neasy, and spoke of sending for the doctor. It was a dismal, rainy evening. after tea, and the ladies were gathered around the table in the parlor, Mrs. Leonard with a novel, Miss Elvira with Bishop Ken, Flora with her embroidery. be silent?" thundered the colonel.
"It is a lie!" colonel sat apart, feeling Missy' pulse, and wondering why Nicholas, who had gone to Tallahassee in the tAnn came struggling up the If dragging, half carrying Missy, ttic figure, clad in a long white in her head a little cap fashioned morning, was so late returning. It was then that he declared his intention of ending for Dr. Lane, whereupon Missy ond, stiff magnolia leaves, pinned with thorns; in her hand a long began to cry piteously and protest that she was not ill. spirea, with three green leaves "What then is the matter?" her father

demanded, with the sharpness of anxiety.
"I'm just mizzable," sobbed Missy.
She looked so thin and worn and her

e-virey, you see dis chile?" Glory-ted. "Hit's time de wuz a stop

Il dis projeckin' en' cavortin' in

hes, en' what not. Whey you oun' Missy? Out un'er de scup-

clarbor, flat on de groun', wid her

ered up, en' jes' a-bowlin' all by

men' plum' skeered wid her own

det scared of nothin'," Missy pro-

staough her white face belied her

he'I'm mad! That's what! And

smity, I drove her off; she ain't

lyood than if she didn' belong to

) don't know nothin' 'bout play wae won't understand; and I ain't

pave no mo' play actin' of char-

tri there was a general laugh, and

plary-Ann was confirmed in the

to insisted upon saying her

It 'ligion, hit ain't," the old

mmented to herself. "En' she

nn had an apartment of her

as te house of her daughter, Tom

stroother, but being a high authori-

s ichildish ailments, she always

por a pallet in Missy's room. then the night Missy awoke and if Dom Bee! Mom Bee! Wake

strong, sleeping the sleep of the

Tou go to sleep?" she grumbled.
moi;" gasped Missy. "Somethin'
500 happen."
wor, nin' nothin' gwan happen,"

sove Bee, with sleepy security.

The dreamin'!" retorted Missy,

tion: Bee roused herself to recite

tic adventure, which, long be-

and by of Uncle Remus's introduc-

Julan-be day-b'om bye," said

has my came, Missy was asleep, and

of thupon hearing Glory-Ann's re-

law a Missy slept so late that the be then had to be abandoned.

condigight had been no happier than

and tin a way, and through the

that and silence her sentiments un-

Indian reaction in his favor; but it

ner," and he which Dosia had no

ning t ra's opinion, an injury not to

ance a self wishing that, somehow,

cite enuences of that rash step might

of the ipon Dosia alone, who was-

ful refever and useful dependent of

this p (that cousin of the Thornes

few gri Miss Elvira leaned for guid-

mysterperplexities), was well enough,

ning 13ht. She had grace, she had

weighte had a fair education and

law. anners, and Flora was quite

turned concede that if Cousin Myr-

be pow.chose to advance her protege,

centimeocial world of Tallahassee-

Eastern to Nicholas! The thought

medicir Surely some way might be

healing which the secret marriage

ens dis ecretly dissolved, and Nicho-

who arom the bonds into which he

This sud himself to be entrapped.

simple tht do it; the Furnivals were

of actiomight be bribed to take them-

incalcul parts unknown. And Flora

of Indiant it should be her task to

plas listen to reason.

The Rakfast the next morning, but

John B. pere?" Flora faltered, consci-library of was pale and trembling. or rather hurry Furnival," the colonel

institutic "The workmen are losing

topic apphat, we are in no burry to The few cave us, Flora," the colonel

of his owemained away until long af-

of , putt as Aleck Gage came not,

thus formest becoming a terrifying our future is med that she could not

or those p day and bear it alone, and feedonal P one to whom she dare tell nity to less leck Gage; but the days nitoles Cal and Aleck kept aloof, and senting her lack of symmetric the

has the senting her lack of sym-

ed." Ing to tell upon Fiora to an

and what hat Missy had now attracted

, but t attention of her family.

ounight the child waked Mo

s piteous complaint that she

schoo in these three or four days

ald hardly have escaped

yl" exclaimed Glory-tle? Honey, whey

tively walked alone in the shrub-

In r yet had she been so eager

in Aleck Gage, for her cousin's

tution of face.

quits use her hand.

oks wod Flora, and the color rushed

bes and already breakfasted and

of a sleepless night, she was

akes ht lay claim to some notice

spise cable. And the day would

It whieved-alone to blame. Do-

would be day."

Alex with a mighty yawn.

reneral public, had done duty

uly. "And I can't stay to sleep, tell me bout the rabbit and

hard to arouse, and scant of

"Wha' de matter, honey?

her own performances when

s borne wailing to bed. ow of all protestations to the con-

dever and over again.

is re bad dreams."

the I don't know."

