

allow her to remain at home, after all that had been?" And Mrs. Burnham, whose heart was daily growing more full of pity for this deserted wife, who — even though she had sinned, was also certainly much sinned against, and who, though her love was so misplaced, and so entirely selfish in its exhibition — had yet, in a sense, loved the man who had deserted her, felt that she would give much to be able to answer a hearty Yes to this hesitating question, and did not know how to reply. Her husband maintained an ominous silence in regard to the news she had sent him. His letters came as regularly as usual, but they were shorter, and she fancied colder. He was crowded with care, and some anxiety. He hoped to get the complications straightened out before very long; she did not need the assurance that he would be at home as soon as possible; and then had followed messages for Erskine, very tender and fatherly, but not a word for, or about, Minta in any way. He seemed to have simply ignored her story. This boded no good for the future. There was nothing now but to wait, with what patience they could. Each day it became evident to Mrs. Burnham that she was settling into the position held so long ago: looked upon by Minta as the intercessor between her and an indignant father; and each day she grew more doubtful about her ability to perform her part. Judge Burnham was cruelly proud; he had been cruelly stabbed, and