The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Established in 1844. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 7, 1890. Volume XLVII.---No. 22.

ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO

—:o:—

FINE CLOTHING.

—:o:—

WHERE do you buy your CLOTHING?

If you are not already patrons of our house TRY US ONCE and you will continue to come here when in need of anything in our line.

Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that OUR Assortment of Medium and Heavy-weight Clothing is not surpassed by any similar line in the country.

Suits and Overcoats in all the NEWEST SHAPES and most popular fabrics.—THOROUGHLY tailored and perfect fitting. Garments that for style, fit, and general exeellence are sure to please the most fastidious.

Overcoats from $10 to $30. Suits from $10 to $40, and our guarantee with every garment.

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.,

Reliable American Clothiers,

319 7th St. N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WELLS & McCARDELL,

Commission Merchants

and dealers in

HAY, FEED, GRAIN, &C

119 S. Calvert Street,

—AND—

118 Cheapside, BALTIMORE.

MEMBER BALTIMORE CORN AND FLOUR EXCHANGE.

SHIPPING TRADE A SPECIALITY.

Goods delivered Free on Board of Cars or Boat. (apr. 18-1y.)

ESTBLISHED 1872.

B. E. HENDRICKSON D. G. MOHLER.

HENDRICKSON & CO

Successors to C. F. Wilkins & Co.,

PRODUCE

Commission Merchants.

DEALERS IN

Grain, Hay, Mill Feed, &c.

921 La. Ave. and 924 C Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reference to Central National Bank, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—The firm of C. F. Wilkins & Co composed of C. F. Wilkins and B. E. Hendrickson since 1872 has been dissolved by B. E. Hendrickson purchasing the interest of Mr Wilkins in our long-established business at 921 La. Ave. and 924 C St.

He has associated with him Mr. D. G. Mohler, late of Mohler Bros., Baltimore, whose long experience in the business will materially aid in the prompt and satisfactory disposition of your shipments.

All parties shipping will please be careful to mark all goods to the *new firm*.

We ask your patronage

HENDRICKSON & CO.

UGENE ROBINSON

WITH

YOUNG, CREIGHTON and DIGGS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BOOTS & SHOES

AGENTS FOR

Celebrated Champion Goods.

S. E. Cor. Hopkins Place and German St

BALTIMORE, MD

Notice and Reward.

ALL persons whomsoever are hereby prohibited from cutting timber or other growth, or committing any other trespass upon my farm near White Plains in Charles county. A Reward of Two Hundred Dollars will be paid for the apprehension and conviction of any person taking timber or other material from said farm.

A. RICHARDS

No. 25 N. St. S. E.

Washington, D.

Apr. —, [illegible]

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES.

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

-----GET OUR-----

Very Low Prices

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

Boilers, Steam Engines,

Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, Couplings, &c,

General Machine and Repair Work,

Electric Motors—Water Motors.

CANNING-HOUSE MACHINERY.

Most Complete Line Manufactured.

The Warfield Manufacturing Co.,

336, 338, 340 and 342, North Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Complete Stock

CALF AND KIP BOOTS!

Dress and Plow Shoes.

Ladies' Fine and Dress Shoes.

SOLID SCHOOL SHOES in Great Variety.

RUBBER BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS, ALL SIZES

Heilbrun's Shoe House,

402 7th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

See: "THE OLD WOMAN IN WINDOW."

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS, NAILS, LIME,

CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, etc.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS, AND ALL KINDS OF WOOD WORK

Office & Yard 21 N. Union St., Factory 13 & 15 N. Lee St

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Seasoned Lumber and Flooring kept under Cover.

JOHN PERRY. M. B PERRY.

Formerly of Perry, Smoot & Co. and Jas. Rector Smoot & Perry.

PERRY & SON

Lumber Merchants.

Office: No. 128 King St., Alexandria, Va.

—DEALERS IN—

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings

FLOORING A SPECIALTY,

Cement, Calcined Plaster, Lime, Hair, Nails, &c.,

DRESSED LUMBER KEPT UNDER COVER.

