

sounds of costly vehicles or rustling silks were heard there. No inhumanity decked with wealth and learning. Mrs. Abbott now began to think the world cold and heartless. While sitting here forlorn, these thoughts were modified by being approached by a person with a countenance beaming with benevolence. This person was no other than an Irish washer-woman, poor but respectable.

"And pray, Mrs. Abbott, what is the matter now," said Mrs. McGlen, with massive arms like Grecian columns, and hands folded in compassion.

"The cruel world has forsaken me in my trouble," said Mrs. Abbott.

"Ah, well! I don't know as I be a world, but endade I will not forsake ye. If I were a world, I'd soon lift ye out of this trouble; ye'd not be sitting here in the road. But a cup of tay will do ye more good than all this blarney. Come right along. I saw ye before I started over yere, and I put the kittle on to bile."

Taking Mrs. Abbott by the arm, this broad hearted woman led her to the house.

* * * * *

Mrs. Abbott, after being refreshed, repaired to her home.

She could see the bright lights gleaming from the mansion of Squire Hoskon on the hill, and hear the merry voices of the party gathering there. As Mrs. Abbott entered the house, nothing but deathly stillness and darkness reigned. The two children had fallen asleep. Where is Mr. Abbott? If the reader would strike a light he would discover a senseless and helpless being sprawled upon the floor.

CHAPTER X.

"Why do you let such nuisances like Mrs. Abbott into my sanctuary?" said Mr. Heartless to his wife, just after Mrs. Abbott had left his threshold. "Am I, an honorable citizen of Straightcrook, to be insulted in my own house by the wife of a broken-down merchant? I will see the gates of — open on me first." Here Mr. Heartless stepped to the bay window.

After gazing for a short time out upon the lawn, he continued, "But I know where I can find revenge. Squire Hoskon holds a mortgage on Mrs. Abbott's piano and on their residence in Tennessee. I will see him tomorrow and try and buy up both the mortgages. Squire Hoskon has been very easy with them, for they might have been foreclosed over a year ago. But let me get hold of them, and I will show the Abbotts whether I am a respectable citizen or not."

"But I guess Mrs. Abbott has been to the Squire with her crocodile tears," said Mrs. Heartless. "For Mrs. Hoskon told me yesterday that Mr. Sparks offered to redeem the piano for Mrs. Abbott if the Squire would bear one fourth of the amount. Mrs. Abbott pleaded so hard that he about determined to agree to it.

"Money will change his mind very quick," replied Mr. Heartless. Let me offer him twice or three times as much as they are worth, and then see how sudden he will tune up. After I get them in my hands she needn't come to me with her crocodile tears."

After strutting about the room for some time his carriage drove up to the door, and the family were soon in the midst of a merry party at Squire Hoskon's. That night Mr. Heartless made arrangements to get hold of the securities. In the course of a few days he had foreclosed the mortgage on the piano.

This instrument was the last of their ornamental furniture. It had been great comfort to Mrs. Abbott in whiling away the lonely and sorrowful hours. It had also been the means of aiding the family, Mrs. Abbott, by renting the instrument and giving instruction was enabled to procure many comforts for the family that they would otherwise have been destitute of. As Mr. Sparks was the only friend that remained constant, he volunteered to bid for the instrument with his own money. He had obtained the principalship in the town of Straightcrook, but his salary was small. On the day of the sale, Mrs.