

Moses was lame and black as a coal, and had "a face like a monkey," Sa'yan said, the first time she saw him. But he had a house and some land, and a cow, and Sa'yan's Tim and Ginny were pale and sickly for want of proper care. So the seventh time Moses asked her to marry him, she said, yes.

Moses proved to be a selfish tyrant; lazy, unsteady and roving as a gypsy. Finally after twenty-five years full of trouble and want and hard work for poor Sa'yan, Moses left her a widow—the chief contribution to the comfort of his family he had ever made.

Then, with her daughter Abergal, Sa'yan went to house-keeping in two small rooms at the edge of the thriving Vermont village where Moses was buried.

Abergal was the only one living of Sa'yan's many children—a slender little damsel of fifteen, with timid, soft eyes, and glossy, kinky hair that could be combed down flat and tied with a ribbon in the back like a white girl's.

"Seems ez zif dey ole boat I sailed in hed got stove tow pieces in a sea o' trouble an' I'd ben tostod up an' down mos' drowned wiv dey waves ob trial an' tribulation dey mos' ob my days; an' now a little cam' ez come, an' Abergal's all I got lef' fum dey wrack. I don't mine what's gone afore dough, ner what's comin' ather, 's long's I kin keep Abergal safe an' soun'," Sa'yan said to Miss Keeler. Sa'yan had been in the village a year then. She washed for the teachers in Miss Hillman's school, and Miss Keeler was her favorite among them. Miss Keeler always made Sa'yan sit down in her room and rest a little after bringing the clothes up the long stairs.

"Yes, Abergal an' me's takin' heaps o' comfo't now," she continued. "Ebnin's when she gits her books on one eend dey i'nin' table an' sets an' studies an' I i'ne on dey over eend, I jess fo'get dey pain in my side an' dey back-ache, an' dey feet-ache, an' dey rusumtze in my shoul'er blade, fo' dey comfo't ob seein' her so peert an' happy, an' when Abergal looks up an' sez eber once ner while, 'Tired mammy?' I kin say, 'brass yo' heart, no, chile—frisky zer kitten—jes so.' An' 'Abergal's set on gittin' an' ejacashun, an' she shel had it 'f I kin git it fo' her."

"Well good night, Miss Marg'et an' thank yo' fo' dey money. Hope I yaint talked yo' bline. I yaint got many folks tow talk tow an' kinsey seems 'z if I 'longed tow yo'," she said, backing out of the room. This was her usual formula as she left Miss Keeler, who was always interested in Sa'yan's plans and confidences.

The next week when Sa'yan brought the clothes, Miss Keeler heard her laughing softly to herself outside the door. Her eyes were shining and her smile showed twenty-four good, white teeth when she came in.

"Mebbe yo' hand'shif yaint i'ned ser smooth ez common. Abergal's clean gone aside hersels," she said.

Miss Keeler laughed. "What has happened to Abergal?" she asked.

"Yo' yaint yead 'bout dey singin' lessons den? Wall 'at 's what's dey matter wid Abergal. Dey kister ob Saint Johnses, der folks sez is ser awd yo' know, kim by one day an' yead Abergal a singin', an' stopped an' listened; an' anuvver day 'e kim an' sung up an' down an' made Abergal do like im—a tryin' 'er voice 'e said—an' 'is face got red an' 'e slapped 'is hands, an' said she sung way up tow I do no whar, an' dey want no tollin' whar she'd sing tow 'er voice waz culchewated. An' 'e 's goin' tow give 'er lessons two mawuin' in a week. An' Abergal's clean aside 'erself, an' goes twitterin' an' trillin' roun' like forty, leben black-birds. Now I jess want to ax yo' 'bout some bizniz," she continued. "Dey

bakerees ull sell dey ole lodemon fo' twenty-five dollars an' six months tow pay it in. Now I 'lowed tow do free fambly washin' ever week 'sides my piece-washin' an' tow i'nin's, un some scrubbin' in atween. Dat ull come tow free dollars an' two fifty centes an' quite er heap o' two shillenses an' some nickles, an' I thought mebbe yo' bud callate it out an' see if I cud save up anuff to buy Abergal dey insermunt."

Sa'yan went around by the baker's on her way home and bought the melodeon.

Every week through the fall and winter, Sa'yan came up with her ironed clothes and staid for her usual talk with Miss Keeler. The smile seemed never to leave her face and her eyes shone like a child's.

One March evening she came but refused to sit down. Abergal was sick and would be lonesome without her. The next week she came and hurried away again. Abergal was able to be up, but was weak and tired. Summer came and Abergal was not well yet. Sa'yan never stopped in Miss Keeler's room to talk now.

"I wish I cud set a spell jess ez I useter Miss Marg'et," she said one evening, "but dough Abergal gits a heap o' comfo't outen dey books an' oyangis yo' sen' 'er an' 's mighty proud when yo' come to see 'er, she's clean squagred mos' dey time an' I hab tow be 'roun' tow chirp er up. When the wever gets hot, mebbe she'll git well."

Miss Keeler went away in June for the vacation. When she came back in September, Abergal had been dead three weeks. The first night after Miss Keeler came back to her old room, Sa'yan came up and sat down in her old seat by the door. She tried to smile, but the smile would not stay, and covering her face with her apron she rocked back and forth without a sob or tear.

Sa'yan and Miss Keeler had a long talk that night. "O, yes'm, it's all right somehow. I know, and I'm tryin' tow be patient—mebbe I'll mek it out bymeby. I'm useter sorer yo' know. Abergal went away a-prayin' an' she wanted me tow meet 'er in heben, an' I'm gont' 'f I kin git thar. I wanto wait dough till I get Abergal a head-stun. I went an' picked one tow day. I kin hab it fo' fo'ty dollars 'f I take it fore March. So I want yo' washin' an' all de washin' I kin atidee, fo' deys dey uver apenses yaint paid yit. Dey's sumpin else I wanto ax you," Sa'yan continued, pulling a small Bible from her pocket.

"Dey minster read sumpin outen his Bible 'bout de hebenly mansions—dis yere's Abergal's Bible, 'tyaint ser big as dey min'ster's, and mebbe 'tyaint got it in; but I thought if yo' cud fine it an' a nuver one, 'bout no mo' sorrow ner def, an' put a blaok mark aroun' 'um an' turn down a leaf, I cud go and put my finger on 'um and be sure dey was dere, and git a little comfo't."

Whenever Sa'yan brought the clothes after that, she brought the little Bible along for Miss Keeler to show her which words were "sorrow" and "tears," which ones were "heaven" and "mansions," and "Father," and so on through them all, till she knew every one.

One day in February she came and showed Miss Keeler a small, stout bag of money. She had not looked so bright and happy since Abergal died.

"Dere's de money fo' dey head-stun," she said. "I jess got dey last dollar tow day. I'm goin' in, to-morrow tow pay fo' it—I'm hendrin' yo' f'um studyin', yaint I' she asked, glancing at the book in Miss Keeler's lap.

"I was only looking up something to read at the Praise-meeting to-morrow," Miss Keeler said, "I was reading a