

restless, miserable, tormented. She endeavoured to read the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, but even the thrilling story of the Russian campaign was lacking in interest, compared with her own inward conflict between duty and the cold selfishness of a lifetime.

She did not enjoy her dinner, although the butter-beans were from her garden, and the black raspberries were the first of the season.

She could not take her accustomed afternoon nap, and for the first time in years the *Daily Tribune* lay unopened. She even put it out of the way in the china closet. A wonderful new design in patchwork known as the Rocky Mountain pattern could not fasten her attention.

She ordered the horse and rockaway and drove four miles after wild cherry bark, for which she had no need as her garret was already a great herbarium.

At last the dreary day came to its