

CHAPTER V.

THE POMPEY-BINKS SENSATION.

TWO NEIGHBORS—TWO CATS—TWO REVIVALS.

WHEN Mrs. Pompey and Miss Binks had ceased to exchange the bare civilities of every day, a ripple of excitement permeated Sunshine-Shadder from centre to circumference.

The equilibrium of the hillside was visibly disturbed, and as a result tongues swung with a pendulum-like regularity as versions of the tiff floated from mouth to mouth.

Outwardly indifferent to the fact that they were the principals in a comedy which was having a successful run from house to house, both women continued to smile as innocently and pleasantly as ever upon the saints and sinners about them.

The neat white-painted, green-shuttered cottage which headed the one long winding street belonged to Mrs. Pompey. Next to it, exactly like it and separated by a respectable picket fence, stood the cottage of Melissa Binks. A tiny verandah fronted each home, and in the good old summer time prim beds of many-hued flowers bloomed in gay profusion and excited, as did the vegetable gardens, the admiration of the passerby.