Whey dat fool nigger,

shine, mekin' b'lieve in sperrits,

childish voice sounded so shrill and weak that the colonel was moved to an unwonted demonstration of tenderness. "My poor little daughter," said he, holding out his arms, "come to me and tell me what will make you happy? You shall have anything you ask."

Missy threw herself upon his breast in a paroxysm of tears. "Oh, my father!"

e wailed, "may I have anything?" 'Yes, Winifred; anything."

"Then," said Missy, eagerly, "promise promise now, that you won't never send Brer Nicholas away no more."
"Not even if he was to be—married?" pleaded Missy.

"You must understand that when your brother marries you will have gained a sister," the colonel said, in his accustomed tone of authority. Missy's jealousy of Flora was something to be smiled at-and subdued.

"And if he was to be married to Dosia Furnival-she would be my sister," pursued Missy.
Mrs. Thorne and Miss Elvira looked

up; they doubted whether they had heard aright; the colonel doubted likewise, and yet a great dread seized him, in spite of his pride, in spite of his will.

What?" he said, at last, with angry emphasis, and pushed the child roughly What infernal nonsense is this?' be demanded, as if of the room at large; and then his gaze fixed itself upon Flora. It was the first black look he had ever given her; but her face was hidden, and she did not see it. "What absurdity have you been putting into the child's head, Flora?" he said, severely. "A jest

of this sort is simply scandalous."
"Tain't her!" cried Missy, with shrill impetuosity. "Brer Nicholas is done married a'ready to Dosia--I heard him tell my cousin Flora." Nicholas at this instant entered the

room. Flora looked at him and saw that he had heard. His face was pale, but he did not flinch. "It is a lie!" said the colonel, flercely.

"Oh, yes, Missy," quavered Miss Elvira, with an agonizing thought of Roxanna White's missive which she had not the courage to show to her brother. "You man sy soon interrupted. "I'm
Se e rabbit and the everlastin'
Chete she declared ungratefully. shouldn't be too ready to repeat what you hear. Children cannot understand

"Will you be silent?" thundered the colonel; then he strode up to his son and repeated, with an oath, "It is a lie!"

"It is the truth, father," said Nicholas; "Dosia is my wife." Miss Elvira uttered a moan and wrong

passeld not have her called for distir It was the day for her music her hands. Mrs. Thorne stared: she did not yet fully comprehend the situation. Flera turned her face away; there was that in the eyes of her uncle and her cousin she could not endure to look precephe was very fond of her cousin 'Now you see!" cried Missy, with shrill,

infantile triumph. The colonel staggered as if he would have fallen; for an instant he could not speak, but when he did speak it was with a calmness more dreadful than any out-

"Get you gone," he said, contemptu-ously. "Never more be son of mine." Missy threw herself face downward upon the floor and wailed:

burst of fury.

"I asked you to promise! to promise!" No one heeded her.

"Father," said Nicholas, "hear at least what I have to say"-

"Out of my sight," his father interrupted, with cold, inexorable sternness.

Beg, steal, starve. Never darken these doors again."

Nicholas turned without another word and strode from the room; whereupon Missy whirled over and sat bolt upright, glaring defiance. "Then I'm goin' too!"

she declared, and scrambled to her feet His bes -- Miss Flora was convinced His bes -- Miss Flora was convinced medicine holas himself would bitterly and rushed away. No one heeded her; she was but a child.

The colonel turned to Flora and held

out his arms. "My daughter!" was all he said. He did not know whether he was giving or asking comfort. And Flora cared not what construction her uncle might put upon her tears.

Miss Elvira sat and moaned and wrung her hands; there was no one to give her comfort.

"Well, I never, never knew anything equal to this!" said Mrs. Thorne, having found her tongue at last. "I shall never get over it, never!" Having made this announcement, she uttered a series of little shricks, and Miss Elvira "ceased wringing of her helpless hands" and rose and shut the door.

> CHAPTER IX. OLD GILBERT TO THE RESCUE.



"You hot on ter me wid one han'." Heedless of the rain, Missy rushed out into the dark night, following the sound of har brother's footstens as he strode

wer through the round, and grow fainter as Nicholas rode away into Out. When she could hear them re she turned wildly and ran down the dark and muddy lane to old Gilbert's cabin. She best upon the door with her small fists, she burst it open in her im-petuous passion, and stood, dripping and haggard, in the light of the pine knot

ATION than a

block, was patching an ancient jacket. Bending low to catch the light from the pine knot, and peering through a pair of clumsy spectacles, he was pushing at his needle by means of a leathern circle in the palm of his hand. His needle was big, his thread was coarse, and monstrous were his stitches.

the blast incarnate, swept the jacket from his hands into the hearth, where it lay and scorehed and was forgotten.

