

assist the couple at their sewing. To Eleanor, Jane represented the Kimper family, the head of which was the cause of Reynolds Bartram's extraordinary course. Eleanor blamed Sam for all the discomfort to which she had been subjected on account of Bartram's religious aspirations, and she was inclined to visit upon the new seamstress the blame for all the annoyances from which she had suffered.

"Oh," exclaimed Eleanor, savagely snatching to pieces a bit of delicate silk she held in her hand, "what every one is talking about. What does any one in this town have to talk about just now, I wonder, except Reynolds Bartram and the Church? Why is it that they all think it necessary to come and talk to me about it? I am sure I am not especially interested in church work, and I don't believe any one who has talked to me about it is. But I hear nothing else from morning till night when any visitor comes in. I was congratulating myself that I had an excuse to-day, so that I need not see any one who might call, but that dreadful girl is worse than all the rest put together. She seems to think that because her folks at home haven't anything else to talk about, and that her father is so delighted at the 'blessed change,' as he expresses it, that has come over Bartram, that I should feel just as happy about it."

"Well, daughter, don't you?"

"No, mother, I don't; I suppose it's perfectly dreadful in me to say so, but I don't feel anything of the kind. It's just horrid, and I wish you and father would take me away for a little while, or else let me go off on a visit. People talk as if Rey belonged entirely to me—as if I had had something to do with it; and you know perfectly well I haven't."

"Well, dear, is that any reason why you should be jealous of poor Sam Kimper?"

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eleanor, her eyes flashing, "he is the worst enemy I ever had. I haven't had so much annoyance and trouble in all my life as have come to me during the past two or three days through that wretched man; I wish him almost any harm. I even wish he had never gone to the penitentiary."

Mrs. Prency burst out laughing. The young woman saw the blunder she had committed, and continued, quickly: "I mean that I wish he had never got out again. The idea of a fellow like that coming back to this town, and talking and working on people's sympathies in such a way as to carry intelligent people right off their feet! Here you and father have been talking about him at the table almost every day for a long time."

"Well, daughter, you seemed interested in everything we said, and thought he might do a great deal of good if he were sincere, and remained true to his professions."

"Great deal of good! Yes, but of course, I supposed he'd do it among his own set of people. I had no idea that he was going to invade the upper classes of society, and make a guy out of the very young man that——"

Then Eleanor burst into tears.