CHE POPPS GIRL OF BEATRICE HERON MAXWELL



stood facing the surset, a motionhan appy blonm, held hetween her eyes and the femilite inting shafts of light that struck into

were reflected on the transparent whiteness of her face. did not feel up to the bloycle arrangement for that day. and the looked the incarnation of living flame; even her and would loaf about while his friend kept up to the bright, soft eyes holding gleams of rose red in their lucid original plan, orging that it would be a pity for both to depthus.

Tuey had only just reached the outskirts of Braxton, these two, Genffrey Paget and Basil Hope, and seeing this - but that seemed strengely enough only a natural outcome t courses, us old house standing back from the roadside. of what had gone before with its open gates inviting them to enter, they wandered up the garden path, and so chanced upon this vision

They stood transfixed, and in that moment of surprised admiration something cause to Geoffrey which had never before touched his prosale mind-some sudden understanding of the romance that Love might bring into Time s garden; some subtle prescient sease of an infinite iny and sadness to come, and the glory which an absorbing passion might bring into a communitary life.

She looked at them without speaking, and one of them. the elder, lifted his hat and told her that, being strangers in the land and tired after a long day's bleyeling, they would be glid to learn the direction of the hotel. She winted up the path to where a versional glummered through the was beginning to grow dark. Bast reli his measuress the trees, saging: "This is it," and they passed on bacing her standing with the same rapt stillness of attitude. gazing toward the horizon.

Geoffrey, who usually discoursed freely on the incidents of the day, held his peace, and his friend r specied his silence, feeding vaguely that it was prompted by solar stir of hidden beeing. They stayed not only that night even heard his approach, and, being within earshat before but the next, making as the reason for breaking the se- he perceived this. Basil halted, uncertain whether to make quenes of their tour the necessity for a long ride to some ruins in the distance.

when the friends turned the key of their apartments in the gity tacy left their work and their responsibilities be- lips. hind them, and could take their holiday with case, devoid of care. Three works more of pleasant wandering in this leastly: "and, O. Geoff, I ought not to have come at all: golden autumn season by before them; and the quiet of this little step-aside village, where neither wars nor rumore of wars seemed to disturb the placid garnering of baryest, pleased then well. But when the second night had passed, and Basil hinted at a move. Geoffrey's inclination veered to rest, and a long saunter over the bills.

us take a day off."

And he gained his way as usual,

less, dissatistied look-the look of one who had fulled in a arms. quest; and his friend, noting it, decided to keep silence. no longer.

That was a strange girl," he began, "whom we saw the night we came here."

The poppy girl," murmured Geoffrey, absently, "Yes. She looked as if she might have a history."

What became of her? Is she staying at the hotel?" "Apparently not." Geoffrey had come out of his revery, and there was an alertness in his face that meant. Treherne has promised to marry me a sudden resolution. "But she lives near here somewhere, they say, though the odd thing is that no one seems to know exactly where. 'Over the hill yonder,' the sexton thought."

The sexton? It seemed an incongruous medium for such a vision of living fire as the sunset had presented.

alter was Why do you speak of her in the past tense? Whoever

she was she is still, I expect.

unusual in Geoffrey. He took life almost too placidly as flaonting freshness vanished. a mile

'Yes. But I was thinking of her in the past relatively. We must be getting on tomorrow, Geoff. I wonder what would be the best route to Edgcombe Valley.

"There is no 'must'" he answered. "We are free agents. The essence of a holiday is to be happy-go-lucky." "Well, shall we explore this neighborhood a little 100020

Geoff's good nature was not proof against his friend's ready compliance; he assented amiably, and they sketched : rough plan of campaign, open to amendment, for the cusuing usy.

autumn chill and dreariness in its twilight hour that, as hand from the back had struck her down. The rainbow hey skirted the brow of the hill an evening or two later clooffrey put his brake on suddenly, and descending with reckiess haste at a precarious corner, exclaimed, There she is?" Mope dismounted more telsurely, and retracing his steps, gaged down a steep hillside that led to the valley, and discorned the faint gleam of something rea far below.

