

## THE POMPEY-BINKS SENSATION

for once it rang with a dominant metallic sound as minute details of the morning's disaster rent the air.

For once the monotony of the quiet Sabbath was broken, and even the sleepy four-o'clocks bunched in rich profusion around the steps winked their eyes in sympathetic accord as, aided by the breeze, they rustled against the stiffly starched print gown of Mrs. Pompey, who stood before Melissa, the personification of wounded innocence, her breath coming and going in gasps or terminating in sighs and sobs.

Harsh words rolled forth endlessly, but when the last spasmodic effort was finally dislodged from her injured heart in form of a request which demanded the life of Pharaoh as a reparation, Mrs. Pompey suddenly writhed as if from the sting of a lash.

Scarcely had the ultimatum been given before expostulations and pleas thickened the already disturbed air. Melissa essayed to speak, but finally closed her lips and, rubbing her tearful eyes, gave neighbor Pompey the benefit of her attention. During her life she had always maintained a pretty even temper, but now, as the parleyings of mercy fell upon her ear, her already heightened sense of injury waxed to the boiling point and surged over. Wrathful words gushed forth in turbulent overflow, submerging almost instantly the innumerable pleas of her old-time friend. They were stormy in the extreme and gave promise of endless duration when, strange as it may seem, Melissa suddenly halted, recovered her breath and, adding confusion to the misery of her suppliant, wheeled into the house and slammed the door.