DON'T BUY ANYTHING IN THE

BUILDING LINE

UNTIL YOU GET OUR ESTIMATE ON YOUR

Sash, Blinds, Doors, Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Lumber Mantals, &c.

Our inducements are:—BEST MATERIALS, LOWEST PRICES.

SMOOT & CO.,

Successors to J. RECTOR SMOOT & PERRY.

NO. 119, Cor. UNION and CAMERON Sts., Alexandria, Va.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

JOHN E. STONE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

PORT TOBACCO, Charles Co., Md.

Will practice in the Courts of Charles and adjoining counties and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him, aug. 8-1y.

DREXEL'S BELL COLOGNE

Sweet as Roses!! The Leading PERFUME. Fragrant! Lasting! Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

LAXADOR Cures Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Affections, Giddiness. At druggists. 25c.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C.

SALVATION OIL

Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists.

Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c.

J. KARR

Importer and Dealer in

DIAMONDS, WATCHES,

JEWELRY.

Sterling Silver Ware,

FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES.

OPERA GLASSES, FANS &c.

945 Pennsylvania Avenve,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sole Agent for the Rockford Watch Co.

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co. 109 Fulton St. N Y.

SPECIFICS.

Summers & Bro

ALEXANDRIA, VA.,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS

AND DEALERS IN

Dog Carts, Buck Boards,

Buggies

DAYTONS, CARRIAGES

SPRING WAGONS,

NEW AND SECOND HAND.

—:o:—

Our Stock is ample to select from, and we are manufacturing to order, as well as selling, all classes of light and heavy vehicles at much lower prices than competing cities.

NEW WINDSOR

WINDSOR FEMALE College

WINDSOR BUSINESS College

Full courses in each college, with diplomas and degrees. Also thorough Preparatory schools. Reasonable charges. Opens Sept. 17th. Address REV. A. M. JELLY, D. D., President New Windsor, Md.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Sunday, July 5, dawned gloriously, clear and fresh after the thunder-storm, to which Fairhill people still refer pridefully, as the most violent known in thirty years. The gunpowder and Chinese paper taint was swept and washed out of the world.

Mrs. Wayt, holding Fanny by the hand, and followed decorously by the twin boys in their Sunday clothes and churchward-bound behavior, emerged from her gate as the Gilchrists gained it. In the white light of the forenoon, the eyes of the pastor's wife showed faded; groups of fine wrinkles were at the corners, and bistre shadows under them. Yet she announced vivaciously that all were in their usual health at home, except for Mr. Wayt's headache, and nobody had been hurt yesterday.

"For which we should return special thanks, public and private," she went on to say, walking, with her little girl, abreast with Judge and Mrs. Gilchrist, the boys falling back with the young people. "At least, those of us who are the mothers of American boys. I can breathe with tolerable freedom now until the next Fourth of July. What a fearful storm we had last night! My baby was awakened by it, and wanted to know if it was 'torpetoes or firetrackers?' Yet, since we owe our beautiful Sabbath to the thunder and rain, we may be thankful for it; also, as for many other things that seem grievous in the endurange."

"I hope Mr. Wayt's headache is not in consequence of having sat up until daybreak, as he threatened to do," the Judge said, in a genial voice that reached his son's ears.

March listened breathlessly for the reply.

"I think not. I did not ask him this morning at what time he left his study. He is not inclined to be communicative with regard to his sins of commission in that respect, but I suspect he is an incorrigible offender. He attributes his headache—verbally—to the extraordi[illegible] of yesterday. We all suffered [illegible] more or less, and it increased, [illegible] diminished, after sunset."

[illegible] this morning?"

"O, yes!" quickly emphatical. 'It would be a severe indisposition indeed that would keep him out of the pulpit. Both his parents suffered intensely from nervous and sick headaches, so he could hardly hope to escape. I have observed that people who are subject to constitutional attacks of this kind, are seldom ill in any other way, particularly if the headaches are hereditary. How do you account for this, Judge Gilchrist? Or, perhaps, you doubt the statement itself."

