

THE STORY OF YUKU

"Say 'wife,' Pierre."

"My wife."

"And mother, Pierre, call me that again."

"Mother," he whispered, "little mother. Oh, God, my baby's mother."

"Your sobs are breaking my heart, Pierre." For her sake he controlled them.

"Pierre."

"Yes, my darling."

"I am very tired."

"Then go to sleep in my arms, sweetheart, they are your best resting place."

"My resting place—kiss me."

Silence, then with a little sob:

"Pierre, my side—it's hurting me! Lift me high, Pierre, let me—lie—on—your—breast."

When Nancy and her husband returned, they found Pierre uncon-