1. for ground that the control was a seld evident one. And titual figure, in her white dress, with a bis friend, knowing him, and therefore aware that his bill sheaf of crimson garden popples at her havior was abnormal, said nothing, though later on he rede, and in her lifted right hand a single proached himself for an acquiescence that seemed inte-

For five days Hope searcely saw his indiday companion The glow of the lower and of the son morning on descending to breakfast there. table seeing the various places of interest that were within riding distance. Conduct inexplicable at any other since,

Hope, putting resolutely assile a d woing misgiving. carried out the written and unwritten desire of his defaultlog friend and went of alone on the iner expeditions that occupied him from morning until evening accepting without comment the reflecace of Geoffrey as is his own manner." of spending the day. It second bepossible that much have dd result from a week's unsatisfactoriness in any case Yet when, owing to an accident to his wheel. Hope found timself later by three fours in getting back than he had intended, he went straight to Geoffrey's room, an indefinite enxiety historing his steps.

Geoffrey was not there, nor had any one at the lan soon him since the morning. Their usual dismer hour was past deepen. He decided to go and look for Geoffrey, and involuntarily turned his steps to the boilow between Riddle Mount and the road. Even before be came up to them . knew he should find them together, and he guessed that there would be something startling to harn.

They were so absorbed in each other that they never his presence known or retire, now that he was assured of Geoff's safety. She had a red cloak round her slender Freedom and theoffrey and Basil were companious, for figure, and while with one hand she held it together, the other was yielded to Geoffrey, who was pressing it to his

> 'I could not come sooner." she was saying breath-If I were missed-but I will not think of it. The one reason is sufficient. Geoff-I must come no more.

" Clooff " already! Those five days might as well have REPEAR WORLD "Natabe, my little love," Geoff made answer with

subdurd comphasis, " the great reason is none at all. It "We had a hard ride yesterday, Basil," he said. "Let does not exist for me. A hundred such reasons would not DAPI MS.

He had taken her hands and clasped them round his Yet when he returned in the gloaming be wore a rest- neck; the cloak slipped down unheeded; she was in his

> In the shadow of the trees Basil crept slowly away and retraced his steps, ranning as soon as he reached the road again, in order to outdistance Geoff. When Geoff came in there was a light in his eyes that transfigured him. The hour had transformed him; he looked a god who had wresiled with fate and gained the mastery. He came straight up to Hops and said: "I want you to do two things, old man; forgive me and congratulate me. Natalle

Hope held out his hand, and Geoff gripped it; then he went away to his own room. They knew each other well, those two: words were never wasted between them. What shadow of evil was it that haunted Basil all that night and turned his mind into an abyes of doubts and fours and questions? He strove in vain to shake it off, and still You have not even her since, I suppose? I wonder who so strong was its hold upon his soul that when a glimpseof dawn came he got up with feverish haste and went to Geoffrey's room. The door was ajar, and he could see his friend lying asleep, a happy smile on his lips; and at There was a transient hint of britation in his volve, his side, set in a glass, a poppy, limp and drooping, its

The sight reassured him for a time; yet still the thought was urgent that seemed impelling him to seek for an answer to his problems, and as the day broadened he wandered down the garden path, where first they had seen her-and on to the bend of the road, where he loitered for a space trying to balance his mental attitude.

Useless! The impulse sent him on, and presently he found himself near the place where they had met the night before.

'My God!" The words escaped him unconsciously, while he hurried forward.

She lay just within the fence that bordered a garden, It was in the hazy duck of a gray day with a touch of and had evidently been about to climb over it when a tints of sunrise touched her here and there, bringing out the whiteness of her dress in the grass, the red folds of her cloak, and the dull crimson of the poppies she still clasped in her hand snatched at, as she fell; but in her white, still face no light of life or day dawn found an answering ray; only the pale ashes of a fire that was spent. Her auburn hair clung damply to her cheeks and throat. and as Basil, stooping, put an arm under to raise her, he found that it was wet with blood, and sickened at the sight. He noticed as unconsciously one takes in small details at a crisis, that on the hand which held the poppies was Geoffrey's signet ring. It occurred to him that it would be best to go for assistance before moving her. and, vaulting over the fence, he made his way through the garden towards a house that was almost buried in thick trees.



assured for his sake; the discovery by the lad that some one had gained her affections, and might usurp his place, and the terrible means he had taken to prevent her desertion of him.

'Go-you-and leave us," sold the old servant; "the young master will be more crazed if he sees you. I'll carry her in, and my wife will see to her."