"Brer Nicholas is gone! gone! gone! in sheer exhaustion, threw herself upon

negro, with a superstitious shudder, Startling as was Missy's statement, it was received with absolute conviction. Lawd's will be done!" he sighed.

answer."

ber head again, and her wailing filled the poor little cabin.

unable to bear the sight, he turned his eyes away in the direction, as it chanced, and mechanically drew his jacket out of the ashes. But he had no heart to reor to the dire news Missy had brought, he did not know. He began to sing a hymn for comfort. 'I don't want you to sing!" howled

Missy. "If you was just a wicked old

strong in dese chillen, tubbe sho! De Lawd alter yo' min', chile." Missy sobbed. She was sorry for what she had said, but she was not going to

you git loose, dishver way?" He rose stiffly from his block, and un-

locking a rude cupboard in the corner, he took out his cherished umbrella. Jericho." Missy's tears having spent their force

she sat up and wiped her eyes. "I ain't nothin' but just a little girl," said she mournfully.

counseled, as he spread open the um brella, and regarded it proudly. "I shan't be good!" cried Missy.

mean to be just as bad as can be on pur pose. I'll worry the life out of 'em all, till I get Brer Nicholas back." "Dat ain't no way fur you ter talk,"

home." Missy prepared to obey, nothing loth. She felt weak and tired, and a ride upon

old Gilbert's back still had its charm for her.
"You hol' on ter me wid one han', en

He had sat down upon the doorster that Missy might the more conveniently clamber upon his back.

as he rose, staggering a little under her weight; and it was at no rapid gait that he made his way in the dark, splashing through the puddles in the lane.

Missy felt her heart lighten a little under the exhibaration of this ride. "Daddy," said she, briskly, "I tell you

'Me? Lawd bless yo' soul, honey!

lak Mawse Nick?" practical child. "He ain't got no nig-

"Dat's a fac'," old Gilbert assented, so berly; "nur dem Furnivals, nuther. En' Mawse Nick, he warn't fotch up ter wuk, praise de Lawd!"

Missy began to cry again. "Now doan you go fret, honey," coaxed old Gilbert. "I gwan do de bes I kin, en' bombye Mawse Nick gwan

come home." These words, spoken with serene aswhen she saw the light in the kitchen door. "They'll be 'stonished when they see me ridin' in the rain on such a horse as you," she said, with glee.

De will dat!" old Gilbert declared. with satisfaction. He had set his heart on astonishing Glory-Ann.

half enclosed gallery extending from the back piazza. The door stood wide open, and the light blazing in the hearth streamed out, dazzling old Gilbert as he shambled along, half spent. "Missy, von is growed, tubbe sho, sence de las time I toted you," he panted.

Within the kitchen was confusion of tongues mingled with loud laughter, Supper was over: Dicey, the cook was taking her case in the chair with the feather cushion; Tom Quash and Griffip Jim were playing the devoted to Vic torine, Miss Flora's maid of airs and graces; Amity was training a black puppy, Missy's property, to hold a bone on his nose; Glory-Ann and Daphne were discussing the "roomatiz," apropos of old Uncle Dublin, who was "patting Juba" while Chaney, the housemaid, and Mrs. Leonard Thorne's coachman danced a

"How lively de is, tubbe sho!" thought old Gilbert, with a sigh. "Doan none on 'em know how Mawse Nick is rid fo'th in the darkness? Glory-Ann!" he shouted.

"Lawd! wha' dat!" ejaculated old Uncle Dublin. He ceased patting; the dancers stood still; jest and laughter were suddenly at an end.

ane ram was done next morning; the sun shone upon Thorne Hill, and the mocking birds made a din in the garden thickets; the guinea fowls and the geese and all the denizens of the poultry yard kept up a cheerful clatter; only the hu-man voice was mute or hushed to a diser was foremost. "Gret King!" she "Dia de way you look atter mawster's chile!" said old Gilbert, rebukingly. "Wet ez a drownded rat, you is. What all you ter be goin' in de rain? Amity!

heartened whisper.

The colonel had his coffee early and rode away: Mrs. Thorne and Flora breakfasted in their own room; thus Miss Elvira and Missy were alone at table. Missy had lain awake an hour the night before, devising various plans in her poor little brain to induce her father to recall "Brer Nicholas," and one of these plans was deliberate starvation; but when morning came she was too hungry to carry out this project, so she ate a good breakfast, thinking to go without

Miss Elvira had made no resolution a to starving, but appetite had forsaken her, and having certain plans of her own that she was anxious to put in train, she sent Missy away when the meal was over. With a hundred dollars in gold hidden in her pocket, and a bottle of liniment carried conspicuously in her hand. Miss Elvira set out for old Gilbert's cab in. She could have sent for old Gilbert to come to her, but that would have given publicity to the step she contem-plated. Lifting her dainty skirts with great painstaking, she tiptoed around the puddles in the lane through which old Gilbert had bravely splashed the dark night before, with Missy on his back. She was a little exhausted when she ar-

Old Gilbert was in his garden, where all things flourished greenly. To fore stall the products of the "gret-house garden" was one of the aims of his exist-

"Gilbert! Gilbert!" Miss Elvira called

"Dat pesky gate agin!" exclaimed old Gilbert, hastening forward. "Hopes I see you well dis mornin', Missle-virey. 'I am very well, thank you, Gilbert,' Miss Elvira answered bravely. She had not slept all night, and she looked old and ill, as Gilbert plainly saw.

shade of dese pammy-christies," he said, wiping with his sleeve the rude block that did duty for a bench.

