

the spot Araminta she used to set and makin' them idolatrous signs."

It began to dawn upon Carmelita that Araminta was her mother. She had known her by her baptismal name, when she became a Catholic, of Mary, softened into Maria. But upon Hepzibah's mind as upon that of the old woman above, had seized the image of another young girl, who used to find her chief solace by the kitchen fire and who had shown a degree of affection for this grim, old woman, to which she had been otherwise a stranger.

"Yes Araminta she set right there," said Hepzibah, "it was after the Spanish chap had come into the town, I reckon the Romish priest, he brought him here, to look after the music at the mass-house. Well, Araminta, she sat there, and she never was one to talk much, but I seen she kep lookin' out of the window, uneasy like, But I never know'd that she'd walked home from meetin', lots of times, with the foreign chap—not that he went to her meetin'. He was that uffish he wouldn't put his foot in it. Well, she sat there, and when it was dark and she couldn't see out any, she asked me to light the candle, and then I see'd she been cryin.' I asked her if it was her head, or if she felt rheumatiz anywhere and she said, 'Oh, no, Hepzibah, the pain is all here.' She put her hand to her side and then I wanted her real bad to take some boneset, because folks says you git pleurisy jest that way. But she wouldn't hear of it.

"Don't be afraid, Hepzibah," she says, with a sickly smile, 'I'm not gettin' pleurisy. But something else might happen. Would you miss me, Hepzibah, were I to go away from here.'

"I thought she was clean takin' leave of her five senses, and I says, I'll tell you that, when you go, there's not much danger.

"After that she never said a word, jest gave a sigh, like, and afterwards I was kinder sorry that I hadn't said I would miss

her, because I did, often enough." To Hepzibah's astonishment, Carmelita, arising from her seat, threw her arms in warm southern fashion round the old woman's neck. Imperfectly as she understood Hepzibah's manner of speaking English, still the word picture had been very vivid to her mind. She could recall the old kitchen and her mother sitting there, young as she was then, silent and reserved, but very fair and sweet as Carmelita had known her. She could fancy her craving the sympathy, of which any demonstration was so studiously withheld, and yet the presence of which she had been conscious.

"You loved my mother," said the girl "you did miss her. You were kind to her. Oh, thank you."

Hepzibah slowly withdrew herself from the young girl's embrace. She regarded her, a faint smile stealing over the grimness of her face like the firelight on the rough deal table. Then she said, with marked emphasis:

"You ain't like Araminta, nohow."

But from that moment she took the young Spaniard into her heart, to fill the place long since left vacant by the demonstrative New England girl—by Araminta.

II.

From that month of May a revolution began in the old house. The neighbors began to see, with wonder and an uncontrollable curiosity, the figure of a young girl flitting about in the brick courtyard, or bending over the flower beds, or training the long neglected vines about the front door.

The front door itself was usually wide open now, so that all the sweetness of the spring might steal in and drive thence the musty past, with its shadows and its prejudices and its bitteresses. As if, symbolically, the lilac tree, just bursting into luxuriant bloom, thrust itself obtrusively inwards. The warm south wind blew in and