"I thall go for the doctor at once," said Hope with a stern decision. "and you had better put that lad under lock and key. He should not be at large."

And vaulting over the fence he ran at full speed towards braxton. It seemed to him an eternity before he reached the hotel, and finding Geoffrey broke his terrible news; then the time flashed by while they rode at rull speed first to the doctor's and on to Riddle Mount. The house was closed and barred, and for some time no notic - was taken of their clamor for entrance, but finally the old man cautiously unlocked and admitted the doctor alone.

Then came hours of suspense, and, at last, near eventide, the doctor came out to them.

There is little hope," he said; " she is hadly hurt. poor girl. I have taken the liberty," he added grintly, "of putting her brother under restraint. He is an imbecile, of course, and it was niistaken kindness on their part, keeping him with her. I not a feald she will not last over the night," It was not until the doctor had returned to take his

place at her side ugath, and made a signal to them that she still lived, that Hope induced Geoffrey at last to go back to the hotel for cost and food. Two hours later as they started for Rubble Mount again, they met the doctor on the outskirts of the village.

"I am called to another case," he set: " I was obliged to leave her; but she was quite unconscious. I do not think there will be any change for some bours, and I rear that there is not much chance of recovery.

They rade on in absolute silence: Geoffrey's gray, set face showing that the iron had entered into his soul. When they reached the house they were surprised to find that the door yielded to their touch, and that no one opposed their cutrance. A deathly stillness reigned in the passages and states; they mounted slowly, in perplexity, meeting, nobory bearing no sound. When they had reached the second landing the amaging truth mashed upon them; the house was empty! their search, both in the house and around it, and then farther afield in every direction that scenied probable, was fruitless.

"What ought we to do" sold Hops, when at last they acknowledged thraselves beaten, and returned to the hotel-Nothing " Geoffrey answered decisivity ... " They have lived in obscurity by her wish; and the old man has probahis acted under her orders. I shall devote my life to finding some trace of her; but we have no right to make it all pub-He property.

That was his final resolve, and the stir caused in the neighborhood-a slight out. for the people were easy going -by the "flirting" from Mount Riddle, waned and sub-

sided, without any help from either Geoffrey or Hope. The two friends returned to the city; one of them graver and sadder for his friend's trouble, and the other aged by many years, and with all his light-hearted contenument in life vanished and dead.

It was a wild, wet evening in late November, and Geoffrey, newly returned from one of his wanderings, stooped at the outer door of his apartments to pick up something lying on the mat, and carried it into the sitting room-a small oblong purcel bearing an Italian postmark! With a transfent curiosity he cut the string and removed the fid of the box; then sat staring at the contents, without a vestige of color in his face.

What is it?" asked Hope solicitously, coming towards

Geoffrey pointed mutely to the box. It was full of southet poppies.

It would be a miracle," he said brokenly. " It is not possible-yet. Basil-who else in all the world would send them?"

" Any letter with it?" asked Hope,

Groff's eager hands lifted the flowers out and caught at a little slip of foreign paper.

If you would care to see me-come; if not, take these as a remembrance only of a lost friend.

The weight of years seemed suddenly lifted from him, and he stood illuminated in a maze of confused joy.

Three days inter, in a sunny garden, against a background of crimson blossoms, he held her in his arms again, his love come back to him from the grave.

"I did not like to write to you," she told him, " until my poor boy, my brother, died. We were orphans, Geoff, as you know, and he had no one but me and old Matthew. When he had his had accident and lost his mind. Matthew and I made up our minds to keep him with us. We could not bear him to go to strangers. He came to himself just before the end and prayed my forgiveness, and blessed us for it " But how is it that you are alive? And how did you get away from Riddle Mount?" "It was the long sleep saved me. When Matthew found that I was better and knew that my brother was going to be taken from us he contrived our flight. He bribed a band of gypsics to lend us one of their wagons and take us on with them. He knew no one would guess that we were there. So we got away.

"How do you know?" he asked cutetly. "It might be a parasol or a bat, but it might also be several other things. in surely cannot distinguish form or features from here."

1 know it is she?? Geoffrey repeated, unmoved, mixed. is see now what has imarks are there to guide us. That spur to the left is Riddle Mount, and the road winding away to the right is the one we came by this morning. It would be easy to find the spot by daylight."

