

	their sides touched.
stock farmer from the next county had called	The man who had draw
several times upon Emmeline, but she didn't	stout and well- dressed.
believe there was "anything in it." Em-	
meline wouldn't be likely to try matrimony	on the middle one of the
a second time. Every one knew how Henry	head rose up behind the
	body and limbs being cov
Morris had treated her. But Emmeline	long curtain formed an eff
would not stand in the way of Walter's mar-	There seemed to Lurella
rying, and she was fond of Liberty Fowler.	ghastly in seeing nothi
"Perhaps Walter 'n' Liberty 'll make up	
if old Mis' Scudder dies," Ida ventured at	against the black silesia.
last.	that she would have screa
	"Now if two of the an
Mrs. Fowler sighed. She lifted the bowl	me by coming forward,"
of "risin'," and carried it to the back of the	
stove. There was a wooden stool there on	"we can begin the ceren
which she set it. She had to walk carefully	ing."
	Everyone looked at eve
for the floor was worn and uneven. The	one moved for a moment.
house was very old. The windows and doors	rose hesitatingly and wal
sagged, and the chimney leaned to one side.	
But it was the dearest place in the world to	embarrasment into the
Lurella Fowler. She had lived there more	was a stout old woman d
	other a nervous-looking
than thirty years.	and prominent blue eye
"Say, don't you think they'll make up?"	on the vacant chairs and
persisted Ida.	
"I can't say. An' we oughtn't to spec'late	under the curtain just a
on Mis' Scudder's dyin'. It ain't right."	done.
	"Now, if someone w
"Oh, I guess she's pretty sure to die,"	hymn," said the medium
said Ida.	some manifestations. T
"Well, we've all got to go sometime," ob-	
served Mrs. Fowler, with the air of uttering	favorable."
	There was silence for.
a new and uncontrovertible truth.	shrill, thin voice began
"That's so," assented Ida. She rose to	" Beautiful Home of the S
go. "Liberty won't be back till ten o'clock,	
I s'pose," she added.	joined in, until nearly
"It'll be twelve to-night," said Mrs. Fow-	singing. But neither Mi
	ter opened their lips.
ler.	"And voices are dro
"Twelve! For goodness' sake! What's	In the roar of the
goin' to keep her till twelve?"	
"She does writin', I b'lieve, 'n' I guess	A sharp rap sounded
she fixes the books up some evenin's. I	and some of the voices
	But others-belonging to
don't jest know what. Liberty ain't one to	tended dark circles befor
talk about her work."	
"Well, when she comes don't you forget-	to the end of the stanz
to tell her about Mis' Scudder. '	came in quick succession.
"No; I'll tell her."	ody of a guitar was hear
	"You will be favored
Ida went out. At the front gate she met	
Mrs. Doan and repeated her news. Mrs.	hosts of heaven, and hav
Doan had already heard it, and Ida was dis-	said the medium, and in
appointed.	became convulsed, his lip
	closed, and he began to s
"I met Elias Tupper just now, 'n' he'd	"He's goin' off," said
just come from there," said Mrs Doan. "I	
guess she ain't goin' to live. Elias says she	in front of Lurella. He
got all worked up about Emmeline talkin' to	great satisfaction.
some young man at the spring house. He'd	A low, plaintive voice
	ing if the owner could co
been forbid the house, 'n' Mis' Scudder didn't	ments.
like Emmeline's goin' behind her back to see	
him. That's what brought on the fit, Elias	"It's Idella," said th
says. Mis' Scudder never could stand havin'	just spoken.
folks go against her rules 'n' reg'lations."	Mrs. Doan leaned forw
	"Who's Idella? I've
"I guess Emmeline's sorry now she met	fore," she said.
	avery one on a
him," said Ida. "I wonder if 'twas that	16 A girl who died of a
fellow from Steuben County? You didn't	"A girl who died of a
	swered the woman, who
fellow from Steuben County? You didn't hear, did you?"	swered the woman, who face and high cheek be
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