

at house and garden all the time, and that's how Miss Trent get him away from me. But," her face darkening down again like a thunder-storm, "I fix her pretty quick. She will some day die. Maybe you are good girl, maybe I will like you—hush—here comes Dan." Her voice changed. "Good night, Miss Teacher. I hope you will have one good sleep." Her eyes were glittering like sword-points as she went out, and her good-night greeting carried a sinister meaning.

Mary Borden sat on a covered chintz box and, recovering from her fright, began to laugh.

"What a perfect bed-time story," she thought. "I killed one already, and I may kill you, but good night, Teacher, and I hope you will have a good sleep'."

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Before a week had gone by the new teacher knew the story, for the neighborhood rocked with it. Dan Taski had treated his wife very badly during the four months that Maizie Trent had board there; and the feeling of indignation in the settlement ran high. Maizie Trent, with her yellow hair and crimson lips, had seen in the big store-keeper someone to ease the monotony of country life and furnish week-end transportations to the City; and if a few smiles from her painted lips could put a car at her disposal Mazie considered it a good bargain. Tears and entreaties on the part of Mrs. Taski brought no results except to drive big Dan more certainly into the arms of the enemy. But in the last two months Mrs. Taski had forsaken women's ancient weapons and settled down into a dark tranquillity, and then it was that Maizie Trent grew frightened and changed her boarding-place. She said she was afraid Mrs. Taski was going to poison her. A