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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER II

SISTER AGNES

I must speak of dear Sister Agnes, over whose life, lovely and beautiful, the grave has but lately closed—Requiescat in pace.

At the tender age of twelve, Agnes Shaw was left an orphan with a large fortune, to be wholly at her disposal when she had reached her majority.

To a strong, powerful will, she added a temper of unsurpassed sweetness; persevering, energetic, sometimes almost obstinate, she was necessarily somewhat eccentric in her efforts to live for a purpose.

One of these occasions she was prevented from insult by the providential appearance of a stranger, a gentleman, himself "on kindly deeds intent."

But we must leave Rosine, with the last words and tender caresses of those she loved best, in her new home, and follow her mother in the rough path she had chosen.

Mrs. Benton, Marion, and Harold, with the little Jennie, an infant of two years, took their departure under the escort of Colonel Hartland, in the dreary days of November, for what was then the far West.

God has spared us to each other, Philip," said the wife; "we will go together and make ourselves a new home, and prepare for the rest which remaineth for His children."

CHAPTER III

THE NEW HOMES

The drive of Mrs. Benton, with Rosine, to the new home of the latter, in Colonel Hartland's family, was nearly a silent one, each clasping the other's hand, each striving to hide from the other how utterly miserable the time being.

to her husband's wishes, and she did not conceal the hope that the separation was only temporary.

one of those moments that I nerved myself to take my own life; every thing was ready, when your letter came, saving my soul from this added crime."

"Blessed be His name!" said the wife, with deep earnestness. Hours passed before Mrs. Benton could arouse her husband to the duty of seeing Col. Hartland and his children, but pleading love conquered.

Chicago was, even at that day, the centre of trade and travel between the great East and the greater West, and was no place for the stricken family who sought seclusion.

Edward, the elder, was an established physician, utterly declining to follow the example of his father and brother, and seek the United States' service, or be the tool of anybody, as he expressed it.

It was a shame to use them so?" said Harold, coloring with indignation. "Well, stranger," replied Rice, coolly spitting a stream of tobacco which shot as directly between the ears of his old forward horse as if it had been aimed from a pistol.

TO BE CONTINUED

THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

Helen Moriarty in St. Anthony Messenger It was New Year's eve. The trinkets on the country road were as though weary.

out, "was clean covered last corn plantin', them cabins all under water."

"I reckon you is a heap too far from folks to suit me; though there's old Buck off yonder," he added, flourishing his whip in such sparks.

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way through a sagging gate and found a narrow gravel path that ambled rather leisurely up to the front door.

"Who's there?" "A traveler who craves a bite to eat and a place to rest for an hour or two."

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power they still held to prick her heartstrings. Then something smoldered in the cavernous depths of her dark eyes.

"It is a long time." The stranger's eyes, luminous, and deeply blue as the summer skies, soothed her uncountably as he turned on her his grave regard.

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