

if she had ever encountered one of Evadne's kind, she had not yielded to her reasoning. She looked to her husband, indeed, to produce good grain, but, if it should be found to contain a few wild oats, she saw in that no reason to condemn the crop in its entirety. At least once a day she presented little parcels of what she chose, but few others would have thought necessary, to designate sins before her God and asked to be forgiven on their account. But her request was coupled with a condition that their forgiveness should always be preceded by forgiveness on her part of every wrong which had been done to her, and with that condition, in its fullest meaning, she absolutely complied.

She was almost wholly immersed in the volume before her, when her attention was diverted by the sharp click of the closing of the gate at the end of the avenue, and, raising her eyes, she saw someone whom, at first, she failed to recognize. "Surely," she thought as she beheld Abner, for it was he, "the crane has at last left the shore and is coming to leave his card."

Slowly and wearily the unhappy man approached, but, although faint in body, his determination held good, and so he walked, without a pause, till he reached the door, and there he knocked. Mrs. Wentworth herself opened it and greeted him. "Why, Master Crandall! How tired you look; come in at once and let me get you a glass of wine and something to eat." Abner, notwithstanding much pressing, refused point blank to enter, but asked to see the Squire, and

learned from her that he was absent and would not return till the morrow.

The expression of her visitor's face and his entire demeanor convinced her that there was something serious on his mind; then it quickly dawned upon her that the thing which he held in his hand, awkwardly wrapped in some cheap fabric, was a lethal weapon with a bell-shaped mouth.

With Mrs. Wentworth, when it seemed necessary, to think was to act, and so, in spite of his efforts, firm at first but gradually weakening, to conceal the facts, she finally extracted from the ex-school master the truth, and it may be added, nothing but the truth. Then she looked at him, with humorous solemnity, and said: "Master Crandall, you foolish, foolish man! So the squire kissed your wife. Well then; you kiss me."

The old gossips used to say that Abner got his glass of wine, and that, the next day, he was heard, on his homeward way, carolling so blithely of our Josiah and Uncle Sam that you would have supposed they had launched, not wrecked, their chun-shaped ship. It may be added, in conclusion, that, many years afterwards, a newspaper-man was presented with a queer old fashioned weapon with a bell-shaped mouth, in which a bullet was firmly jammed, found, as it was alleged, by a dredger in the bay described. As there was no one to give a proper explanation, the journalist recognized his obvious duty, and accounted for the discovery, by the former presence in the locality of the multi-typical Captain Kidd.