

gently. 'See there,' he turned the key in a corner cupboard and displayed neatly-arranged shelves full of clothing. 'My Katie's things. I'd like you to help your-

somewhat puzzled. She wanted nothing, yet she felt that somehow the bereaved man would like her to accept something of his Katie's.



self, she'd have wished it. Take something, I'd fain you would.'

There were tears in the man's eyes; he stepped out into the open, leaving Hope

A soft woollen neckerchief met her eye, with a little glass-headed pin stuck in it just as the owner had left it. Hope suddenly thought she would like to carry