

the Institute for George. Don't feel's though I'd last long. I want to see my boy before I go. I'm afraid I wont be able to repay your kindness, Miss Peters."

"Lizzie, dont!" moaned the woman, sinking to her knee at the bedside and clasping Mrs. Barker's thin hand as the dying woman looked at her with moist eyes.

The policeman bared his head and moved away with bowed form.

"Don't feel bad, Lizzie. I'm satisfied to go. George will graduate this week. Won't that be grand? I feel my work's complete. I never could do much in this world, wuz'nt born for society or eddicated, but I felt my work was for George. I did all I could. I always like to think of it as the woman's alabaster box,—she gave the best she had. You'll find a little change in my dress. I saved it by walking home nights. I do hate to go and not leave a thing to George. He'll need something after he gets out of school. You'll look after him, Miss Peters? See he don't go with bad companions. I wanted to will something to him. All I have is myself and I will that. Sam did and I can. Maybe you can get something for my body at the clinic,—give it to George. That'll be my alabaster box..... They are awfully long in bringing him.....I think I see something bright ahead.....It must be.....the holy city..... Oh, I'm so.....tired. Good byeLizzie.....good bye. Don't..... forget.....the.....alabaster box."

Slowly a chill from Mrs. Barker's hand crept into the nerves of Miss Peters prone upon the bedside. Startled, she raised herself to see that the death palor had settled over the pinched features.