

liar case, and while she waited for him, was trimming and tying up some fuchsia plants that were dying for want of attention.

Salome sat rocking herself 'o and fro, listless and silent. She had taken a deep dislike to Mary. She was jealous of John's attachment to her, and she fancied he was always regretting the days when they lived together. She was also quite sure that in some way or other John supported his sister, and therefore defrauded her to do it. Mary's very cheerfulness was an offence to her. She knew it was "put on," and, if it was real, "How heartless people must be to feel cheerful amid so much misery and want!"

"I have just locked the mill gates, lasses," said John, as he sat down. His voice was full of trouble, and leaning his elbow on his knee, he hid his face in his hand.

"Of course it had to come to that," answered Salome, "and I have been made to suffer all this time for nothing."

"Nay, but John only did his duty, Salome, and thou wilt be glad he did it, some day—Salome is not feeling well to-day, John, or she would never speak so. I am downright sorry to send thee back to town again to-day, but there is something thou must do there as soon as ever thou can. Thou remembers Josiah Yorke?"

"For sure I do."

"Well, then, he needs thee badly. Go and see him, and thou wilt understand."

John rose slowly, but Salome said, "John, you shall not go. You have not done a thing for me to-day, and yet I am hardly able to trail myself from one room to another. It is too bad, and it is not right to leave me, and run after paupers."

"Don't ye call honest workingmen names. Thou wants nothing with me but to worry me out of my senses, and lay every evil thing thou can think of against me."

A passion of sobs and tears answered him; but John was well used to sobs and tears, and they did not now detain him from duty. Mary, however, went to her side, and asked, "Whatever art thou crying for?"

"There—never—was—a woman—so ill-used! He—has—given—all—his money away. I am—the last person—he cares for. I was a great fool—to marry—him!"

"I have not a word to say for John on that subject, for he was a big fool for marrying thee. But if thou says that John Denby ill-uses thee, or neglects thee, or does anything a good man should not do, then, Salome, thou lies; and that is the short and the long of it."

"I will not be spoken to in that way, Mary Denby."

"Very well, then, speak the truth, and behave thyself. I tell thee, if thou had seen the starving women and children I have