

## THE STORY OF YUKU

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### XXII.

FOR Yuku was going away. Going far away, so far that Pierre could never find her; so far, indeed, that she could never return.

She soon controlled herself and came out of the room, closing the door behind her. She was very calm. Too calm, far, far too calm, with that dangerous purpose in her soul. If she had thrown herself down in a transport, as she had once up in the old garden at Harris'; if she had cried and struggled and torn her soft hair, there would have been more hope for her. But there was no battle going on within the little heart to-day, there was no wild questioning, no wrestling with herself.