He essayed no explanation or excuse for his evident d termination to trace this clusive phantom of a girl once seen for the space of a single moment; rather did he take aghast at his appearance, and Basil said:

An old man leisurely doing some garden work stopped

She stood facing the sunset

"There is a young lady who, I think, must live he lying out there in the copse; and she has been badly for: I ain afraid-

He broks off, for the man realing, staggared, shill would have fallen but that Basil cought his arm. " Den't give way, man. You must come and beln me

to carry her in. Who lives here?"

But the man seemed too speechless with terror to anforce, though when they reached it we had to lift the out away as much the sloter devoting her life to him, and other over: for his powers seened all to have desert d blin. giving up all that her youth and lovellaess demanded and

's la torned from doing this he saw that some one was lators him, some one who bent over the girl, chanting a strange, weird song, and scattering popples round her head with family groups

"It's the young master." muttered the old man. "I niways thought how it would be.

And while his words the whole story seemed to flash into Basil's mind-the story as he heard it afterwards-the awer, and meanwhile flash was furrying tim towards for frontion weak in intellect, but too dear to the sister to be

And my poor boy just drooped and faded away. The last thing he asked me was that I should write you; he

knew the whole story then and understood." And, clasping her in his arms, Geoffrey felt that all the suffering was atoned for by this perfect moment.

KING LOV BY TRANBY ELLIS. led him from the room. They passed down ONGVILLE'S healthy enough 1 octopus. In an instant he appreciated what She was no longer ready to hugh and first she said. " Don't go back to the town sir."

661 Octopus."

He was a weather tanned Texan

a young man, in the full strength and glory of life some distance out of the town, and had miringly

struck up a quist companionship. "And of what nature is this dreaded octopus?" the young man inquired.

That ain't un easy question to guess," said the other thoughtfully. " Chaps have held as how she was an angel, but I reckon they we finally concluded she is Old Nick's elder sister. They all does. She's a niece of the boss of the Risin' Star, an' she's reckand the handsomest woman that ever come-

phil west? "How came she by the nickname Oc-10,118

" Because she catches the boys, I reckon. Once she gets 'em lovin' her she laughs at "em an" drives 'em mad. I've known men quite as good as you blow out their brains because of 'er. Mayilke you've come out for pleasure; if so, do ge 'er."

I have an appointment in Longville. My name is Henson. "The judge? Then you've come to keep

order, ch7 Among other things-yes."

"Then hundle Octopus out of the town first and get out bome from Longville next. That's my advice."

"Thank y a.," said Mr. Henson quietly,

The arrival of the new judge in Longville caused a sensation in the district. Never had the state authorities so wantonly offended the Longy Wians as his this move of sending down a special judge. Thus it befell that on the evening of ME Henson's arrival in the town the sal. u was not only crowded but an overflow meeting was held under the examples awning that stretched out into the road from the front of the hotel. And the advent and future of the new judge was discussed and debated in words and times the reverse of polite.

The last person to be expected in the midstof such a social gathering was Mr. Henson, and, true to the axiom, he made it his businear to pass that way. He sat down and called for a retreshing draft. Talk was stopped instantly and every eye was fixed upon him. Now, it chanced that before the glass had been put into Mr. Henson's hands his over fell upon the face of a young woman. who came round the corner of the Lotel as r intending to join the throng under the

place. If she was as bad as she was beauti- present and compliment offered her. From a ful crime could have no bounds for her. settler of about five and fifty who Her eyes met his, dilated, and quickly into a quiet, sober, thoughtful woman. gave this advice. His companion was quite contracted into an expression of thoughtfulness and her lips curved slightly. Again

their eyes met-his in a cold, calculating The two men had met on the mail track. kind of way: hers half playfully, half ad-"I believe you are the Octopus?" he said

quistly "raising his hat as he stepped towards cococococo her

"I believe you are the new judget" she responded. And before he could reply she added: "I don't think you'll like Longville.

He was about to reply, when he realized how closely the men were watching him. In a quick undertone he asked her her real DETECT

'Nina Braine." she said hesitatingly.

