



THE WITCH OF PRAGUE A FANTASTIC TAPE BY CLAUDIA FLORIAN SINGER

CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

"What is justice?" she asked. Then she turned her head away again. "If you knew what justice means for me you would not ask me to be just. You would be more merciful." "You exaggerate—" "No. You do not know that is all. And you can never guess."

in a voice that murmured softly and sadly. She started a little at what she had done, and drew back, half afraid, like an innocent girl. But as though he had obeyed her words, he seemed to sleep more deeply still. He must be very tired, she thought, to sleep like that, but she was thankful that the soft kisses—the first and last—had not waked him.

"It is not true. He fell asleep himself." Keyork smiled again, incredulously this time. He had already applied his pocket thermometer and looked at his watch. Unorna had risen to her feet, disdainfully defending herself against the imputation expressed in his face. Some minutes passed in silence.

these strong beautiful words that could tell how we loved. We told each other—" "Without your father's consent?" asked the nun, almost severely. Beatrice's eyes flashed.

her room and set about completing her toilet. Twenty minutes had scarcely passed, and she had not finished dressing when Sister Paul entered the room, evidently in a state of considerable anxiety.

ing you again. There is much I would like to ask you, if you would allow me. For old friends, as I trust I may say that we have exchanged few—very few—confidences this morning. Command all my service. I will come again in the course of the day."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Unorna drew one deep breath when she first heard her name fall with a loving accent from the Wanderer's lips. Surely the bitterness of despair was past, since she was loved and not called Beatrice.