

"Why don't she go into the kitchen?—the dining-room's no place for her."

"She must not sit there," said Euphemia.

"There's a window-pane out. Can't you cover up your head?"

"I shall not be able to breathe if I do; but I suppose that's no matter," I replied.

The reading continued.

"Ha, ha! Lord Mar mont thun der ed thou too shalt suf fer all that this poor—"

I sprang out of bed.

Euphemia thought I was going for my pistol, and she gave one bound and stuck her head out of the door.

"Pomona, fly!" she cried.

"Yes, sma'am," said Pomona; and she got up and flew—not very fast, I imagine. Where she flew to I don't know, but she took the lamp with her, and I could hear distant syllables of agony and blood, until the boarder came home and Pomona went to bed.

I think that this made an impression upon Euphemia, for, although she did not speak to me upon the subject (or any other) that night, the next time I heard Pomona reading, the words ran somewhat thus—

"The as ton ish ing che ap ness of land is ac count ed for by the want of home mar kets, of good ro ads and che ap me ans of trans por ta ti on in ma ny sec ti ons of the State."