

HARRING FOOL

CHAPTER LXI

Timidly Monnie said with en-
gineer. And then felt rather fool-
ish. Her tone sounded gush-
ing. "What was the matter with
him? Couldn't he see that I was
his friend any more?"

Another came in just then and
Monnie took an easier
general. Monnie had
Christmas this year, but
the spell of the old, fami-
ly, the scent of pine, the
songs in all the windows,
the singing carols, took hold
of her. She felt in it. Why
was she wrong? Dan was gone.
No Christmas for him this
year. Could he go on without
any pleasure in the

that was what Charles
when he looked at her as
he had no heart.

day in late February, a day
premature spring. Monnie was
along High street on her way
suddenly seemed to her that
she had come to her heart as
the pieces of a puzzle had
no place and she saw her life
in its true proportions. She had
known since Dan's death, had
believed in the coming of a
happier time.

young to feel this way? she
innocently. After all, in the
world, she had no right to
Dan. She must hide her sorrow
secretly about it. Sandra was his
and Sandra was far away by
the seeking to reclaim her lost

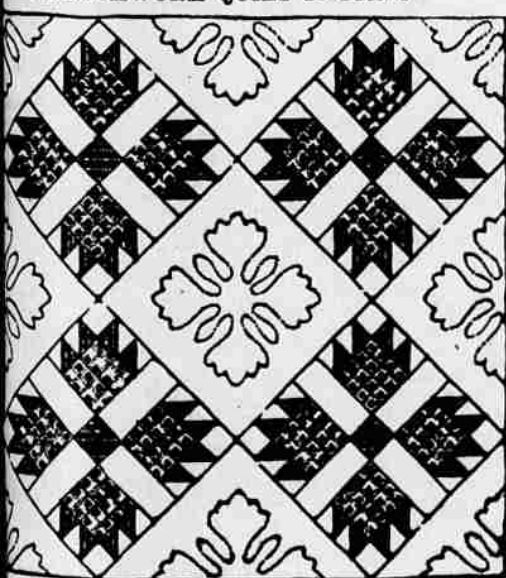
it was true that life had color
again, had regained mean-
ing. As if someone had
washed a canvas, showing her
remembered beauty.

It was what it used to be like—
before I was in love with her.
The girl confessed to herself.
Then had been an adventure
romance. She had taken pleasure
in things, had laughed joyously
at them. Then, almost without her
knowing it, Dan had taken possession
of her. She had lived only for
him, for his voice, for a chance
of him in the street, for the
sight of some further meeting with
him. All had been so unsatisfactory,
so sad. Nothing had come of
it. She was almost 21, won-
dering what to do with her days.

High clouds, scudding
across a piercing blue sky, matched
her mood. How strange, she thought
suddenly, Charles was there days,
had been her friend, always
a very tower of strength to lean
on. He seemed cold and distant,
unlike the boy who was formal. He
"dropped in" casually any more,
when she was away. In Dr.
Dun's office she heard of him
often. He was going here, going
there. He appeared to be much in de-
mand. His health was completely re-
newed, the doctor had told her.
No, that Charles expected to
be shortly.

getting restless here," the
laid, keen eyed old gentleman
remarked that morning. "He's
fit and he wants to get back
work."

PATCHWORK QUILT PATTERN



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