

our common paths, with a cheerful indifference. Now, in my loathing, I felt that there had been something repellent in her, something abnormal that had warned us away from her, something that had become inhuman enough to do this monstrous injustice to dear Ruth.

Esther's family and ours had long been friendly neighbors, but no word of her marriage had passed between them. There is in this new polygamy something criminally secret that forbids the confidence of old friends, and hushes gossip, and makes familiar curiosity avert its eyes. I suppose there must have been a score of acquaintances in our neighborhood who knew, from the birth of Esther's child, that she had become a plural wife; but I did not hear a word of it from any one—except Ruth. I spoke of it to no one. I said nothing to explain the aversion that made me ignore Esther Woodward at our Relief Society and Mutual Improvement meetings, at which she began to reappear.