

## LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

"Fun?" tortured Barton. "Yes, that's just it! If you'd ever had the fun of liking anything it would n't seem half so brutal — now!"

"Brutal?" mused little Eve Edgarton. "Oh, really, Mr. Jim Barton, I assure you," she said, "there's nothing brutal at all in my liking — for you."

With a gasp of despair Barton stumbled across the rug to the bed, and with a shaky hand thrust under Eve Edgarton's chin, turned her little face bluntly up to him to tell her — how proud he felt, but — to tell her how sorry he was, but —

And as he turned that little face up to his, — inconceivably — incomprehensively — to his utter consternation and rout — he saw that it was a stranger's little face that he held. Gone was the sullen frown, the indifferent glance, the bitter smile, and in that sudden, amazing, wild, sweet transfiguration of brow, eyes, mouth, that met his astonished eyes, he felt his whole mean, supercilious world slip out from under his feet! And just as precipitously, just as unexplain-