

Opening the desk she drew forth a little picture, beautifully set in a golden frame; then, through all the mist and darkness, her eyes leaped passionately to the face within—the sweet and fascinating face of a lad in his middle teens. She went back and closed the door behind her, then returned to the desk, knelt beside it, the picture clasped convulsively to her heart. “I won’t!” she cried through bitter tears; “I won’t forget—God doesn’t—and while He won’t, I won’t. What are they doing to you to-day, my child?” she sobbed through a storm of tears. “Oh, Leonard! Oh, Leonard, my son, my son!”