He turned around and held his glass aloft. "Boys." he said, with a quick glance around him. " here's health to Miss Braine !" Not a man stirred or spoke; not a glass or she stopped at the curb-in get a better hold mug went up. And Mr. Henson was right in on her dress, a figure emerged from the shadguessing that to him, not to the woman, was ow and caught her by the throat, then as the insult shown. But it had showed him the suddenly released her. attitude he might expect in the men, and to learn that had been the motive of the toast It was war. Without changing his expression he turned his back upon the men, and

resumed his conversation with the Octopus. Presently a tall man, with a rough volce child, brushed the snow from her dress, and evil face, forced his way up to Mr. Hen- straightened her hat, fastened her fur collar. son, and, with a how of mock respect, raid: " Mister Judge, I has the honor to introduce defily as a woman. to you myself-the worst bad man in Long-

ville " In that case," replied Mr. Henson quietly, looking the man over, "we shall probably frightened than hurt. We'll while slowly meet again in another place where it will not be necessary for you to introduce your-

self." The man shuffled back into the crowd-You gave him the right answer," the Octopus whispered to Mr. Henson. "Now

He realized that the advice was sound, finished his drink, and stepped out into the road. In three weeks Mr. Henson established himself firmly in Longville, and in the bitter haired of all who committed crimes habitually or lucification, which practically, embraced the entire population of the district. Officially and privately, the new judge had made enemies by the score. His worst official crime was his act of forestalling the beys" in a lynening offeli-

Privately Mr. Hee-on had given the utmost offense by being responsible for a great - ran awning. Instinct told him she was the change which had come over the Octopus.

reckon, if you fights shy of the a power such a woman could be in such a with the roughest, or accept each and every what - on your mind?" laughing, chattering flirt, she had changed

One dark night Judge Henson was walking but don't go back. I haven't risked nothin on the outskirts of the town when a figure LOWATE FOR rose up before him. He put his hand to his revolver and strode towards the figure. It " Many thanks, Miss Braine; but I am not was the Octopus.

"I guessed you were out this way, sir."

scort her home after the concert

Not feeling the least fear, she alighted. As

She fell in a heap, half fainting, a cruci

mouth, with a scar in the corner, being im-

allowed herself to be lifted by some inc, who,

talking to her as soothingly as if she were a

and collected her scattered belongings an

you so?" he said, as she sobbed once in twice.

"There, lean on me! I think you are more

until you feel before. Do you go straight

You don't remember me, do you. Miss-

Indeed. I do remember you." she said.

orightening a little "You were the greatest

little regue 1 ever saw! One of my stock

stories is about the white mice you nut in my

you made for the door. But you told me to

She nodded and they started.

Hathaway? I'm Johanie Kempter "

put them in the drawer, you know."

"It's a beastly shame to have frightered

pressed upon her consciousness. Then she

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ullead?

tice, was not to be seen.

defensel ss." "But you don't know how many there 000000000000

BY MARY WALL. was close upon midnight when black eye and a tooth knocked out, fighting Miss Hathaway, satchel in hand, the boy who was in that yellow haired teachstood on the platform and looked er's room, because he said she was prettion lown into the street; but her than you?" brother, while was usually there to Miss Hathaway laugh-dugain.

"You had boy! You made me a perfect

laughing stock! You knew she was a beauty. and Loniy a plain little everyday gitl?" "If you were plain 1'd like to know where

'My good gith" exclaimed the judge.

" Trouble," she replied. " Trouble for you

"Warn me, ch?" he said, more seriously

they find their pretty girls," he still energetcally. "You were as pretty as a pleture, and you haven't changed, either. I know you the minute I saw you."

" O. " sold she, thinking of her fright. "how linky that you came along' I suppose your coming frightened the wretch away: I shall e over venture out alone again and I have always been so brave!" "be meaned. " Do you live in Edgewater, Johnnie?" No. malam: I live on the west side. I am-

Just cisiting." Well lucky, indeed, it is for me! But what are you doing, John? I feel sure you are one of our 'comilia men," because you were such a little stermengine. Everything

had just to go your way? I-I worked at different things. My mother died. You know i lett school a little and she couldn't stand me. Anyhow, I left. #00D

onened the drawer and saw them running. a gallant little champion, and such a flerve the figure as you ware! Some part of you to believe har?" never forget the jump you wave and the rook , with you makes me feel yourn again - that is, that he is leved her. which I win't look at you."

> And she look 6 up, thillne. "The electric light blazed up walderdy, and "threnals doe window. "" the there?"

