



"DARBY"

Learning Centre

... Dorothy was

red the group

and the conver

in Darby, in

"What is it?" I said, coming forward and taking up the volume from the bookshelf.

"It is to make you happy again," she said, "you and Jann. She is very sad, and you do not understand even how she loves you, but I do. And this," pointing to the book, "this will tell you. I used to read

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is not well," she an-

g= little smile canoe

perplexity,

would read it for me
the book toward me.

good, I do not

"I will give you all the time to read and to write that you want. . . . You went on presently. . . . Then to-night I will meet you in the garden—where I told you I would be: your mission will be to tell me how you remember."

"Yes," I answered gratefully. I said no more.

How I lived out that day I hardly know. I shut myself up with that book and decorated its pages with hazy eyes. Even the fall of that first leaf was a miracle. Before the first tenderness, the sweetest of all, his broken faith, its struggle with temptation, its long hidden sorrow, its gradual awakening to a new happiness.

"Now," I said, "follow me to the house."

the prisoners, an immense number of intricate clues were sent to the treasury in Berlin, often several reaching an iron box in acknowledgement, warning the royal "Gold Eater for the Crown". Then a place called Swine, a mile or less from one hundred and fourteen gold thins were sent, the same number being dispatched in exchange. These iron thins are now extremely rare, hence their value.

Cult.