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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

SUNDAY HEADINGS.

How Character Grows.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until a good or a bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, he they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Christian Helper.*

Religious News and Notes.

Infidel books are extensively circulated and read by the English speaking Hindus in India.

The Baptists in the South number altogether 1,715,794, of whom 974,100 are white and 741,694 negroes.

The first Welsh church in Ohio was founded in 1803. At present there are in the State forty churches with 3,000 members.

The town clock in the steeple of St. Paul's church in New York was made in London in 1778. It has two weights of one thousand pounds each.

Twenty-nine members of the Presbyterian Theological seminary have applied to the foreign board to be sent out as missionaries during the summer and fall.

Dr. Gibson, superintendent of the Methodist Chinese work on the Pacific coast, has recently purchased an eligible location for a Chinese school and church in San Jose, Cal.

In the great work of foreign missions the Moravian church is the pioneer of the Protestant churches. It sent its first missionaries to St. Thomas, in the West Indies, in 1732. The 150th anniversary of this event is to be celebrated on August 21.

The next Biennial Missionary Conference of India will be held Christmas week of the present year, in Calcutta. Preparations are making for a large attendance. A committee representing all the churches has been appointed to make the arrangements.

The Connecticut State law has just been amended by the house of representatives so that women as well as men may vote on the election of trustees of Methodist churches. Meetings for such elections are to be held in January instead of September, hereafter. The reason alleged is the insufficient attendance of male voters.

The pagan priests of a Japan village have posted the following notice, which is signed by all the inhabitants: "Therefore, we agree that if any native of this village becomes a Christian, we will cease to have any intercourse with him, and if any person dwelling here not being a native, embraces the foreign creed, we will send him back to his birthplace."

A Lapland Snowstorm.

In one of his journeys in a sleigh drawn by a reindeer, Paul de Chavlin was overtaken by a Lapland snowstorm. His route carried him across a rough, mountainous country, where the wind blew with the force of a hurricane and the mercury approached zero. He says:

"The fine snow flew so thickly that at times the atmosphere became almost dark. I could not even see my own animal. The fine snow dust was getting through the open spaces of the mask into my eyes. The small particles then adhered to each other, gathering on my mustache, eyebrows, eyelashes and hair, and at last forming a mask of ice which blinded me. Every few minutes I had to break this that it should not become so thick that I would not be able to see. The ice was scarcely removed when it would form again, causing me great pain whenever I broke it. Suddenly through the mist I discovered what appeared to be figures of reindeer and men. They were standing still, afraid to move farther, and my animal stopped in their midst. I shall never forget how the storm raged as we lay by a rock with our backs to the wind. For three hours we remained still, frequently almost buried, the thermometer being at fifteen degrees below zero." This description answers well to a blizzard in the Northwest, in our own country, in which the wind pulverizes the snow and drives it with fearful force over the open prairies.

Her Hair.

Two ladies exchanging notes on the method in which they spend the day. "You see, I always get up at 10, and ring for my maid, and get dressed." "How long does that take?" "Oh, ever so long. You see, the girl takes a full hour to do my hair." "A full hour! Merely! What do you do while she is fixing it?" "I go out in the garden and take my morning walk!"

For my mistake, and what is mine is yours, dear Tom." And Tom's tender kiss gave cheerfulness to all she said.

Arctic Exploration.

Arctic exploration is not a new thing. It begins with Sebastian Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland and landed at Labrador. Henry Hudson found and gave his name to the great bay which is one of the most striking features of British America. There a mutinous crew put him in an open boat with a few faithful adherents and left him to his fate. Vitus Behring, the Danish explorer, who found that Kamtschatka did not connect with Japan, succeeded one hundred years ago in pushing his ship through the straits that bears his name; but his vessel was wrecked, and he died on a desolate island. Captain Cook reached these straits thirty-three years afterward, but was forced back by the ice to die on the Sandwich Islands. Ross and Parry made a few discoveries, but at a terrible expense of suffering and risk of life. The story of Sir John Franklin is a familiar household tale—how he set out in the Erebus and the Terror with 138 picked men, and all perished; and eight expeditions were sent out to find and relieve him at great cost, but no returns. The Grinnell expedition, sent out by Henry Grinnell and George Peabody in 1853, under the heroic Kane, was more fortunate than its predecessors, and brought back the accounts of the Open Polar sea which have stimulated the ambition and curiosity of hundreds of navigators since. But, though Kane lived to return, he died of the effects of the exposure. Sir Hugh Willoughby and his crew starved to death, and Barents, the Dutch explorer, perished in the same way. These are only a small fraction of the human sacrifices to that Arctic idol whose icy altars are covered with the debris of wrecked ships and the bleached bones of brave and devoted men, sent up into the jaws of destruction to discover nothing.