"How is your rheumatism, Gilbert?" sho asked, with gentle interest. Old Gilbert made a wry face; his rheumatism was none the better for his

tramp in the rain; it was promptly the worse for Miss Elvira's sympathy. kinder-gits-me wid a stitch-in de holler of de back-now en' agin." he said with expressive jerks and pauses. "I've brought you a liniment that is considered very efficacious," said Miss

Elvira, in her soft, plaintive voice and choice language, as she offered the higblack bottle. Miss Elvira would no more have gone to old Gilbert's cabin without her "free will offering" than old Gilbert would have gone to the "gret house" without his little complement of eggs or vegetables, or the like. The old man took the bottle with a

smile of supreme satisfaction; he loved "doctorments." Pulling out the stopper with his teeth, and smelling the contents with a critical air, "Hit got a stren'th, tubbe sho!" he declared, approvingly. "Thankee, ma'am; thankee, Missle-virey. I gwan give 'em a trial."

Miss Elvira's eyes meantime traveled slowly round the little garden, as if in search of something. She missed Nich-olas in everything she saw. "I suppose you've heard what has happened, Gilbert?" she said, with a tremor in her

"Yes, Missle-virey," old Gilbert sighed, and hung his head.

"Nicholas," she proceeded more steadily, "has disgraced his family; he has brought condemnation upon himselfforever.'

Old Gilbert stood respectfully silent "There is no help," faltered Miss El-

Still old Gilbert was silent. "It were better that he were dead!"

she exclaimed, with a passionate sob. "Don't seh dat, Missle-virey, honey," expostulated old Gilbert, laying his toil hardened hand on her sleeve. "Fur dem we loves ter be dead hit's a mighty settled fac'."

"So is marriage," said Miss Elvira inexorably. "He is worse than dead to us he is lost. But Nicholas cannot do without clothes-and"-"I got his trunk safe en' sound, Missle-

virev. "You did right. Glory-Ann told me. I want you to take the ox cart and carry that trunk to Nicholas. And he will be this hundred dollars. I'll send you a

wanting money, so you can give him pass to-night." "Any letter, Missle-virey?" old Gilbert suggested, closing both hands over the

money. "Nor aire a message?"
"No," said Miss Elvira, and turned her back. She could not thrust Nicholas

from her heart, but she had no more idea of recalling him again into favor, of excusing or condoning his marriage, than had Col. Thorne himself; it was a step not to be countenanced, and she walked away.

"Den Mawse Nick, he ain't gwan tetch dishyer money, I fo'see dat plain," commanded old Gilbert. "Hit is cur'ous, de likeness de is in fambilies. Dere's Missle-virey, jest ez saft en' jest ez easy; but she kin be jest ez unconditioned en' ez hawd ez mawster hisse'f-in her saft little way. Lawd holp her! En' Mawse Nick, ev'y span of him a Thorne, lak de res' on 'em; en' dat Missy de same; de kin all on 'em hol' de own notions, plum tell Gabriel blow he hawn. En hit ain't Mr. Job Furnival what'll git ter finish Miss Pauline house; I fo'see dat

Mrs. Leonard herself understood this perfectly the moment she comprehended that Nicholas was married to Job Furni val's daughter. "Whatever happens, I am the one to suffer," she complained to Flora that night when they were alone. "There's no builder in all Leon county equal to Job Furnival; but he must go, I suppose."

"Of course, ma," returned Flora, promptly. "None of us can countenance the Furnivals now in any way." "And my house at a standstill, heaven knows how long!" fretted Mrs. Thorne.

'And it is going to be so unpleasant here after this." "We might go up to Tallahassee and board," Flora suggested. "Board! Nobody who is anybody ever

boards, Flora. I am surprised at you. We may as well pack our trunks and go north for the rest of the summer. The colonel won't consult me, of course. He will dismiss Furnival at daybreak tomorrow, and it will be a mercy if he doesn't blow the man's brains out." But there was not so much danger of

this as Mrs. Thorne fancied. The colonel held that Furnival was to blame, more or less, but he had no intention of soiling his hands with the blood of one so much beneath him. He did not consult Mrs. Thorne; to what purpose should he do so, having fully made up his mind? If there should be a suit for breach of contract, of course he himself would defray expenses; but he did not wish any dis cussion of the subject; he was accustomed to give orders and to be obeyed, and Furnival must go.

The colonel rode away in the early dawn as impetuously as Nicholas had ridden away in the rainy night. The sun

was just rising, and work had be

begun, when he entered the gate at Mrs.
Thorne's place.

