

### *Her Weight in Gold*

tering vaguely, his eyes glued to the top button of the General's waistcoat.

"By Jove, she *is* doing well."

"She can hardly walk. If she keeps on, she won't be able to see, either. Her



eyes are almost lost. I screwed up the courage to take a long look at her to-day. She has lost her neck en-

