

was no indication of it. Sometimes she smiled at Thomas Fleming; and sometimes exchanged a word or two with Mr. Bates. Once he leaned over and said:

"You make me think of a poem I read somewhere; now, what was the name of it? I can only remember two lines:

"'In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
I have not winced or cried aloud!'

"That's as far as I can go; but that's what you make me think of."

She turned, smiling, and finished the verse. "It's Henley's 'I am the captain of my soul,'" she said. "I have it somewhere; I copied it once, because I cared so much for it. I'll read it to you tonight, after dinner."

"Do!" Bates said, heartily, and turned away to listen to Fleming, who was on the stand. Fleming's evidence was as straightforward as the man himself. Yes, Smith (now deceased) had paid him in March, 1887, the sum of \$17,400. Of this, \$3,000 was on a personal account; \$14,400 was for a parcel of land belonging to the Hammond estate. The check was made to his order; he deposited it in his own bank account and immediately drew against it a check for \$14,400 to the order of the Trust. Then followed a very clear and definite statement of that money Smith owed him; a debt which he was unable to corroborate by his books, for the simple reason that his books had been burned in the great fire of that year. Over and over, back and forth, round and round, the prosecution went, gaining not an inch.

Indeed the end was obvious from the beginning. To assert that Thomas Fleming was an honest man, was, so Bates told the jury, to utter a commonplace. He was so cheerful and kindly, in his reference to the unfortunate Hammond, that the jury grinned. The verdict, Bates declared, was a foregone conclusion. And so, in fact, it was, being rendered

fifteen minutes after the jury had been charged.

"And now," said Bates, shaking hands with his client, "let's go and get something to eat! Come, Mrs. Fleming, you'll go with us? You look like an army with banners!"

But Amy, with proud eyes, said no; she must go home. "You will come out with Tom this evening?" she said. "Dinner is at half-past seven; you can dress at our house; and, of course, you must stay all night." Bates promised, and Fleming silently squeezed his wife's hand. Amy's eyes spoke to him.

The joyous and beautiful day passed; the afternoon was gay with congratulations; but the succession of friendly calls was fatiguing. At last she had the house to herself. She reflected it would be well to have a little nap, so that she might be bright and rested for the jubilant evening—oh, that poem Mr. Bates wanted to see! She had forgotten all about it; she must find it before she went upstairs.

The diningroom was satisfactory, with its ten friendly chairs drawn up about the sparkling table. And her best dress was upstairs spread out on the bed, with her slippers and gloves; her flowers—Tom would bring her her flowers! She thought to herself she would wear them, and then put them away with her wedding bouquet that had been lying, dry and fragrant, for all these years, with her wedding dress and veil. Sighing with the joy of it all, she climbed wearily half way upstairs; then remembered Mr. Bates' poem again, and went back to the library, with an uneasy look at the hall clock. She would not get much of a nap! And the chances of the nap lessened still more, because she could not at once find her *Commonplace Book*, in which she had copied the poem. So, pulling out one leather volume after another, her fate fell upon her . . .

The book looked like her own *Commonplace Book*; Tom had more than