Furnival was smoking his pipe under
the magnolia tree in front of the house. The news concerning Nicholas had not yet traveled beyond Thorne Hill, but Furnival knew, as soon as he caught sight of the colonel's black frown, that the secret was out. He extinguished his pipe forthwith, and prepared for "talk," being a wordy man. "Mornin', colonel," he said ingratia-tingly, he didn't intend to have a "row,"

tingly; he didn't intend to have a "row," if it could be helped.

"Collect your tools," said the colonel, with a vigorous sweep of his right arm, "and vacate these premises, instanter."

"We—ll," said Furnival, with deliberate utterance, and looking the colonel straight in the eyes, "them is pretty short orders to come from anybody but the owner of this place. My cawntrac' is with yo' brother Leonard's widow, 'cordin' toe my understandin." 'cordin' toe my understandin'." "I want no words with you, sir," said

the colonel. "Your place is to obey

"It happens to most of us," said the carpenter, coolly, "to git what we don't want; an' so fur as words air concerned, I've as good a right to speech as any other son of Adam. I mought ask what ails the job? But I know very well, colonel, it's all because yo' son Nick has made a durn fool of himself, an' this ain't the fust time I've said it."

"Nobody asked your opinion, str," said the colonel, who had not been able, for gathering rage, to interrupt. "Will

you leave—peaceably?"
"Not till I've had my say, by thunder!"
retorted Furnival, putting his hands in
his pockets and planting himself doggedly, just within reach of the colonel's
riding whip. "I've got some of the
feelin's of a payrent myself, though they don't take the same track in me as it pears they do in you. My girl Dosia'is good girl, and as pretty as aire Thorne ever I sot eyes on; an' so fur forth as this proceedin' is a insult to her, I'll re-

t it unto blood."
"You've been drinking, sir!" said the

colonel, in a great rage.

"No, sir." returned Furnival, parenthetically; "I'm a son of temperance—to please Dosia. She'll make Nick Thorne a better wife than he deserves." The colonel urged his horse a step nearer; but Furnival did not flinch

neither did he hesitate in his deliberate drawl. "Hows'ever, as I war a-sayin'," he continued, "so fur forth as this proceedin' is a holding of me to account, I'm free to justify myself; an' I tell you, right now an' right here, I ain't no better pleased

with the match than you be."

"Will you go?" cried the colonel, furi-"I'll go when I've had my say, an' not a minute sooner. I told you, a while ago, that Nick had made a blamed fool of himself, but for that matter, I'm free to

him; hows'ever, she's my daughter, and therefor he's my son!" "You insolent, prating jackanapes!" shouted the colonel, blind with rage, as he raised his riding whip in act to strike. "Ef you hit me, Col. Thorne," said Furnival, catching the whip in his muscular hands, "I'll bounce you plum outen yo' saddle. You got no cause to complain of I take what you fling away; an'

so, good mornin' to you." As Furnival let go the whip the colonel's horse reared and plunged, throwing his rider into the dust; but the carpenter walked away, too angry to offer ssistance.
"Peter," he said, to an old negro who

was mixing mortar on the other side of the house, "go pick up Col. Thorne, whar his hawse throwed him, out yonder." Thus Col. Thorne had had his way:

yet, in spite of it, he felt beaten, and he rode homeward, moody and bitter, with a dejected head.

CHAPTER XI. MISS ROXANNA MAKES UP HER MIND.



"Land alive! Nick Thorne!" With the hot blood of the Thornes surging in his veins, Nicholas left his father's house, reckless of the driving rain; and when the rain ceased, at dawn, he had come to that sorry little unpainted house, in the corner of the field, on the edge of Eden, his horse flecked with foam, himself drenched with the storm. A bird was singing in the blooming

elder bush that grew near one of the windows: it was Dosia's window, that looked toward Leon county. There were no blinds, and presently the white curtains were drawn aside and Dosia appeared; the small, square, high set window framed her like an old fashioned portrait. Well might the carpenter boast of his daughter's beauty! It was of a type that needed no adorning; and Dosia, as she stood in the window, was none the less an exquisite picture that her black dress was so severely simple. Her luxuriant dark hair clustered in little rings over her low, fair forehead and around her shoulders, a graceful riot of curls. There was a smile, wistful and tender, on her perfect mouth, and a far away look in her splendid eyes, that ignored the near surroundings and pierced the distance with the soul's vision.

Out of sight, behind the screen of dripping elder bushes, Nicholas beheld this benediction in his young wife's eyes, and tears blinded him. "Ah, dear and beautiful and good!" he sighed. "Little do they dream what an angel they scorn in you! If they only knew you! But they will not! And so farewell to them; henceforth I have only Dosia, dearest and best! And to what a fate have I compelled you, unworthy that I am! Like the unjust steward, 'I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.' But happiness yet is mine, and I can neither repine nor repent."