March did not trouble his brains with his father's reply. The volubility of one whose discourse was generally distinctively refined and moderate in tone and terms would of itself have challenged attention. But what was her object in saying that she had not inquired at what hour her husband left his study last night? Since she and her sister were in occupation of the room from midnight—probably before that hour—until two in the morning, she certainly knew that he was not there and almost as surely where he was and how engaged during those hours. Where was the need of duplicity in the circumstances? Was she committed to uphold the professional fiction, which her husband circulated vauntingly, that his best pulpit preparation must be done when honest people are asleep in their beds—that the beaten oil of the sanctuary must flow through lamp-wick or gas-burners? What end was subserved by supererogatory diplomacy and subterfuge?

"How are the two Hesters to-day, Mrs. Wayt?" asked May, from the side of her puzzled brother.

"Hester is rather languid. The heat again!" She looked over her shoulder to say it, and they could see how entirely the freshness had gone from eyes and complexion. Her very hair looked bleached and dry. "The weather will excuse every mishap and misdemeanor until the dog-days are over. Hetty stayed at home to watch over her. It is a source of regret to Mr. Wayt and myself"—comprehensively to the four Gilchrists—"that my sister is so often debarred the privileges of the sanctuary in consequence of Hester's dependence upon her."

"I have remarked that she is frequently absent from church," Mrs Gilchrist answered.

Her dry tone annoyed her son. Yet how could she, bred in luxury and living in affluence, enter into the exigencies of a position which combined the offices of nurse, companion, housewife, seamstress, mother and bread-winner?

Mrs. Wayt took alarm.

"Poor child! she hardly calls herself a church-goer at all. But it is not her fault. She thinks, and with reason, that it is more important for me to attend service regularly—for the sake of the example, you understand—and we can not leave our dear, helpless child with the children or servants. She gets no Sabbath except as my sister gives it to her. I am anxious that the true state of the case should be understood by the church people. Hetty would grieve to think that her enforced absences are a stumbling-block."

Her solicitude was genuine and obvious. Judge Gilchrist offered an assuasive:

"We must have a telephone wire run from the pulpit to Miss Hester's room. I have known of such things."

"I don't believe that Hester would care to keep her room Sunday mornings then!" whispered Perry, *l'enfant terrible* of the Wayt family. "She says family prayers are all she can stand."

March, the recipient of the saucy "aside," cast a warning look at the tell-tale. Inwardly he was amused by the unlucky revelation. Spoiled child as Hester was, she had marvelously keen perceptions, and shrewd judgment. She saw through the jugglery that deceived the mass of Mr. Wayt's followers, and rated correctly the worth of his capital.

He juggled rarely to-day. Even his voice partook of the spread-eagle element which interfused Divine services, as conducted by the popular preacher. The church was full to the doors, many of the audience being strangers and sight-seers. The number of "transients" increased weekly.

"He is like fly-paper," Hester had said, this very Sunday, as the skirts of his well-fitting coat, clerically-cut and closely-buttoned, cleared the front door. "Out of the many that swarm and buzz about him, some are sure to stick—that is, take pews! That is the test of spiritual husbandry, Hetty! I believe I'll be an infidel!"

"Don't be utterly absurd!" answered her aunt in a spiritless way. "I haven't the energy to argue, or even scold.

"I BELIEVE I'LL BE AN INFIDEL," SAID HESTER.

'Let GOD be true, and every man a liar.' GOD forgive me, but I am ready, sometimes, to say that all men *are*! But I can't let Him go, dear!"

Mr. Wayt gave out the opening hymn in tones that would have been clarion, but for an occasional break into falsetto [illegible] to March's irreverent mind [illegible]

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation
Groaning for its latter day!"

His text was, as was his custom, startlingly peculiar:

"*Only the stump of Dagon was left to him.*"

It was a political discourse, after the manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled "National," Government jobbery, nepotism and chicanery; close corporations, railway monopolies, municipal contracts—each had its castigation; at each was hurled the prophecy of the day of doom when head and palms would be sundered from the fishy trunk, and evil in every form be dominated by GOD's truth marching on.