Moisture and Peach Raising.

Observations in this and foreign countries show that peach trees attain their largest size, live the greatest number of years, are freest from disease, and produce the largest amount of fruit when planted on land lying quite near a body of water. The most favorable position for a peach orchard is lying east of the water, as the prevailing winds favor the spread of moisture. What is known as the Delaware peninsula, which comprises the State of Delaware and the eastern portion of Maryland and Virginia, constitutes the finest peach-growing region in this country. It has water on two sides of it, and though the ground is often dry the air very seldom is. The trees planted there attain a healthy growth, live many years and are generally productive. Peach growing has been popular on this peninsula for a period of over 200 years. Most of the islands on the Atlantic coast that have a good soil produce fine peaches. Michigan is a great peach-growing State, notwithstanding its high latitude. It is nearly surrounded by water and contains a very large number of lakes, rivers and small streams. Good peaches are raised on both shores of the lower great lakes. The backs of the Ohio river are very favorable for peach-raising. Peaches can be raised in most parts of the country that lie south of the forty-second degree north latitude, while the soil contains most of its original fertility, but the trees will not generally remain healthy or be productive after the soil becomes impoverished, if the climate is quite dry. The peach contains a larger proportion of moisture than any of the large fruits.—*Chicago Times.*

Gardens on the Roofs.

A suggestion made by us long ago has been adopted in the plan for the elegant co-operative apartment house which is to be erected this season at the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Fifty-second street by eight associates, among them being Mr. Fletcher Harper and other well known gentlemen. A summer garden is to be erected on the roof, which is to be tiled and provided with a fountain to sprinkle the tiles and keep them cool in the warmest weather. The building is to be of the first class, as may be inferred from its cost, \$850,000. Its dimensions are to be seventy-six by ninety-five feet, and it will be nine stories high. The extent of its roof will be sufficient for a large garden, and its elevation will make it a charming resort at all times for the occupants of the structure. There is no reason why the roofs of New York should remain barren and the people whom they shelter be without the comfort of a spot where they can at any time look upon the growth and bloom of plants and flowers.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Lieutenant Shore, in a lecture on China and Japan, says that until the arrival of foreign surgeons there was not a native in the whole Chinese empire who could remove a tumor, treat an abscess or even set a fractured limb with certainty; and even now there are no surgeons in the army or navy.

The venom of the cobra of India is comparatively harmless when taken into the stomach, though when introduced into the system it often causes death in two hours.

not meet for a while at least, she was going to an aunt's in another town, to stay several months. Eva would remain at the cottage with old Hannah. For some time Tom sat gazing at the letter, as if turned to stone. Then he touched a lighted match to it, and watched it burn away to ashes. "That is over," he said aloud. "I have been expecting it. I have seen it in her face, and yet I had not the courage to ask her about it."

It was a sultry July day, the railroad journey dusty and fatiguing, and Miss Martha was very glad to step out of the cars at Roseville. She walked slowly up the dusty road leading to her cottage. It was nearly three months since she had left home, and during that time she had neither written nor received a single letter. She had not given Eva her address, and no one knew where she had gone. She had wished to cut herself loose from the past, hoping to forget it, but she had not forgotten, and her heart had not lost its dull pain. Recollections of Tom stung her as she saw the familiar streets and stores. Perhaps he and Eva were married.

"You don't mean to say that's you, Miss Martha," cried a familiar voice, and Miss Martha paused beneath the shade of a spreading elm as Mrs. Marsh came hurrying toward her. Well, you've come too late. Love laughs at locksmiths, you know. It's all over—Eva's gone off with him, and they're married by this time, I haven't a doubt.

Miss Martha staggered back and put her hand over her eyes. The shock it was to her to hear of Tom's marriage showed her, to her mortification, that all hope had not been crushed from her heart, as she had thought.

"I—I expected it," she stammered.

"Well, it's more than any one else did. He went off soon after you left, and no one thought to see him again. But back he came again yesterday and eloped with Eva late last evening. Oh, it was wicked; it was scandalous; and the whole story is all over town. I wonder now if you know about Miss Somerby?"

"No," said Miss Martha, white to the lips.

"Well, it seems as if he was engaged to this Miss Somerby, a rich old maid. She is mad enough at being jilted. Somebody telegraphed to her father, and he was here this morning to ascertain the facts of the case."

