14 1911

low face all

n't you want hings? I'm in the room

a gasped.
led the way
ttle package
e a pin-case nave the rib

"She said."
rest!" Betty
ever so much,
me anything

wonderful to nowed a bit of a face glowed

?" she asked. turned. "Do ma?" taly—it's just When I get

nings in hats, tend I'm going places I'll see. nything really stead of mine, it of glass, her know I didn't , Miss Betty," t after all the ma Gaines, but Just wait till y have a half kind that get

d, soberly.

half an hour.
e she met Mrs.
ettle under her
the door, she

get this, Betty hi'st myself up bottle of black-let me alone— f best. This is

n troubles, and you might need

ou, Mrs. Robey,"
dy in the world
ught of it."
enough senseless
. Robey declared

t, though it's all s folks give to ing, anyway." so much," Betty till I show you,

lips. The silver d the cut glass out when she saw is crept into her ite of herself, and one of the heavy th a touch that

m worked on it,"
I't it beautiful?"
the latest?" Mrs.
mehow the scorn
her voice failed
could do worse
tre B. R.—they'd
at, wouldn't they?
ece of real damask
expect to."
her suddenly with

Mrs. Robey!" she appen sometimes." touched its bottom

I guess you never lks that had fairy There now, Betty gland I'm going, a time when you'll at cordial than for rols." With which Irs. Robey stumped airs.

ng some embroidery so bring it back.

the other girls,"
er. "They can do
than I can. I'd give
read like Margaret
uth Chester."
ood, all of them."
eggerly applegatic.

ood, all of them."
eagerly apolegetic.
orget any of it, Sabra
how there isn't anyes such a happy
ou do. Maybe you'll
selty, but I guess
ing ever Sabra would
so much as that linen
ester came down and
t and what every one
mover to me, every
no go her back so all
to go over things, you
t must be better than
e them all dropping

cried. "Come up and ttie—then you can tell

her, stepping softly. trace of envy in her he happiest sympathy. ne to a vase of Tiffany her breath. "she cried. "Do they

ey do—most of them," reluctantly. "Do you lettie?" I out of Nettie's face, e her moment's happy hinking of Sabra," she

ied, with a little break doesn't seem fair that I this, and people like all that pain so

pted her, the tired face etest unselfishness. "I that knows you, knows e every bit of it, Miss ared.



