

spinner is fit for no other thing. There's a heap of difference, Salome."

"It is a fine thing to be called 'generous' and 'noble,' and make me pay for it. You do not care what I suffer."

"Thou must have reckoned me up better than that, Salome; but it takes a woman and a wife to say a cruel thing. They know how to hit a man's heart, and never miss doing it."

Unfortunately, there are people who will understand how a discussion begun in this spirit and ended in hysteria. A little before midnight John was hastening down to Garsby for a doctor, and all night long the house was in tumult and confusion, with sobs and shrieks, and the hurrying up and down-stairs of the women. When morning broke, cold and wet, Salome fell into a sleep of exhaustion, the doctor buttoned up his coat and hurried home, and the servants made themselves a cup of tea, and began to put things to rights again. But amid all his grief and fright, John had a sense of deep wrong and unkindness. The burden seemed almost too great for him that morning, for when he recalled the scene of the night, he had, in spite of his love and pity, an intolerable feeling of shame.

This was but the beginning of sorrow. Before a year had gone there came a mournful day to John Denby and his nine hundred "hands." It was on one of those dull, wet days in the middle of summer, which seem so dreary and unnatural. John's last shilling was gone, and he knew that a few hours would clear out the last tuft of cotton. He walked through the mill, and a ghastly walk it was. Some of the looms had already stopped; at others the hands were watching the raw material consuming, minute by minute, the loads upon the looms getting smaller and smaller. Then there was not a shred left. Men and women stood looking at John. There was something almost awful in the idleness of that busy place. The very looms seemed conscious of calamity. With tears running down his face, John gave the order for the machinery to stop.

"Lads and lasses," he said, as he faced them, "I have done my best."

"Thou hes that, master; and we are none likely to forget it," answered an overlooker.

"We have trusted in God so far, and if He tries us a bit further, we can trust Him further, I hope."

"Ay, ay!" came heartily enough from the white lips of the half-fed, anxious crowd; and then suddenly a woman's voice rose shrilly above the sobs breaking out from behind many a lifted apron:

"Thankful, I take the cup from Thee."

It was a Methodist hymn known to every one there; and John