

THE STORY OF YUKU

shaking, quivering hands betraying the fear and anguish in her heart, Yuku gazed at the something before she slipped it into her sleeve.

“My last gift to Pierre,” she whispered. She thought of Pierre’s grief, for Pierre would be very sorry, at first, very, very sorry. “I wish I could spare him that,” she thought, her eyes filling with tears as she pictured him, “but I can’t do that, and he will understand and be glad, very soon.” There was nothing melodramatic in this last act on the stage of Yuku’s little life. It was the simple, natural sequence, the only thing to be done. Pierre just didn’t need her any more, that was all.

Suddenly Yuku began to cry, not with that abandonment that she had given way to in the child’s room, but with a pitiful, childish sobbing, infinitely more pathetic. She took her