

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Henry Whitman and his wife, Sylvia, a middle aged couple, poor and hard working, living in the New England village of East Westland, came unexpectedly into the property of Sylvia's cousin, Abraham...

CHAPTER XXVII She Has Given More Than She Knows

Sylvia had to mix bread that night and she was obliged to go. Rose promised that she would immediately go to bed, and kissed her again with such effusion that the older woman started back. The soft, impetuous kiss caused her cheek to fairly tingle as she went down stairs and about her work...



"YOU ARE TAKING THE BREAD OUT OF THE MOUTH OF SOME OTHER MAN WHO NEEDS WORK; DON'T YOU KNOW THAT, HENRY?"

The day had been rather warm, but the night was one of coolness and peace. The moon was just rising. Rose could see it through the leafy branches of an opposite elm tree. It seemed to be caught in the green foliage of the tree. New shadows were leaping out of the distance as the moon increased...

On the front seat of the carriage when Lucy had been so intimate that there was an understanding between herself and Horace. She had spoken very low in French and Rose had been obliged to ask her to repeat her words. Immediately Lucy's mother's head was between the two girls and the bunch of violets on her bonnet grazed Rose's ear...

"No, well, perhaps yes, a little. It is rather cool tonight after the warm day." "Where have you been?" "I walked to Tunbury and back." "That is seven miles. That ought to have warmed you. Well, I think we must go in. I don't know what Aunt Sylvia would say..."

SIR RICHARD ESCOMBE

Continued From Preceding Page. The third, remember, for had not the silver haired old lady already popped Repton and Willoughby in the scale and weighed their chances critically? "To save him, child—your Dick—but who, in God's name, is he, Kitty, and how did he come to be there?"

CHAPTER XXVIII Henry Sticks to His Last. Henry Whitman awoke the next morning with sensations of delight and terror. He found himself absolutely unable to work himself up to that pitch of courage necessary to tell Sylvia that he intended to return to his toll in the shop...

"Where are you going?" "Down street." "Whereabouts down street?" "Down street." "Come here," said Sylvia. Henry walked slowly toward her between the rows of box. He was about three feet away from Sylvia when she spoke again. "Where are you going?" said she...

figure of a woman, dressed with severe and immaculate chastity in a purple calico gown, with a checked gingham apron tied in a prim bow at her back. She was New England austerity and conservatism embodied. She was terrifying, although it would have puzzled anybody to have told why. Certain it was that no man would have had the temerity to contest her authority. Henry stood still near the gate with an air of being a man who had not yet come to a decision...

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