

feels the sting of your dishonor," said Mrs. Abbott, after recovering from her sobs. Mrs. Abbott was an unusually modest person, but these remarks seemed more than she could endure.

"What dishonor?" exclaimed Mr. Heartless, with angry countenance.

"The dishonor of being a rumseller," said Mrs. Abbott in a tremulous voice.

"A dishonor!" exclaimed Mrs. Heartless. "How can it be a dishonor when we move in the most respectable society in town. At our last party we entertained the wealthiest and most fashionable citizens of Straighterook. And we have been invited to a party to-night at Squire Hoskon's."

"Madam, you would not insult me in my own house?" gruffly exclaimed Mr. Heartless.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Mrs. Abbott, "but would you wound a broken heart?"

Adjusting her apparel which had long since been out of fashion, Mrs. Abbott departed. She hesitated at the gate to ponder what was the next best step to be taken. She had always entertained much expectation from the world, but her faith now began to waver. At first she thought she would return home, and then again that it would be better to see Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin, their old friends and sympathizers.

"It has been several months," reflected Mrs. Abbott, "since Brother and Sister Sherwin have called on us; but as I have not attended services lately, and have become isolated from the members, he or his family may be ill. At all events, I will call. They may give me a few words of comfort in this hour of affliction."

So she hurried on, for the sun was low in the western horizon. She labored up the steep ascent of the lawn in front of Mr. Sherwin's residence, and feebly rang the bell, for she was much fatigued from the toils and troubles of the day.

"Is Mrs. Sherwin in?" she interrogated of the servant who answered the summons.

"No, mum," answered the servant. "She has gone visiting to Squire Hoskon's. Will you come in?"

Mrs. Abbott walked into the sitting room.

"Would you like to see Mr. Sherwin?" interrogated the servant.

"If it would not be interrupting him in his studies," said Mrs. Abbott.

"Not at all. For he is always pleased to see the brothers and sisters of his church."

The servant immediately ran up stairs. She knocked long and loud at the door of the study, but received no answer. She returned, telling Mrs. Abbott that Mr. Sherwin had, probably, gone down street. Mrs. Abbott then turned her steps homeward with forlorn spirits. It was Saturday evening and pedestrians were hurrying to their hearths and homes. Many on horse back and in vehicles were enjoying an evening ride. Mrs. Abbott with tears in her eyes recalled the happy days in Tennessee. She thought of their pleasant home and many friends.

Mrs. Abbott had gone but a short distance when a fine carriage passed by, containing Squire Hoskon's family and Mr. Sherwin's two children. Mrs. Abbott chanced to glance behind when she saw the vehicle stop in front of Mr. Sherwin's house, and the children alighted. But to her great astonishment she saw Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin coming down the walk. It was strange to her how they could have returned so soon. But the secret was, Mrs. Sherwin had entered the house, unknown to the servant; and when Mrs. Abbott came up the walk she was observed from the window of Mr. Sherwin's study, while he was listening to his wife reading. As they had deserted the Abbott family, they preferred not to be disturbed through her visit.

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(to be continued.)