

An Honorable Retreat

ing a child. Miss Bell reached the door just in time to catch Tommy in her arms as Lovey Mary staggered into the hall. They were covered with sleet and almost numb from the cold.

"Kate 's dead!" cried Lovey Mary, as Miss Bell hurried them into the office. "I did n't know she was going to die. Oh, I 've been so wicked to you and to Kate and to God! I want to be arrested! I don't care what they do to me."

She threw herself on the floor, and beat her fists on the carpet. Tommy stood near and wept in sympathy; he wore his remnant trousers, and his little straw hat, round which Mrs. Wiggs had sewn a broad band of black.

Miss Bell hovered over Lovey Mary and patted her nervously on the back. "Don't, my dear, don't cry so. It 's very sad—dear me, yes, very sad. You are n't alone to blame, though; I have