Dosia shut the window, and Nicholas, dashing away his tears, rode around the corner of the field to the front of the

"Now, how shall I ask for her, at this hour of the morning?" he pondered, not without a certain sense of amusement. 'Her excellent cousin, Roxanna the Rigid, knows nothing of our marriage. The old Methodist minister who performed the ceremony is somewhere in Georgia; her mother is dead; her father is away-and he'll be invited, within another hour, to knock off work at my aunt's, I'll bet my life!" Dosia's cousin, or, to be more exact,

her mother's cousin, Roxanna White, was one of those women providentially left, for the convenience of others, without settled habitation. Fortunately she

had no objection to "living arous liked change. She had nursed Dy Sashion, mother in her last illness, and also mained with Dosia now, in her leastiness, not unwillingly, for also was far seeing, and the day might come when Job Furnival would be seeking consolution; she ate no idle bread, and Joh might yet learn her value.

Roxanna, according to her wont, was up betimes this morning, and having browbeaten the hired negress who did the cooking, she bounced out of the front door, broom in hand, to sweep the front porch, just as Nicholas Thorne came up the steps.

the steps.

A tall, strong, gaunt woman was Roxanna, in whom hard work and mager fare had left scarce a trace of the burous beauty that had distinguished her youth. In her dress, narrow and short, there was no effort at adornment. "These as likes may put in their eight or nine breadths," Miss Roxanna was accustomed to say; "but four is plenty fur any mortal woman, an' mo' convenient to pocket an' backbone." No ruffles, no tucks, no manner of superfluities for her. Her only vanity was her hair, which still retained its color and its gloss. She had retained its color and its gloss. She had tied a towel over her head to protect it from the dust; but truly the dust might hardly reach her head, so high it was

Now, Miss Roxanna White had never approved of the admiration Nicholas evinced for Dosia. She was decidedly of the opinion that it would never do to have this young sprig of quality hanging around a girl whose mother was dead, and whose father was away. She would have liked to sweep Col. Thorne's son off the porch, with the two or three leaves she espied upon the floor; but as she could not do this, she towered in the doorway, and held her broom crosswise, as she exclaimed, forbiddingly: "Land alive! Nick Thorne! What brung you here this time o' day, befo' even the cows is milked?" And to herself she thought, "I've writ that sunt o' his'n a warnin'; why ain't she fitten to keep him home?"

Nicholas laughed; the fun of the situation was irresistible; it made him, for the moment, oblivious of its tragic aspect. "I've come for my wife," he said, and turned suddenly sober and scarlet with the humiliating reflection that he was seeking shelter, not offering it.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Miss White, irately. "Why ain't ye mo' respect fur yo' s'periors in age and wisdom, boy? I'm s'prised at ye; an' I dunne why I should be, neither. I don' want no nonsense here. Git out!"

"I tell you Dosia is my wife," said Nicholas gravely. "We were married by old Mr. Drummond, in her mother's presence, two days before Mrs. Furnival

Miss White's sallow face underwent a variety of contortions; she nearly swallowed the little bit of athea stick with which she had been taking her morning "dip," and which she habitually carried declare, Dosia is a blameder fool than in her mouth; the broom clattered from her grasp, as her hands hung down, helplessly. She understood now why she had been sent to visit a relation six miles distant, just two days before Mrs. Furnival died. "Wha - what?" she gasped. Then, under strong conviction, she lifted her right arm straight-it nearly touched the lintel-and said, with strong emphasis, "I'll bet my ultimate picayune the colonel ain't consentin'."

"Never you mind the colonel," said Nicholas, shortly. "I must see Dosia." Dosia had heard his voice; she came out into the little entry that divided the rooms, and stood there, pale and trem-

"Dosia! Dosia!" cried Nicholas, wildly, as he pushed past the demoralized spinster; and the next instant she was

in his arms.
"Dosia," said Miss White, boarsely, "you're a cawnsistent member of the Methodis' chu'ch, an' so fur fo'th ez I know, you ain't had naire a fall from grace; ef you say hit's true that ye air married, ez he tells-beside Cousin Mandy's bed o' death-I'll believe it."

"It is true," said Dosia, with smiles and tears and blushes. Miss White picked up her broom and went to sweeping off the porch. She made two comments mentally, one in reference to Dosia's mother, the other to Dosia's father: "She must a-turned plum'

Nicholas and Dosia sat down on the long wooden bench that constituted the only furnishing of the little passage. Miss White, glancing over her shoulder, saw them there, and she immediately slammed the front door. "You've been in the vain," said Dosia,

fool befo' she died;" and, "he's got 'em

accustomed all her life to consider others. 'How wet your clothes are! You must have ridden all night." "I did." Nicholas answered, with a dark frown; then, with a burst of bitter

laughter: "Have you any clothes, Dosia? I don't know that I have any, unless I've left a few scattering about Sunrise plantation that I may lay claim to." "Your father has?"-Dosia faltered. "My father has"- responded Nicholas,

indicating with a wave of his hand that words would not express the sentence passed upon him. Dosia sat silent and stunned, clinging to his arm; for herself it did not matter;

but for Nicholas-it seemed at the moment more than she could bear. "My whole fortune," said Nicholas, with covert bitterness, "consists in my

horse and my watch; we'll sell these, Dosia, and defy the world." "I have done you a great wrong," she whispered.

