

hour she could not think unkindly of her father, yet she did wish that he would not always bring the next world so close to this one. "To live as seeing things invisible"—how can a young woman do that? It is not right of him to ask me," she mused.

By and by John came home. He was very anxious and unhappy. There was very bad news. In fact there was no hope of more cotton until the war was over. "I can only run the mill six hours a day now, Salome," he said sadly, "but half a loaf is better than none, and the men and women took it very patient."

"Hargraves has shut his mill entirely," John.

"Hargraves is like a big fat bear; he can live on himself rarely, and never feel that he is a selfish brute for doing so. I am none of that sort."

"But your cotton cannot last long, and then you will have to shut the gates."

"No, I won't, either. I have a bit of money laid by, and I'll buy at any figure as long as it lasts. I am trying to decide whether it will be best to buy at once, or to trust to the Indian staple bringing down prices."

"Don't spend it all, John. It is not right to ourselves. The war will soon be over. Richard said so."

"Richard does not know everything, my lass. The North has been preaching to the South for a long while; and the South has been calling the North every bad name it can think on—and, from what I can understand, they can think of a good many aggravating ones—and words have come to blows, and they won't find out in a hurry which of them can hit the hardest ones."

"I think it is very hard on us. It is none of our quarrel."

"Ay, but it is Salome. It is every good man's and every good woman's quarrel. I have not heard a word to the contrary from any of the poor fellows who will have to half clem for it. Now, then, we must see what we can do without. I shall sell the horses, and thou had better send cook and Lydia away; they have been used to wasteful times; thou can get one good strong woman, who will do all thou needs."

Salome's face had darkened as he spoke, and she set her tea-cup resolutely down. "John, I cannot do without Lydia. I have been so weak lately that I can hardly get upstairs."

"Then we must live down stairs, dearie. I will not keep two servants. I don't know whether I ought to keep one. I am very sure that I will not feed horses when there is going to be women and children crying for bread."

"I suppose cook and Lydia will want bread too."

"Nay, they have no occasion to. They can go to Bradford or elsewhere. A servant can be a servant anywhere—a cotton-