

THE BOY THAT WHISTLES

Give me the boy that whistles, That lifts his face to the sky; That lets all the cares and the troubles, And fears of a world pass by;

EYES TO SEE

In Leicester, in February, the leafless trees begin to take on softer outlines and the hills that surround the peaceful little town seem, at sunset, to swim in a pastel haze.

She was glad, now, that she had come. On her arrival, two days before she had gone to Bob for the first time to the house.

Take Bob. He probably had three or four thousand a year outside the little—she felt sure it was very little—made at law.

Well, she was not. She was twenty-six, restless and reaching. She had a flair for line; had dabbled in design.

She thought of that now. She saw Taj Mahals, and he saw hen-houses. As an afterthought she admitted that perhaps that wasn't quite fair.

The road was swinging down into Leicester. The lights of the town were below them. The sunset had paled, save for a strip of rose-flushed amber in the west.

They ran on through the town, familiar to both since childhood. Their ancestry could be traced through the old town records.

Here the surrounding countryside brought its litigation; here farmers and summer colonists did their marketing.

The trouble with you is that you are perfectly satisfied to be a not-so-very-big frog in a very small puddle."

In summer Leicester is ever so charming. Even his February night as the roadster swung out into the white-blanketed countryside.

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exactly how she felt—about him and love and marriage. "And I think it's important that I be very sure, don't you?"

Faith had been warmed by that. He was so nearly everything she could expect that, for all her distrust of love, as an illusion, she wished she could feel the illusion.

"I'm relieved. I was afraid you might be going to Leicester to weigh me in the scales with some rural suitor," he had teased.

"You really ought to stop for your own sake, Bob," she said. "You ought to find some nice girl and marry her. I don't want to feel I've spoiled your life."

"Always," he admitted. "And always, too, a wonder if you really know yourself." He paused. Then: "You really came to Leicester to discover something about yourself—"

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local hardware store. He had begun at a dollar and fifty cents a week. He had been there ever since—fifty-seven years, now—and probably made twenty-five or thirty at the most.

One of Faith's earliest memories of Leicester was her first glimpse of Uncle Amos, fixed in mind by what her mother had then said.

"I never saw a frightened rabbit in shirt sleeves," her father had offered.

Later, Faith had got her mother's viewpoint. It was awkward, when you had girl friends from New York visiting you, to have to explain about Uncle Amos.

Then Bob had gone to Dartmouth and after that to Harvard Law school. While still in law school he had come into his heritage; the old house fronting the common; the law practice that had been his father's;

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"I was only sure that I was not going to give you up. I always get what I want—and I have never wanted anything more than I want you."

And so they were engaged. They were to be married in June. She had not expected to see Leicester again for months.

It was Chan who surprised Faith most, however. He asked for the will, read it with characteristic concentration.

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Bob glanced at her, but she said nothing. She was still stunned. Uncle Amos living in an attic room and leaving money for shrubs and flowers to beautify Leicester;

It did not link up. Uncle Amos in his shirt sleeves in the hardware store.

Chan turned to Faith. "It's late. We'll have to hurry," he said.

Chan was already in his coat, was holding hers. She felt as if he were thrusting her out. Bob accompanied them to the door.

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YOUR UNCLE AMOS DIED THIS MORNING STOP FUNERAL SERVICES AT THREE P M FRIDAY STOP I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD BE PRESENT IF POSSIBLE