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stood a row of new cottages, and next them a little old thatched one, placed sideways, so that its end abutted on the pavement, and its windows commanded completely the garden and fronts of its new neighbors—to their annoyance. To the door of this cottage Sally Menear stalked now, and knocked sharply; then, without waiting for a reply, raised the latch and walked in. The door opened right into the kitchen. Sally glanced round keenly, and seemed relieved to find it empty. The grate was empty, too; the only living things in the place were a cat curled up on the hearth, and a few neglected geraniums on the window-ledge. But another, more active sign of life, came floating down the steep stairs which ran up from the kitchen to the one bedroom. "Who's that? Who's that come in?" called a thin voice sharply. Sally Menear did not answer, though the voice called again peremptorily. She walked upstairs and into the room without speaking. "It's me," she said, defiantly, when she reached the bedside. "I didn't tell 'ee who 'twas, for fear you'd get out of bed and hide under it." "Oh, Sally! Sally Menear, is it you!" The poor old woman on the bed sank back on her pillow, trembling, her wrinkled face looked positively yellow against the white frills of her nightcap, her weak mouth quivered, her eyes wore a terrified expression. "Oh, Sally!" she gasped again, and seemed unable to find more words. "I'm quite a stranger, ain't I?" said Sally in her abrupt way. "I heard you was to be taken to the workhouse, and this old place pulled down, and—I've come to ask you to live with me. I thought you wouldn't mind it so much as the workhouse." The old woman in the bed began to weep weakly. "Oh, Sally, don't talk like that. My dear, 'tis kind of you to think of it, but—but it don't matter what becomes of an old thing like me—" "Yes, it does," said Sally, shortly, "and you needn't go—unless you prefers to," meaningly. "As if—oh, my dear—you've took my breath away. Give me time to think. Is there many folk about this afternoon?" "No one. I waited till the street was empty. You needn't be afraid any one saw me come in." "How sharp you are!" whimpered the older woman, weakly. "You mustn't think I'm ashamed for folks to see you coming here." Her voice faltered though, for she knew she was. "I'm sure nobody could be better-hearted. Will you," with sudden inspiration, "take my poor kitty for me? I could leave happier if I knew she had a home." "No," said Sally, sharply, "I won't. I won't take her unless you come, too." "She's so fond of you." "Animals are," said Sally tersely; "they're just, at any rate, they don't condemn folk unheard." "Sally, don't talk like that. I'd never believe you'd take so much as a pin that didn't belong to you," yet you act as if you did. If you wanted others to believe the same you'd have stood by me, and not be ashamed to be seen speaking to me in the street, or to have me come near your house. You've never been in mine since I

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came back from—from—I wouldn't have darkened your doors now, but for what I heard; but—I couldn't keep away then. I couldn't bear to think of you in that place—we were friends once." Honor Sobey wept again. "Honor, can't you put those feelings about me aside, and not mind the neighbors, but come and share my home; you know I'm as innocent as you are." "You shouldn't have acted as if you weren't," Honor whimpered reproachfully, and shut yourself up, and let folks say what they liked, and denied nothing; and never have been inside a place of worship from that day to this." "If folks are set on talking, 'tisn't any use to try and stop them, and they was all so ready to believe badly of me, I wouldn't stoop to deny the stories of such as they; and as for going to church and sit amongst them, knowing what was in their hearts—" "'Twas your staying away that did it. You said you couldn't go, and they thought there was only one reason why." There was silence for a minute, then Sally spoke in a low tense voice, as though speech were forced from her. "I wasn't going to—to risk being turned back at the door, so I stayed away; I—I wouldn't give them a chance to see me humbled." Old Honor Sobey turned quickly and looked at Sally. "You didn't think they'd do that! Why, they couldn't!" "I was afraid," said Sally, reluctantly, all the sharpness gone out of her face, her neat little figure bent and drooping. "I pictured it all, and if I'd got in nobody would have sat in the same pew with me, and—well, I couldn't face it alone. If I'd had one friend to go with me, just for those first Sundays, I'd have faced it." A flush showed even through the yellow of Honor's cheeks. "Sally," she said at last, "if I come to live with you, will you go to church with me the first day I can walk so far, will you?" Sally's face lighted up with a look it had not worn for years; all the droop went from her figure, the hardness from her eyes. It seemed as though heaven were opening before her; she saw her years as an outcast ended, the years she had fought so doggedly

and bravely, yet with such bitterness in her heart. Honor Sobey mistook her silence. "Sally, don't 'ee make it harder for us both. Let me do something for you, after all the wrong I've done you. I did believe you innocent, but I hadn't the strength to go against the others, but I'm going to now." A few weeks later the two women, very self-conscious and nervous, walked quietly out from the cottage behind the tree, and down the village. The street was almost empty, but the church was full. Honor had waited until all should be assembled, that her reparation might be complete.—Mabel Queller Conch.

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