" Yes: but I never thought they were realforget all my newly nequired dignity and sour with hand opported its if up , but son the bards in the garden without forms of setburness during that hearible asson when evoluting men-"And us you remember the day I got a the cruck ingers had clutched be considered.

n av he against you? "Why? What have I done to make myself a passage, out of the open door, where a horse stood. 40 distiked?"

" Don't go around for your own; take this!" "You stopped the fight, sir," said the and all who love you. I can't tell you what, woman, carnestly, "You interfered with she whispered. "Fil ride behind an direct the gambling at the Star; you fined Bill you! Quick! quick!" Evano, and---

"Yes." he replied smilling. "But surely help, and the horse started off at a gallop, that is not all?" He paused and looked As they turned from the almost barren flat sternly into her beautiful face. "To tell you

a truth. Miss Braine, there is no one in out, then another, and another-m. I should not have half the enemies groan. have, nor half the trouble if you were not

I have risked more than you can ever guess to warn you" she said, saily "And are you mad " she added, passionately " to woman.

mistrust me?" " Very well. I will be on my guard, and if I encounter danger I will thank you in my would not hurt the Octopus. I must get heavt.

Nevertheless he kept his eyes open and his ears pricked until he reached his house, and, encountering no one, his suspicion of the woman increased. However, even she had slipped his mind before he put aside his book and went to bed. About midnight he awoke. found a hand upon his mouth and saw the figure of a man.

Quick! Up an' dress an' be quiet!" whispered the man in a soft, almost tender, volce. He spring from the bed. He had been up into the man's face, sie oping on his clothes-a habit he had acquired since he learned how deep was the holding out his hand, ional prejudice against him. He seized the man by the throat, and he masped as his arms fell himply to his slocs again, for it was the soft, supply threat of a woman he had crushed in his grasp.

"fls me, siz

" Ninal" he erfed.

All, then you think of me as Nina, ch? The Octopus? Then 1 am happy !" Herione on Mr." was a chress. " You must be quick? Find your horse, and get a way by the Silver pass?" Why?" he maked sternly, the old sum-

" Because you are in danger. I went to lent but for the sound of her stumbling feet was in peril. I come to save you because I track, mujtering now and then, and moaning Well fore we are. Come up to see me, know you are in peril. O. judge, don't hest- frequently. Her weakness and pain were desk. Dear me I was frightened when I Johnnie, and tell me all about yourself. Such tate an doubt me! Nina, the woman-Nina, growing on her. She put her hands behind who would live and die for you, implores you her back and felt the pain.

"What is this danger"" he inquired

mice, and when I saw them running around I and saw, at the count of his mouth the little. Strange forms were furrying from bush

The woman took the judge's hand and gaze as her life's blood obbed away.

She threw herself behind him with his into the track through the wood a shot rang "Are you hit?" he cried:

I don't think so: Go on! Go on!' They rode on for some miles. 'Stop, an' I must get down!" said the

You can't go back," he replied in surprise. "O, yes, I can!" she said feebly. " They down.

He pulled up and helped her to alight " You're tired." he said, noticing she stumbled a little. "You must take the horse. Besides, it is not mine."

"I give it to you, judge," she responded, in n weak voice. "I must not waste time. Ride over the hill, an' you will reach Tomstown. an' there you'll be safe. Say you thank me in your heart!"

She leaned up against the horse and looked 'Indeed, in my heart I thank you," he said,

She took it between the paims of her own. "Then say 'Nina' again," she whis-

pered intensely. " Ninn-Nina, my real friend, forgive my

doubting you'" he said, carnestly, 'What is your name, judge?'

"Robert Nins,"

"Rohert! Robert!" she muttered. "Ride

She turned away, and in a moment was lost in the deep shadows.

She heard the horse break into a canter and quicken into a gallop. Then all was si-

His wound!" she muttered. " Robert?"

She let herself sink down to rest. She would feel better, stronger, and less faint for "My locavery," she mounted pointing the rost, she thought. She threw her head back upon the gnaried trunk, and fixed her glassy ever upon a corner of the month which peeped between the branches of the trees. And her exclude closed over that weakening



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later. I couldn't stand that next teacher. picton in his mind again. I'm not doing a ach row, but I expect a job warn you tonight because I feared your life For a long time she labored along the lonely

"Yes." sold be, laughing hearily, "TP was always fird up in bandages. Talking There was such an concet ring in her voice she whispersed, after a pause,