

increased her weariness. "What would Robert say if he knew? When, oh when can I go home and rest?"

When the sun was low her companions, with rude laughter and chatter, twisted up their unkempt hair into a knot, and shouldered their last basket, and she started for home with them. "Home!" "What filthy pool is this before the door?" And where are the neat, painted steps she prided herself on keeping so clean? Where the pretty house with the pansy-bed and the rose-bush by the window? Was this black mud thing with the ragged straw roof henceforth to be her HOME. She entered. Her dainty parlor, her cosy sitting-room, her clean bed-room, dining-room, kitchen and pantry were all comprised within the "one room" she had envied.

The mud floor was damp and littered, and on a rat in one corner lounged her husband, who sharply ordered her not to stand there staring, but to get him his supper.

"That's a pretty salutation from a man who seems to have been lounging in the shade, to his wife who has worked since morning in the hot sun," retorted Mrs. Workwell, with spirit. Before she was aware he had sprung to his feet and dealt her a blow that sent her reeling against the wall. She stood dumbfounded, then turned away in fear and dismay.

"This is the last drop in my cup, the bitter cup that I myself asked for," said the poor, tired heart. I could have borne the hard work, the dirty hut, the poor living, if only my husband had remained himself." She had always been a bright, cheerful spirit, but as with aching head she pounded the husks from the grain, gathered brush for her fire, went to the distant well for water and sweltered over the "big pot of porridge" with eyes smarting from smoke, what wonder that her tears sizzled on the hot stones that formed her fire-place.

At last the coarse porridge was dished, her husband and