"You've done yourself a great wrong, it may be, dear heart," said Nicholas. But at least we have each other. Oh, Dosia! Dosia! my wife! If they only knew you, Dosia, my saint! There is nobody like you. You had faith in me, and you saved me. Compared with you, what are they all? Henceforth I live only for you. Missy, Missy alone"- he fal-"Poor little sister! she has not cast me off! How she cried to me, through the rainy darkness, to take her with mel I seemed to hear her every mile of the way! I'm 'an exile from home,' and all that, you know. Ah, no, no!" he amended, quickly, as Dosia sobbed aloud. "How could I say that, my dearest and best? You are my home. Dosia, Dosia, look at me with your heavenly eyes; say you

love me; say you believe in me!" And Dosia looked at him. She did not speak, but she smiled through her tears; and then she drew away from him and

"You are going to pray over the 'situation,' Dosia, you know you are; my beautiful saint?' cried Nicholas, with a smile of reverent admiration.

"I am going to find you some of my father's clothes," said Dosia.

Good wife! You are better than any fortune," Nicholas declared; and he laughed. He was very happy, in spite of the "situation." Miss White had finished sweeping and

left the porch. She had no grace of manner, but she was by no means devoid of grace of heart. That this mar-riage was a wretched business, a miserable blunder, was an opinion fire would not melt out of her; nevertheless, she had no thought of refusing Job Furnival, when the time should come, and she was entirely willing to spend herself in help-ing to take care of the foolish young couple. She had slammed the door, not in wrath, but solely by way of giving them to understand that she meant to leave, them untrammeled enjoyment of

blazing in the hearth. Old Gilbert, seated on the sweet gum

Missy, with a wild cry, as if she were

"In de name o' de Lawd!" Gilbert ejaculated. "De chile is sho'ly possessed. Missy howled, "never to come no mo'! He is married to Dosia Furnival, and my father has drove him away!" And Missy,

"Dat squeech owel!" muttered the old

"You mean old nigger!" cried the outrageous Missy, lifting her face. "'Tain't Lord's will! It's my father's will And I want Brer Nicholas back! I could a' rode behind him; but for all my callin he wouldn't come back, nor he wouldn't

"Honey," said old Gilbert, persuasive ly, "you mus' strive atter patience ontel matters get sorter seasoned."
"I won't!" said Missy; and down went

Old Gilbert felt utterly helpless, He looked at the child in silence, and then, of the blazing and smoking pine knot, turn to his patching. "Hit's a mizzable night," he said; but whether he referred to the rain beating sullenly on the roof,

man, I'd like you to—cuss!"
"Look a-here!" exclaimed old Gilbert, in a fright. "De sperrit of de Thornes is

confess it. "En' you is fairly drippin' wid de rain Won'er whey is Glory-Ann det she let

gwan tote dis chile home," he said. "I gwan shame Glory-Ann outen her shoes. She a settin' up in white folkses' kitchen, jaw, jaw, jawin', en' she doan no mo' know whey dis chile is den de way ter

"Dasso, honey; en' you mus' min' ter be a good little gal, so's ter be a comfort ter Missle-virey en' yo' paw," old Gilbert

said old Gilbert, with authority. "You climb onter my back; I gwan tote you

de rumberilla with de yuther," the old man directed. "I gwan mek sturrups outen bof my han's."

"Here we go!" he exclaimed, cheerily.

what-I want you to go after Brer Nich-

what a po', no 'count ole nigger gwan to do with a bumptious young gemman "You can't do nothin' with him, but you can do something for him," said the

surance, comforted Missy; she laughed

The kitchen was at the end of the long,

"You cacklin' idjots!" said old Gilbert. "Hit's me what called. Glory-Ann!" he

"You hear dat now, you niggers? You hear dat?" said Glory-Ann, appealing to the company. "What wid yo' cawnstalk fiddles, en' yo sassafrac root, yo pateridge aiggs, en' you bird-nesses, en' one thin' en' another, you is allers been toten mawster's chillen off, en' hit's me, me what has ter nuss 'em wid de croup en' de so' throat, en' all dat. Say you "Pears lak I'se done my share," said Amity had not stirred a step, and Glory-Ann, in great wrath, turned upon her and gave her a box on the ear. "Tek dat, en' go!" she said, fiercely. "Stan roun' gapin' lak a hoptoad after a fly."

rived at the end of her journey.

faintly; she was leaning over the gate, which she found hard to open.

none when you git growed, I see dat "I don't want to dance," said Missy, beginning to cry.
While Glory-Ann was remonstrating against this Amity came flying back; she had a pair of stockings in one hand and the linen gaiters in the other; her eyes "Seddown here, Missle-virey, in de were round with fright; her face wore

that peculiar ashen hue that stands for pallor in the negro race. "Mawster is dat mad, for sho!" she an-Miss Elvira sat down, glad to rest. nounced in a thrilling whisper, with uplifted right hand.