"What! Tom engaged?" cried Martha, in amazement.

"Who said anything about Tom? You must be wandering in your mind. It is Arnold Edgecourt I am talking about."

Without another word, without the slightest excuse, Miss Martha broke away from the hand of the friendly gossip, and almost ran down the street. When nearly at her own gate she rushed blindly against somebody, and looking up with a hurried excuse, saw—Tom.

"Martha," he gasped, forgetting for the moment in his excitement the gulf between them. "You have heard it all; I see it in your face. Come right in; you look really ill. I did not know you cared so much for Eva. But the scandal will die out, and I know Arnold will be good to her. He sent me a telegram saying they were married at Brierly early this morning. He was to marry Miss Somerby next month, but he never loved her; he was tempted by her enormous wealth."

By this time they had reached the cottage and gone into the little darkened parlor, where the shutters had been carefully closed by old Hannah to keep out dust and flies.

"Tom," said Miss Martha, laying her hand on his sleeve; "can you ever forgive me? I see everything very plainly now. It was not you I heard say a man was a fool to engage himself to a woman older than himself. Your voice and Arnold's are so much alike, and I did not know of his engagement."

Then she told him all she had heard when she had gone to the old cabin for the spoons the evening of the supper. "Martha," said Tom, in his manly way, "I never loved any woman but you. I did not know you were older than I, for you never spoke of your age, and it would have made no difference to me anyhow. I thought of Eva only as a child, and knowing of his engagement, of which he had forbidden me to speak, it distressed me to see his attention to her, for I saw that she was learning to love him. That evening in the garden I gave him a long lecture, and pointed out to him the harm he was doing the girl. He promised to see her no more; but though he went home a few days later, he corresponded with her and ended by eloping with her yesterday evening. I did not imagine for an instant that you thought me in love with Eva. We both labored under a mistake, Martha. I noticed your growing coldness, and thought you were becoming weary of your engagement to a poor village doctor. You did not seem to care for loveliness or caresses, and I could not, of course, wish to force my affection upon you."

"I was wrong, Tom, for I do love you dearly," and then, as he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, kissing repeatedly the soft cheek on which there was now no lack of color, she added softly, "and our engagement need not be of longer duration, Tom. You hesitated to marry me while I had so little and you nothing; but you will not hesitate now that I am rich?—as he glanced at her black dress—"my aunt is dead, and she left me forty thousand dollars. I have suffered enough

dyeing his frank, fair face. He wished he had not uttered that longing for a home.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said, as he reached the hall door, "that my brother Arnold is coming to Roseville to-morrow. He has some affection of the head and wants to put himself under my care for a month or two. He will leave his law business entirely in his partner's hands. Poor Arnold! He has other than physical troubles! There's an old saying that women are at the bottom of all mischief, and men are such fools sometimes! Good-night, Martha!" and the hall door closed loudly.

For some minutes Miss Martha stood where he had left her, one hand bearing rather heavily on the small hall table. Could he only have known what stress she laid upon his careless words! She mechanically repeated over and over the last sentence he had uttered, and remembered the bitterness of his tones. Then she walked slowly into the small parlor again, and dropped on her knees by an easy-chair, burying her face in the soft cushions.

"I am no longer young," she said, in a hoarse voice. "He sees his mistake, now that Eva is here to point out a comparison. And yet how can I give him up! How can I offer him his freedom? Could I live on without the hope that I held so close to my heart for three years? But I must decide. Not now. I will wait, just a little while, to be sure he has ceased to love me."

Eva noticed that Miss Martha was very pale and distrustful the following day, and was not looking her best when Arnold Edgecourt came with Tom to call. She had never seen this brother before, but he was so like Tom in every way that she liked him at once. He was, however, more a man of the world than Tom, and while Tom's face wore a look of frank good nature, Arnold's was clouded by an expression of melancholy and discontent. This Miss Martha ascribed to those secret troubles of which Tom had spoken, and she wondered if some woman had jilted the handsome lawyer.

Several weeks passed by, and Miss Martha was no longer her former bright, cheerful self. She did not know what it was to be without that sharp pain at heart, and the estrangement between herself and Tom seemed to grow greater every day. He withdrew more and more into himself, and she made no effort to restore the pleasant relations between them. She watched him closely, and saw that he seemed annoyed and distressed at Arnold's decided attentions to Eva. Once she heard him remonstrate with his brother, but Eva's name was the only word she caught distinctly. She thought Tom jealous, and afraid that the girl's heart would be won from himself.

