

cried like a child. This was the *first cross word* I had ever spoken to my husband. It seemed to me as if some sudden calamity had befallen us. I worked myself up to such a pitch of feeling, that I walked about the room wringing my hands.

“‘O, it is all over with us,’ thought I; ‘we shall never be happy together again in this world.’ This thought made me unspeakably miserable. I felt as if a black pall had fallen around me, and in the future there was only blank—darkness. In my misery I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. ‘He need not have spoken so to me, at any rate,’ said I, out loud. ‘He might have seen how I felt; it was too much for any one to bear. It really was not one bit kind in him. It is plain enough that he does not care for my comfort as he once did. Then to be always telling me what nice things his mother cooks, when he knows I am trying to do my very best to learn to please him! It is too bad.’

“Don’t look so dreadfully sober, Kate. My baby cried just here, and I had to run before I was through with my catalogue of grievances; yet I had gone far enough to get well on the wrong track again. I began to calm myself with the reflection that if there had been a great wrong done, I was not the only one to blame for it. I was dreadfully sorry that I had spoken cross to him, but I thought he ought to be sorry too. Before my baby had finished crying, I came to the conclusion that I would not exhibit signs of penitence until I saw some in him.

“So I bathed my face, that no traces of tears might remain, dressed myself with unusual care, and went down to old Bridget, to give some very particular directions about the dinner. I did this with a martyr-like spirit. I meant to try my best to make him sorry for his injustice. I resolved to reproach him with a first-rate dinner, good as his mother could cook. To whet the edge of my delicate reproof, I made with my own hands, a most excellent cup of coffee.

“One o’clock came at last, though I thought it never would; the door opened, and I heard his quiet step in the hall. Of all things in this world, he was whistling! He came to the table with a bright face, from which every trace of the morning’s