March listened for awhile, then reverted to matters of more nearly personal interest. Last night's incident had left a most disagreeable impression on his mind, which was confirmed by Mrs. Wayt's demeanor. May's assertion of the Bohemian flavor recurred to him more than once. No! the specious advocate of public reforms and private probity did not "ring true." And protest as Hester might, with all the passion of a forceful nature, against her father's double ways, he *was* her father, and the ruler of his household. His wife, it was plain, believed in and imitated him.

Gazing at the pale, large-featured face of the orator, now alive with his theme, and glancing from this to the refined, faded lineaments of her whose meek eyes were raised to it from the pastor's pew, he was distrustful of both. He wished Hetty were not Mr. Wayt's wife's sister, or that he could marry her out of hand, and get his brother-in-law, once-removed, a call to—Alaska! Her, he never doubted. Their acquaintance had been brief, and scanty opportunities of improving it had been vouchsafed to him of late; yet she had fastened herself too firmly upon affection and esteem to admit of the approach of disparaging suspicion. She might be a slave to her sister and her sister's children. She could never be made a tool for the furtherance of unworthy ends. *She* would not have said: "I did not inquire at what hour Mr. Wayt left his study last night!" If she spoke, it would be to tell the truth.

At this point an idea entered his brain, carrying a flood of light with it. Mrs. Wayt was an author—one of the many ministers' wives who eke out insufficient salaries by writing for Sunday-school and church papers! It was a matter of moment—perhaps of ten dollars—to get off a MS. by a given time, and Hetty had taken it down in type-

"HETTY, DEAR HETTY!" SAID MARCH, GRASPING HER HAND.

writing from her dictation and the rough draught. Of a certainty, here was the solution of the mysterious vigil, and of Mrs. Wayt's equivocation! She looked like a woman who would write over the signature of "Aunt Huldah" in the Children's Column, or "Theresa Trefoil" in the Woman's Work-table, and dread lest her identity with these worthies should be suspected by her husband's people, or by even "dear Percy" himself.

March experienced a blessed letting-down of the whole system—surcease from worrying thought, so sudden that a deep sigh escaped him that made his mother glance askance at him. Instead of admiring the brave industry of the true wife he had suffered a whimsical prejudice to poison his mind against her. He despised himself as a midnight spy and gossip-hunter, in the recollection of the orchard vigil. The patient, unseasonable toil of the sisters became sublime.

"*Who has not heard the story of the drummer-boy of Gettysburg?*" thundered the preacher, raising eagle eyes from the manuscript laid between the Bible leaves.

March jumped as if the fulmination were chain-shot. Mrs. Gilchrist, looking full at him, saw his color flicker violently, his fingers clinch hard upon the palms. Then he became so ghastly that she whispered:

"Are you ill?"

"A sharp pain in my side! It will be gone in a moment," he whispered back, his lips contracting into a smile. Rather a sword in his heart. The light within him was darkness. How foolish not to have solved the mean riddle at a glance! Mr. Wayt's sensational sermons were composed by his clever wife, and transcribed by her as clever sister! Here was the secret of the sense of unreality and distrust that had haunted him in this man's presence from the beginning of their acquaintanceship. The specious divine was a fraud out and out, and through and through a cheap cheat. No wonder now, at the swift itinerancy of his ministry! His talk of midnight study was a lie, his pretence of scholarship a trick so flimsy that a child should have seen through it. He had gone to bed, the evening before, and taken his rest in sleep, while his accomplices got up to order the patriotic pyrotechnics for the next day.

No wonder that Mrs. Wayt's eyes were furtive and anxious, that there were crowsfeet in the corners, and bistre-rings about them after that July night's work!

No wonder that the less hardened and less culpable sister-in-law shunned church services!

The sword was double-edged, and dug and turned in his heart. For the girl who lent aid, willing or reluctant, to the deliberate deception practiced in the NAME which is above all other names, had a face as clear as the sun, and eyes honest as Heaven, and he loved her!

