

THE STORY OF YUKU

For it was all quite simple to Yuku. The other woman had been out of Pierre's reach when he married Yuku, and Yuku had comforted him. But now the other woman's husband was dead, and if it were not for Yuku Pierre could go to her and she would marry him. And Pierre loved her. There wasn't any place for Yuku now, so she argued in her terribly calm little brain. She had done all she could, she had given, and given unselfishly, and now that she was not only no longer necessary, but really a burden, she would go away. "He will marry me now," Yuku murmured, as she walked about his den with aimless steps, yet unable to leave it, touching all his books and the little personal articles that he cared for with shaking fingers; "even Nancy understands that if he were free from me he would marry her. Of course he still loves