'Is you tol' him 'bout Missy gittin' in the rain, you fool nigger?" demanded Glory-Ann, rising up, rigid with wrath. "'Clar' ter Gracious, I ain't tol' noth-in'!" Amity protested, putting up her arms and ducking her head, in anticipation of another box on the ear. "It's about Brer-Brer Nicholas,"

sobbed Missy. "Fur sho!" asseverated Amity, dropping her arms. "Missle-virey is a moanen' a-wringin' her hans, en' Miss Pauline, she's a-squeechin', en' sayin' she qin't nuver gwan git over hit, en' Miss Flo's a-cryin' too, en' mawster is jes' a-stompin' roun' Mawse Nick's room.' "En' why Mayse Nick?" demanded the

You go fetch me a pair dry stockin, en dem ole linen gaiters in de bottom ward

row drawer. If ever I see sich a chile!

What Missle-virey gwan seh ter you?"
"What Missle-virey gwan seh ter you?"
demanded old Gilbert, "Dis de way you
tek care o' mawster's chile?"

"Is it you got de raisin' o' mawster's chillun, or is it me?" retorted Glory-Ann,

arresting the work of pulling off Missy's stockings, and setting her arms akimbo.

'Hit's me," replied old Gilbert, mildly.

'Amity is my nigger!" shrieked Missy.

"I gwan hit her ez my jedgment fa-vors," said Glory-Ann, as she sat down

upon the floor and took Missy's feet in her

lap and rubbed them admiringly; they

were pretty little feet. "But you gwan

git 'em all crippled up wid de roomatiz," said Glory-Ann. "You ain't gwan dance

'You got no right to hit her."

'Answer me dat!"

raise dese chillen, eh?"

old Gilbert, unabashed.

expectant crowd.
"Gone! Gone! Gone!" wailed Missy. "Truth, Lawd!" sighed old Gilbert, Dat hukkom Missy is come ter me in de Aunt Dicey, who had been leaning forward in strained attention, her hands

on her knees, sank back among her

feathers, and began to croon a doleful

Trouble, trouble, trouble, de troubles ob dis She was a pious Baptist; so was old Gilbert; he joined the strain, bobbing his head and patting his foot. They seemed to find comfort in the perform-

Glory-Ann sat down on the floor and drew Missy into her lap. · "Whey he gone, Houey? Tell yo' mammy," she "He's done got married to Dosia Fur-

nival," sobbed Miss

"De Lawd amend us!" Glory-Ann ejaculated, feebly. Old Gilbert ceased his singing, to remark, resignedly, "Hit's a fac'. "Dat po' white trash?" cried Glory-Ann, recovering her spirit. "Why, dem Furnivals can't count half a dozen nig-

"Dat'r so!" the assembly assented, in scornful chorus. "And I don't care!" cried Missy, resentfully. "Dosia is prettier 'n my cousin Flora, and gooder too." Whatever consolation or rebuke Glory-

gers, big en' little, amongst 'em all.'

Ann might have uttered in reply was arrested by the sound of a heavy weight dragged along the plazza floor, and every ear was strained in questioning attention. when the colonel's voice was heard shout-"Tom Quash! Griffin Jim!"

"Suh!" responded Miss Victorine's ad-mirers, in startled haste, nearly knocking each other down as they sped out of the kitchen. "Take that out of my sight," said the colonel, spurning Nicholas' trunk with

his foot. "Make yourselves fine for Sunday go-to-meeting." 'Yessub, mawster. The colonel strode back into the house. Tom Quash and Griffin Jim stared at each other through the gloom, in unspoken appreciation of the fact that they had fallen heirs to a goodly heritage; then, between them, they carried the trunk

into the kitchen and began forthwith to discuss the division of its contents. "Dat 'broidered welwit wesk Mawse

Nick hisse'f allers promused me," said Griffin Jim. "You kin tek hit of hit wuz promused, but I'm gwan have dem panterloons wid the vines a-creepin' up de sides," Tom

Quash declared. Old Gilbert rose in wrath. "You sassy fool niggers," said he, pushing them away and taking his seat on the trunk, "dôan you know mawster's dat mad be ain't onerstandin' what he's doin'? You rekin he gwan tolerate you struttin' 'round in dat vesk en' dem pantaloons? You ain't gwan tech Mawse Nicholas' clothes, douten you slaughter me fust. I'm gwan resk forwardin' dis trunk ter

Dicey and Uncle Dublin nodded approval, and Glory-Ann spoke out, "De Lawd reward you, ole man!" and wiped her eyes. Brer Dublin," said old Gilbert-Dublin was his brother in the church-"len' me a holpin' han', ef you please. I gwan tote dis home, tell I gits som light on de

CHAPTER X.

MISS ELVIRA'S WAY AND THE COLONEL'S

He rose up and glanced around. Aunt

Mawse Nick, tubbe sho."