The main body of the audience could not withdraw their eyes from the nar[illegible] drummer-boy of Gettysburg. The story was new to all there, although he had assumed their familiarity with it. It was graphic; it was pathetic to heart-break; it thrilled and glowed and coruscated with self-devotion and patriotism; it was an inimitable illustration of the point just made by the orator who was carried clear out of himself by the theme. And not one person there—not even March Gilchrist, fiercely distrustful of the man and all his works—suspected that it was an original incident, home-grown, homespun and home-woven. Write it not down as a sin against the popular pastor of the Fairhill First Church that the Gettysburg hero was a twenty-four-year-old child of the speaker's brain. If the will of the Press, and the foundry of Tradition can not turn out illustrations numerous and pat enough to suit every subject and time, private enterprise must supply personal demand.

"I think young Gilchrist was ill in church to-day," observed Mr. Wayt to his wife that afternoon, as she fed him with the dainty repast he could not go to the table to eat.

He lay on the settee in the wide, cool hall, supported by linen covered cushions. She had brought him, as a persuasive first course, a cup of delicious bouillon, ice-cold, and administered it to him, spoonful by spoonful.

"He changed color, and seemed to be in great pain for an instant," he continued, after another sip. "His mother looked very uneasy, and, apparently, advised him to go out. I judged from his fluctuations of color that it was vertigo—or a severe pain in the head. He would not leave until the services were over. I have few more attentive hearers than March." Another sip. "If I should be the means of bringing him into the church, it would be a happy day for his pious mother. Should my headache abate in the course of an hour or so, I will look in and inquire how he is. It would only be courteous and neighborly."

In the adjoining dining-room, the door of which the draught had opened a few inches, the family-circle of the solicitous pastor heard every word of the communication, although his accents were subdued by pain.

Sharp-eared-and-eyed Perry winked at Hetty.

"He won't find Mr. March Gilchrist," he mouthed in a fashion invented by himself, to convey pert speeches only to the person for whom they were invented. "He went to New York on the five o'clock train. I saw him. He said he was going to dine with a friend. I heard him. A man asked him. Another slice of beef, please, Hetty! Rare, and a bit of fat! Some gravy on my potatoes, too!"

Hetty had shunned the orchard since the day of the last sitting. Seated behind the shutters of her chamber-window, she had seen, almost every day, Thor bound across the grass in pursuit of a figure partially hidden by the lower branches. Since March frequented the spot, it was no resort for her. She had no time for play, she told Hester, gently, when she pleaded for a return to the pleasant lounging and talk "under green-apple boughs." Homer could draw the carriage down the garden-walk and through the gate and leave the cripple there with books and color-box, whenever she wanted to go. Hester often brought back stories of chats and readings and painting-lessons with the brother or sister—sometimes with both. Occasionally, March came to the parsonage with a message from his sister to the effect that she had taken Hester home with her for the day or evening, and would return her in good order. He was apt to insist upon leaving the message with Hetty, if Mary Ann or one of the children answered his ring. Mr. Wayt's wife sister would obey the summons in person, but she did not invite the bearer in.

She ran down in her simple morning-gown, or almost as plain afternoon dress, without waiting to remove her sewing-apron, heard what he had to say gravely, and replied civilly, as might a servant or governess. And, day by day, he marked the lessening round of cheek and chin, and the deepening of the plait between the brows. She could not know that he went away, each time pitying and loving her the more, and furious at the cruelty of the demands upon her time and strength. She could not have altered her behavior, unless to grow more formal, had she divined all.

But for the orchard outings Hester would have had but a dull summer of it. As it was, it was the happiest of her life. She actually gained flesh, and her cheeks had the delicate flush of a sweet-pea blossom. She mellowed and mollified in the intercourse with the sound, bright natures of her new friends. Prosperity was teaching her unselfishness.

Hetty had a proof of this after the Sunday dinner was eaten, and there still remained a long hour of sunful daylight.

