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, April, 1911.

ovember day, ndor lingered, r. One of the r. Fifield, who ion, examined ve her advice never again begins the in-The Wife of

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elong to the ustic philosoe charm, pos-e little Comors there, and her, and Miss they liked to ho were makeriment. But more stimu-Ben Bow than ing conversaor of Alcott, ey had heard Ought which f every man . This they ey began to phy upon it ting, though e bush, and efore, except y wholesome Beecher's pruan to study which they ward world," onsciousness, d among the

ream-cleaved aunted their om the poor he soul have can exercise ed of this by disciples of regard any ions as this lental invess, or Tranto be called, things that ice, but the d out as a on, although by the peomake lively houses and alked of the the parlor, themselves, ne lights of he shadows leaves came ded, breathcrisp, and of peaceful

of one of Snow had le a fire on oom, whose ll be seen. thin snow ight. There horse's feet door, which e under the arp rap on vho was at hurried to

man at the My wife is

doctor, who keen-aired ods.

In answer es, for the

happened. Don't let's speak of it to-night."

The next evening Dr. Fifield, in a gathering about the fire in the parlor, related the strange thing that had hap-

young lady had awaited him, he said:
"The woman will die. A strange thing

pened. "That woman," said he—"the wife of Ben Bow-was at death's door. She asked for the women who had called on her from the farm, Miss Needham and Miss Fifield, I suppose. She said, gasping, Tell them I am one of them.'
Her hands lay out on the bed, and she would raise the one from which the finger was missing and look at it pitifully. My heart ached for that poor woman. There was a nurse there whose name was Cone. As I was sitting by the bed the child cried. The dying woman started, and said with a look

"Margaret Cone, the nurse. So Ben Bow said when I told him that his wife must die."

"I hope she will be good to it," said Miss Needham.

"Well, I have now to repeat to you the dying woman's last words to me. She said: 'Tell my two friends at Brook Farm to come and see my child. I shall know if it is treated well.' She added, 'I shall know.'"

Miss Needham and Miss Fifield planned to call on Ben Bow and see the child and to attend the funeral. But there came a fearful drifting snowstorm, and a rounded year passed before they heard again anything of the family of Ben Bow, except a notice in a newspaper that he had married Margaret Cone. They then had a call from one of the farmers in Dedham woods.

"I hate to trouble ye," said he, "and that was fearful: 'Margaret Cone, Mar- about a matter that don't concern me



"Sarah's hand! It met me at the door and struck me on the forehead."

garet Cone, if you or anyone else ever | directly. But Ben Bow's wife-his secinjure that child, this dead hand will appear to you, or to whoever it be.' She lifted the hand from which the forefinger was missing. I have seen that scene ever since. There seemed to be something of hidden meaning in it-something like a prophecy. Then she grew calm, and lay uttering poetry, I heard

"There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground,'

"There is something strange, very strange, about the woman-her very nickname haunts me—'The Wife of Ben

"If she dies, who will care for the

ond wife, she that was Margaret Conethey do say that she treats that child-the first wife's child-just awful, and they say that you were friendly to the first wife of Ben Bow, and how that Mrs. Bow, afore she died, requested you to look after the child. I came over to inquire if what they say be true. If it is so you are needed. By good rights the child ought to be taken away. The selectmen have considered the matter and they advised me to come here, and see if the two friends of the mother of the child couldn't do something. Beg your pardon, I mean no harm. This is a hard case.'

Miss Needham and Miss Fifield heard the pitiful story with real sympathy and promised to call on the child at once, and the man went away with a hopeful face. I do not know how it was, but avvveakers

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