

head-aches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was very late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining-room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone,—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. “He stays,” thought she, “just on purpose because I am ill. I’ll keep out of his way, I guess, for one while.” With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Tea-time came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper, and went to bed. Eight, nine, ten o’clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty. “Betty, where can Mr. Warren be?” Here it is ten o’clock, and he has not come yet.”

“I declare, *Miss* Warren, I don’t know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. ’Twan’t but yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him, and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, ‘Betty,’ says he, ‘if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won’t tell *Miss* Warren,’ says he; ‘she’ll worry.’ Them’s the very words he said. Now, I’ll bet that’s where he has gone; and we may as well lock up and go to bed. He won’t be here to-night.”

More in anger than sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr. Warren had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her headaches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door, and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o’clock struck in the old church steeple; no sound but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard. She then gave him up, and “nursing her wrath to keep it warm,” at length fell asleep.

(*To be continued.*)