"I have a charming book which Miss May lent me yesterday," she said, as her custodian inquired what she should do for her entertainment. "And now, that mamma has set the children to studying their Sunday-school lessons for next week, you ought to have a breathing-spell, my poor dear. You are bleaching too fast to please me. You can't plead 'work to do' for once."

Hetty yielded—the more, it would seem, because she had not the strength to resist love-pleadings than from any desire for the "outing," recommended by Hester. Taking shawl and cushion with her, she passed down the garden-alley to the gate. There was a broad track through the orchard, worn by the wheeled chair and Hester's attendants. It led straight to the king apple tree. From this bourne, another track, not so distinctly marked, diverged to the white picket fence shutting in the Gilchrist garden. Hetty's feet had never trodden this, she reflected with a pang, after she had settled herself against the brown trunk. It was most probable that she never would.

Her one little dream was dead, and she was too practical a business-woman to resuscitate it. Her consistent plan of avoiding March Gilchrist, and abjuring the painful sweet of association with his sister was adopted before she returned to the house from her ineffectual quest for Homer and the parsley. She was filled with wonder, in looking back to the time (was it three minutes, or thirty?) she had wasted, leaning on the gate, enveloped in lilac perfume as in a viewless mantle, and daring to feel as she could have forgotten herself so utterly. *She* said—"so shamelessly."

"The worm on the earth may look up to the star," if it fancies that method of spending an ignoble life, but star-gazing and presumptuous longing for a million centuries would bring planets and worms no nearer together. Hetty was very humble in imagining the figure. Some people must live on the shady side of the street, where rents are low, and green mold gathers upon stones, and snails crawl in areas. If the wretches who pune and pale in the malaria-breeding damps would not go mad, they must not look too often across the way where flowers and people bloom. If they do, they must support the consequences.

This misguided girl had looked. She was now suffering. That she merited what she had to bear did not make the pain less.

Unwittingly she had spread her shawl where March had laid his rug last night. The rough bark of the tree-bole hurt her presently. Her gown was thin, and her flesh less firm than it had been six weeks ago. She slid down upon the shawl, her head on the cushion, and reached out, in idle misery, to pick up some withered leaves and small, unripe apples scattered on the grass. March had dropped them while hearkening to his sister's criticism of the Bohemian household. She was as idly—and as miserably—tearing apart the leaves toughened by the heat of the day, when she heard a joyous rush behind her and felt the panting of hot breath upon her neck, and Thor was kissing her face and licking her hands. She sprang to her feet and cast a wild glance along the path and under the trees. There was no one in sight. The grounds were peremptorily posted, and no vagrant foot ever crossed them. She took in the situation at once. March had gone to New York in the five o'clock train; the dog, wandering aimlessly about and missing his master, had espied her, and accepted her as a substitute. She knelt down and clasped her arms about his head; laid her cheek to his burly muzzle.

"O! Thor! Thor! you would help me if you could." Just as she had fondled him in those far-away, blissful days. Her hand was tangled in his coat when, looking across his huge bulk, she had met March Gilchrist's eyes. True eyes—and bonny and true! which must never read her soul again.

"Thor! dear Thor!" She cried it out in a passion of tears.

The faithful fellow moaned a little in sympathy. The more eloquent than human longing to comfort the sorrowing, never seen except in a dog's eyes, filled and rounded his.

"I wouldn't cry if I could help it, dear," said Hetty, her arch smile striking through the rain. "And nobody else should see me shed a tear. You are my only confidante; and I do believe you understand—a little."

He was not an indifferent consoler, it appeared, for in fifteen minutes both of them were asleep, their heads upon the same cushion.

The sunset sea breeze rustled the stooping boughs. Arrows of greenish-gold, tipped with fire, were shot at random between the leaves at the sleeping pair. Hetty was very pale, but the grieving droop of the facial lines, the slight fullness of the lower lip, and the slow curve of the arm thrown above her head made her seem like a child. She looked what she was, fairly tired out—weariness so intense that it would have chased slumber from the eyelids of an older sufferer. She had cried herself to sleep, Thor's presence giving the sense of protecting companionship the child

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]