

AN END AND A BEGINNING

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out of a clothes basket. Over the cradle leant two young girls, and while one shaded the lamp with her hand the other leaned still closer, and (in spite of certain principles in regard to the non-kissing of babies), left a light caress upon her placid forehead.

"Sleep well, little Christine," said Celia. "If one mother did not want you, you've found two mothers who do."