

bear up, and take hold of the bed-tick, and we would soon get red up again.

Mrs. De Vere—Well, if that is not the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. Fancy our next-door neighbor in Garden City coming to help us out of such a dilemma.

Miss Barton—I am afraid it would never occur to us to be helpful in that way. You must be a remarkable good neighbor, Mary, I think I should like to live beside you.

Mrs. Kelly—Why, I did not do anything out of the way. Why, I mind well when I was laid by with my back, which comes again me at times, my neighbors did all the work, not to speak of taking out the washing, and bringing in the cooking.

(A rap at the door. Mrs. Kelly jumps up, slicks back her hair, straightens apron and fixes tidy on chair, before going to the door.)

Mrs. Kelly—Now, who can be coming the day? Why, I declare, it is you, Jane Skinning, and you, Jemima Goodsense; just step right in. You brought your work along to set awhile, too. It is pleased I am to see you it is. You remember Maggie De Vere and Caroline Barton, sure we were all to school together. (They shake hands rather awkwardly and rather stiff, and finally Mrs. Kelly gets them seated.)

Mrs. Goodsense—And how are you liking the Village, Mrs. De Vere? Do you see many changes?

Mrs. De Vere—Well, no; I really see little difference in the Village. I regret very much that there