

THE STORY OF YUKU

her best"—the little hands were busy now, plucking at the folds of her pink kimona; "it is but natural that he should want to go to her. But my dear Pierre, my dear Pierre, oh, my dear, dear husband—he would stay with me forever and never leave me, nor let me know that he was grieving. Oh, Pierre, my darling, you shall be happy if Yuku can make you so." She walked about the room whispering brokenly to herself. "What did Nancy say? 'Give and give, body and soul, life itself—life itself.'" It was terrible, the way the slender hands shook and lifted and fell and clutched at her dress, as she crossed to a small cabinet and took something out. Something that gleamed for a second as the light from the window caught it. Something very cold, to judge by her shudder as she touched it. Still with calm, dry eyes and only by her