

she had worn constantly since, shifting it from one finger to another as her hands grew thinner. If it had not been left upon the forefinger of her right hand where I had seen it yesterday, I would ask it of her mother, as a souvenir that should never leave me.

I drew down the covering, and lifted the slender fingers to the light glimmering between the barred shutters.

Oh! the piteousness of the wasted little hand! In one flash—swift as vivid—thought showed her to me as I had seen her first; the nut-brown sprite of the wooded creek—then, portrait after portrait, each more clearly drawn than the last. The demure duchess of our betrothal evening; my dauntless champion against slanderous and sarcastic tongues; the tricksey play-fellow of my town and country rambles; the earnest student and the tender comforter; the unconscious preacher of righteousness to my ungodly youth—my evangel—my *Chérie*—my Kathleen—through all, above all—my little love!

“And has it come to this!” I cried aloud, in a passion of horror and grief that told me I had not, until that instant, been able to “make her dead.”

God forgive me, if in my frenzied lamentation I boldly declared that I did well to be angry that He had claimed His own! I humbly believe that the Man of Sorrows accounted it as my infirmity—not my sin—that I forgot in Whose hand she had laid hers, and with what loving faith when flesh failed and tongue faltered upon her last earthly wish!

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Evelyn Marr rejoined her “twin” fifteen years ago. Robby—a noble young man, whose gray eyes, lightening with mirth or darkening with earnestness, often thrill me by their likeness to others I used to study—is my office-partner. He will have the major part of my practice in time.

“Baby” was married last week. It was at her