

## CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

(CONTINUED)

**A**BOUT noon Carmelita returned radiant, thanking Mr. Rutherford with a pretty courtesy, a trifle old-fashioned in northern eyes. It was with the utmost sincerity that the young man replied that the kindness was all upon her side and the pleasure upon his. Nor could he refrain from looking back at her as she stood a moment in the doorway, a picture, despite the perfect simplicity of her costume. This very simplicity he had admired and appreciated, together with the delicacy of its motive, which he perfectly understood. She smiled as he raised his hat to her. He had been very kind.

Carmelita could not help bemoaning to Hepzibah the poverty of the little church and its appointments, nor dwelling a little upon the gorgeous cathedrals, monuments of ancestral piety, with which she had been familiar. But though Hepzibah lost not a word, she sat in studied silence, in her rocking-chair, her hands clasped in her lap, the very droop of her nose and upward angle of her chin expressive of sound resolution to hear nothing of the idolatrous worship of the Papists. At last she seized upon her Bible and began obtrusively reading a portion of the Psalms.

When Hepzibah went up that evening to bring her tea to the old woman above, the latter stopped her as she was passing out with the tray.

"Hepzibah!"

"Well, Mrs. Johnson."

She turned round with the tray in her hand and they looked into each other's faces, faces which each remembered fair, un wrinkled, young.

"Did she go?"

"She did."

"With Squire Rutherford's son?"

"Yes."

Something like a gleam of light came into the dim, bleared eyes of the face upon the bed, which the other eyes saw and understood.

"The folks were lookin' out of windows and doors all down the road," said Hepzibah, "but Parson Jenkins, he was right down angry."

"He hadn't oughter. No one could help it. Did he come here?"

"He come to the gate and took on awful when he heard she was gone with Squire Rutherford's son."

There was a pause. This was unpleasant news, but the old woman, long denied any gleam of gratification, was determined to look only at the bright side of the matter.

"Did Squire Rutherford's son come in after meetin'?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Carmelita, she bade him good-bye at the gate."

"She did?"

"Yes, and he stood still and he looked at her till she got to the doorway, jest as if he couldn't take his eyes off her."

"He did? When's he comin' again?"

"I don't know, I asked Carmelita and she laughed outright and said, 'what a funny question, how should I know?'"

"Does she like him any, do you suppose?"

"She talks to him as if he was the hired boy over to Simms'."

"She does? Don't seem to like him any?" said she with a touch of anxiety.

"Don't suppose so. She oughter. He's as handsome as a picture and powerful rich, and I guess he cares some for her."

There was a silence, during which the two old women regarded each other. This was a case outside of their philosophy.

"Guess the weather's going to change,"