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Asenath went in with expectant eyes; they took in the room at a glance, and fell.

"Dick hasn't come, father?" "Come and gone, child; didn't want any supper, he said. You're an hour before time, Senath."

"Yes. Didn't want any supper, you say. I don't see why not."

"No more do I, but it's none of our concern as I know on; very likely the pickles hurt him for dinner; Dick never had an o'er-strong stomach, as you might say. But you don't tell me how it m' happen you're let out at four o'clock, Senath," half complaining.

"Oh, something broke in the machinery, father; you know you wouldn't understand if I told you what."

He looked up from his bench—he cobbled shoes there in the corner on his strongest days—and after her as she turned quickly away and upstairs to change her dress. She was never exactly cross with her father; but her words rang impatiently sometimes.

She came down presently, transformed as only factory-girls are transformed by the simple little toilet she had been making; her thin, soft hair knotted smoothly, the tips of her fingers rosy from the water, her pale neck well toned by her gray stuff dress and cape—Asenath always wore a cape; there was one of crimson flannel, with a hood, that she had meant to wear to-night; she had thought about it coming home from the mill; she was apt to wear it on Saturdays and Sundays; Dick had more time at home. Going upstairs to-night she had thrown it away into a drawer, and shut the drawer with a snap; then opened it softly and cried a little; but she had not taken it out.

As she moved silently about the room, setting the supper-table for two, crossing and recrossing the broad belt of sunlight that fell upon the floor, it was easy to read the sad story of the little hooded capes.

They might have been graceful shoulders. The hand which had scarred her face had rounded and bent them—her own mother's hand.

Of a bottle always on the shelf; of a broken jug one day, a blow, a fall, then numbness, and the silence of the grave—she had her distant memories; of waking on a sunny afternoon, in bed, with a little cracked glass upon the opposite wall; of creeping out and up to it in her night-dress; of the ghastly twisted thing that looked back at her. Through the open window she heard the children laughing and leaping in the sweet summer air. She crawled into bed and shut her eyes. She remembered stealing out at last, after many days to the grocery around the corner for a pound of coffee. "Humpback! humpback!" cried the children—the very children who could leap and laugh.

One day she and little Del Ivory made mud-houses after school.

"I'm going to have a house of my own when I'm grown up," said pretty Del; "I shall have a red carpet and some curtains; my husband will buy me a piano."

"So will mine, I guess," said Sene, simply.

"Yours!" Del shook back her curls; "who do you suppose would ever marry you?"

One night there was a knocking at the door, and a hideous, sodden thing borne in upon a plank. The crowded street, tired of tipping out little children, had sent her mother staggering through the broken fence. At the funeral she heard someone say, "How glad Sene must be!"

Since that life had meant three things—her father, the mills and Richard Cross.

"You're a bit put out that the young fellow didn't stay to supper—eh, Senath?" the old man said, laying down his boot.

"Put out! Why should I be? His time is his own. It's likely to be the Union that took him out—such a fine day for the Union! I'm sure I never expected him to go to walk with me

every Saturday afternoon. I'm not a fool to tie him up to the notions of a crippled girl. Supper is ready, father."

But her voice rasped bitterly. Life's pleasures were so new and late and important to her, poor thing! It went hard to miss the least of them. Very happy people will not understand exactly how hard.

Old Martyn took off his leather apron with a troubled face, and, as he passed his daughter, gently laid his tremulous, stained hand upon her head. He felt her least uneasiness, it would seem, as a chameleon feels a cloud upon the sun.

She turned her face softly and kissed him. But she did not smile. She had planned a little for this holiday supper; saving three mellow-cheeked Louise Bonnes—expensive pearls just then—to add to their bread and molasses. She brought them out from the closet and watched her father eat them.

"Going out again, Senath?" he asked, seeing that she went for her hat and shawl, and not a mouthful have you eaten? Find your old father dull company, hey? Well, well!"

She said something about needing the air; the mill was hot; she should soon be back; she spoke tenderly and she spoke truly, but she went out into the windy sunset with her little trouble and forgot him. The old man, left alone, sat for a while with his head sunk upon his breast. She was all he had in the world—this one little crippled girl that the world had dealt hardly with. She loved him; but he was not, probably would never be, to her exactly what she was to him. Usually he forgot this. Sometimes he quite understood it, as to-night.

Asenath, with the purpose only of avoiding Dick, and of finding a still spot where she might think her thoughts undisturbed, wandered away over the eastern bridge and down by the river's brink. It was a moody place; such a one as only apathetic or healthy natures (I wonder if this is tautology!) can healthfully yield to. The bank sloped steeply; a fringe of stunted aspens and willows sprang from the frozen sand; it was a sickening, airless place in summer—it was damp and desolate now. There was a sluggish wash of water under foot, and a stretch of dreary flats behind. Belated locomotives shrieked to each other across the river, and the wind bore down the current the roar and rage of the dam. Shadows were beginning to skulk under the huge brown bridge. The silent mills stared up and down and over the streams with a blank, unvarying stare. An oriflamme of scarlet burned in the west, flickering dully in the dirty, curdling water, flared against the windows of the Pemberton, which quivered and dripped, Asenath thought, as if with blood.

She sat down on a gray stone, wrapped in her gray shawl, curtained about by the aspens from the eye of passers on the bridge. She had a fancy for this place when things went ill with her. She had always borne her troubles alone, but she must be alone to bear them.

She knew very well that she was tired and nervous that afternoon, and that, if she could reason quietly about this little neglect of Dick's, it would cease to annoy her. Indeed, why should she be annoyed? Had he not done everything for her, been everything to her, for two long, sweet years? She dropped her head with a smile. She was never tired of living, over these two years. She took positive pleasure in recalling the wretchedness in which they found her, for the sake of their dear relief.

Many a time, sitting with her happy face hidden in his arms, she had laughed softly to remember the day on which he came to her. It was at twilight, and she was tired. Her reels had troubled her all afternoon; the overseer was cross; the day was hot and long. Somebody, on the way home, had said in passing her: "Look at that girl! I'd kill myself if I looked like that!" It was in a whisper, but she heard it. All life looked hot and long; the reels would always be out of order; the overseer would never be kind. Her temples would

always throb, ache. People "Look at that girl!"

"Can you look up; she door-steps with Dick stood there. He forgot that way to Newbury the tears on Dick could never suffer."

"I wouldn't sitting down girl not to cry for keeping her the child do, I would break? whole story in another ten. short enough fresh from his for work and here in the st it might be, a say so to."

What more her father came with the lad, talk of Newbury yellow house home; that he tastic gate, and that his life s with hers and and theirs uni-

She remembe pleasant, some to-night—just when they can summer evening time saw what ing fall off. His kindly bl shocked surpr raised them, had crept into and brightene it never left th. So you see, in a burst Asenath. If s tired, some o If she wore a a whisper, "It a little song, s listened.

"I didn't kn this!" cried th After a tim that he chance had planned a gether, which she sat grievin "You missed said regretfull hand upon th. She was tryin she dropped th kernels rolled "What shoul have you?" sh breath.

The young m and back again ed her shoulders

"You shall I ath," he made face within hi and so they sh and nothing m

He had spo her marriage; girls, was shyly urged it.

Asenath star dreaming just turning into g that she was quite on the girl was sittin plaid shawl, and in her hat. H her hair fell a pink-and-white.

"Del is too p so late," thou tenderly. Good to her in a cer loved the girl. her, but conclu through the a was quite able

Del was sitt juttet into the water with the she lived on not have been her shoemaker. dark to see her, his eyes u translate them hear nothing,