

subjects, but when it came to helping a woman in distress she was the best-hearted creature in the world. She almost dragged the stranger off to her room, where she gave her a hot bath, hung up her wet raiment to dry, and then put her to bed between blankets with a bottle filled with hot water at her feet. In the morning early the stranger awoke, arrayed herself in her garments, and would have left the house by stealth after penning a short note of thanks to her host and hostess. But they were on the alert and barred her egress. They made her partake of breakfast, which she did while grateful tears chased each other down her face. Mr. and Mrs. Moore made no effort to gain her confidence and the woman left after telling Mrs. Moore that her name was Wilmer, that she was married and resided with her husband on or near the present line of lower Pandora Street. Some days later the Moores inquired and found that the Wilmers had left Pandora Avenue and gone whither no one knew. They heard no more of the woman for a long time—nearly a year.

One bright afternoon in 1862 Mrs. Moore was called into her drawing-room ("parlor" in those days) by a message brought by the servant that a lady wished to see her. Upon entering the room the visitor rose. She was tall and graceful, and was well dressed in clothes of fashionable make and fine texture. Mrs. Moore paused in the act of extending her hand, for the lady seemed an entire stranger.