MRS. FALCHION

The figure sank upon the ground and buried a pitiful face in the wet grass.

Justine leaned over her.

She sobbed as one whose harvest of the past is all tears. Nothing human could comfort her yet.

I think she did not know that I was there. Justine lifted her face to me, appealing.

I turned and stole silently away.

THA mys by 1 hop the own rain thar darl A Ros acci of h too, with her was wish The I wi Hur Whe trou use

308