see.

"That's the reason I stopped just here," he said. "I wanted you to realize this, to understand everything about it right here. You see, I am coming to that part of the Gospel According to St. Luke that I was talking about a while ago."

along when we was; there was no me."

"The mistress amazed at these she made no fi was seized with longing to page. danging to uncover it, caress it. But some futile inquistake any injury to the cold—the results of the results of the cold—the results of the cold—the results of the She had heard h
"No, it won't
"As the nothing tho her affective your injury; wa

tective.

"And then she said at the cow-b" if don't kno ery."

"The mistress same vacue analogous same vacue analogo same some vague apolo esnce from the re This was madness ing to her firm fi

This was madness ing to her firm fi advancing. Matter er delayed. She m gether. She went the diningroom, i of liqueur, and draft had been brown of Chartreuse before them to exile, and bit of treasure. The servived her spirit to adventure. She icles she required a woman of the host of the high the paused, what articles she siewels? No, the go chased with her and the jewels gimiled, her feat mong thieves—as moat and respectackets of the vidight be very near the single she did not pett. ight be very neared her! What very she did not pe The gowns, the same would not salventure as the one time was it was! threw open nust be appr ly the bel ing, But he dome of the