

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

to the spot, amazement and indignation pictured upon her hitherto placid countenance. A second later she rushed towards the wreckage, and then suddenly, gasping as if for breath, quickly turned from it and, opening the cottage door, half stumbled into the hall. On the threshold of the little sitting-room she uttered a startled cry and the well-worn Bible slipped from her trembling fingers and fell just a few feet from the lifeless form of Fluffy stretched upon the floor.

When Mrs. Pompey sallied forth that afternoon to drink her tea with Melissa, the latter sat in her rocker beside the window in a very depressed state of mind.

For once the click of the gate grated unpleasantly upon her ear. Quickly wiping all traces of tears from her eyes, she hurried to the door and, placing herself within its portal, a new look, very much like suppressed wrath and determination, had lined her face.

Mrs. Pompey, intent upon the beauty around her, had reached the verandah before she became aware of the small erect figure standing grim and silent before her. Her lips parted for speech, but before she could utter a word Melissa had stretched one very rigid forefinger towards the still prostrate plants.

Exclamations of dismay were quickly in order, but before they had assumed coherent form the mistress of the situation was speaking.

Mrs. Pompey rubbed the rising mist from her eyes and looked at Melissa. It was undeniably Melissa in her brown Sunday-go-to-meeting gown, but the gentle voice she loved to hear had strangely changed, and