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SELECTED TALE

FROM BEULAH FARMER

THE CARD TABLE.

By Edith Despard, Esq.

Linda Dutton sat alone in her kitchen room, her face downcast, her shoulders drooping. She was not over-side fashion, nor did her hair reach to her shoulders. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were cast downward, as though she were about to say something, but she did not. She was thinking of something.

Robert, who was sitting in the living room, was not interested in Linda's thoughts. He was looking out the window, waiting for his wife to join him.

Robert was a tall, imposing man with dark hair and piercing blue eyes. He was wearing a suit of black, and his carriage was dignified.

Linda, who was sitting at a table in the kitchen, was looking at her hands. She was holding a deck of cards in her left hand, and in her right hand she was holding a pen. She was making marks on the cards with the pen.

Robert entered the kitchen. "What are you doing, Linda?" he asked.

"I'm making a list of the cards," Linda replied.

Robert walked over to the table and looked at the cards. They were all different, and each one had a mark on it.

"What is this list for?" Robert asked.

"I don't know," Linda said. "I just thought it would be useful to have a list of the cards."

Robert thought for a moment. "I see," he said. "Well, it's your list, Linda. Do what you want with it."

Linda smiled. "Thank you," she said. "I'll be careful with it."
