

membering the Bible she had left open, she turned her eyes toward the table and seeing it gone from its place, she snatched down the gathered piece of muslin; and then a short, sharp cry broke from her lips. Her books were gone! She stood gazing at their vacant places with that expression of face one wears when told suddenly a friend is dead, hopeless, tearless, passionless, that first terrible moment when the heart seems as cold as the loved one that has ceased to beat with our own. Then, she went back to the chair by the table and sat there through that long Sunday afternoon, her eyes fixed on the catalpa tree, pressing its green leaves against the panes of the small window. When the rain began to fall, she suddenly recollected her young chickens. Rising like one in a trance, she placed a shawl about her head and shoulders and going into the yard, unfastened the coop doors and stood watching her poultry as they hastened into the welcome shelter. When all had huddled down, she closed the doors and, unmindful of the beating rain, crept back to the house. As she was passing through the small kitchen, the half-cooked meal on the table caught her eye and she again placed it on the stove and stood watching it as it began to simmer over the fire she had replenished. Mechanically she removed it, and setting a plate on the table made an effort to partake of the food, but she pushed it from her after a few mouthfuls and re-entered her deserted room. Her loss, the very greatest that could befall her, had deadened her mind, she could not cry nor think clearly. As the evening drew on, she turned to her usual work, and when this was finished, as her cousin would not return until the morrow, she called in the dog to keep her company, and

locking the door, threw herself on the bed dressed as she was, and there through the greatest part of the night she lay, staring out into the soft darkness enveloping the room.

When she woke on Monday the sun was trying its bright darts against the broad shield of the catalpa tree and tiny spots of light lay on the carpetless floor. Unclosing her eyes, she thought not of the trouble she feared was coming, nor yet of the loss of her uncle's books, but of Silas Gray's tender glance and sympathetic face and she buried her head in the pillow to the longer keep that vision before her mind. But it was not powerful enough to ward off remembrance and slowly the details of yesterday's occurrences struck against her waking senses. She sprang from the bed and her eyes seeking for, and seeing, the dismantled shelves, she fell on the floor and broke into a passion of sobs. The old dog rose from his place near the hearthstone, the dog had been her Uncle Brian's favorite, to whom he turned when books and pipe and friends alike failed him, and, to whom his appeal for comfort had never been made in vain. When the master had died, because neither brute nor man can stand alone without some affection on which to rest, he had taken the wealth of his dumb, loyal love to Judith, and, too, to her became more companion than dog. He went to her now, where she lay on the floor, and strove to thrust his slender cold nose between her face and the shielding arms; and this failing to rouse her or quiet her sobs, he began to lick her temples and red-brown hair. But not even his affection could compensate her for her loss and his action only seemed to awake a keener sorrow. Finding his efforts useless, he flung himself beside her and resting his black head on his fore paws, gazed at her, a piteous whine escaping him at intervals. There they lay, girl and dog, until a knock on the door aroused them. The dog sprang up barking fiercely, while Judith rose and wiping her eyes, unfastened the door and admitted Bud Logan.

(TO BE CONTINUED)