"It must come," Miss Martha would murmur to herself. "I must offer him his freedom. Why cannot I be brave and do it at once? He loves Eva, but he is not free to win her, and Arnold's attentions pain and trouble him. But how can I give him up? I will wait just a little longer."

Thus from day to day she put off the evil hour in which she was to see her dearest hopes crumble to deal ashes. She shuddered when she thought of spending the rest of her life without Tom's love.

One evening the two young men came by invitation to the cottage to supper. Miss Martha sent them into the garden to smoke, while she, with Eva's assistance, was busy laying the table with the best damask and china. Presently, she went into the parlor to get from the old cabinet which stood between the windows some silver spoons which had belonged to her grandmother. The shutters were closed, but the windows were open, and the low murmur of voices came to her ears. She knew the brothers were just outside on the rustic bench, and she was about to close the cabinet and speak to them when she heard Tom's voice uttering words which seemed to fall on her heart like drops of molten lead.

"It is a great mistake for a man to engage himself to a woman older than himself. He is sure to repent soon or late. I was a fool, and now that I love Eva with all my heart, as I have confessed to you, I wish the other was in Guinea. And what am I to do? My honor binds me to her—confound it all!"

Miss Martha did not wait to hear Arnold's answer. She walked slowly and falteringly from the room, and went upstairs to the spare chamber, where she looked herself in.

The young men wondered why supper was so late, but just as their patience was entirely exhausted, Eva came to call them, and then went in to find Miss Martha already seated at the head of the small table laid for four. She made no excuse for delay, and the supper was so excellent that the young men forgot all about their vexation.

The evening passed very quietly, Miss Martha evidently making an effort to be entertaining, and seeing this, Tom and Arnold left very early, the latter, as Miss Martha noticed, having hardly spoken to Eva since supper. She thought this was out of respect for his brother's feelings, which had so lately been revealed to him.

The next day Tom was surprised in his office by the appearance of old Hannah, who quietly laid a letter on his desk and went out again.

The young doctor's face grew very white as he read what Miss Martha had written. Without explanation or excuse, she requested that their engagement might be at an end; and said that as it would be better that they should

Yet she could not drive away her harassing doubts, nor would she try to set them at rest by speaking to Tom. She was shy and sensitive and so was he, and they were both very proud. Eva Norcross found her new home a very quiet but not unhappy one. She was gentle and timid, and did not care for the society of girls of her own age. She liked nothing better than to lie in an easy-chair all day with a book or some embroidery in her white pretty hands, which Miss Martha was never weary of admiring. The dead mother had indulged her child, and never taught her to make herself useful. There was no need for her to be active in the cottage. At the outset Miss Martha had told her that she would be required to do nothing but study, Hannah being fully competent to do the entire work of the small establishment.

"You must educate yourself to teach," Mrs. Marsh said, one morning, as she entered the cottage in her abrupt way, and found Eva embroidering a cushion. "You can't live on Miss Martha all your life. Next fall we will try to get you into the district school at Dodd's Corner."

Eva shuddered and grew a little pale, while the work fell from her hand. "I have heard that the children at Dodd's Corner were very rough with the last master," she said, in her low, soft voice.

"A woman might have more influence with 'em than a man," said Mrs. Marsh. "Anyhow, it won't hurt you to try it a spell. Miss Martha," as that lady came in from the kitchen, where she had been making "quaker" for old Mrs. Green's cold, "you must get the doctor to give Eva some strengthening medicine. Yellow dock tea would put new life into her."

Dr. Edgecourt called that afternoon for a moment on his way to make a professional visit and Miss Martha told him what Mrs. Marsh had said.

The young man sat down by Eva and took her hand in his. Miss Martha watched him closely, wondering if he noticed how round and white was the wrist on which he pressed his finger.

"She is not sick," he said, "all she needs is fresh air and exercise;" and then he proposed that she should wrap up and get into his sleigh at the door, and drive with him to the house of his patient, two miles away.

"Can't you go too, Martha?" he asked. "We will crowd you in somewhere."

"I do not care to go," she said; and Tom thought her manner rather cold and depressing. He did not urge the matter, for he was easily wounded, and never asked her a second time to grant him a favor. He was not a demonstrative lover, perhaps because Miss Martha never encouraged caresses. She did not think it modest or womanly to do so, yet she often caught herself wishing that Tom would be more affectionate. They had been engaged for three years, but had seen comparatively little of each other, owing to Tom's studies and poor patients—of which there were many—and they had never grown familiar, as is the case with most lovers.

Miss Martha watched the couple drive away. Tom bent to arrange the buffalo robe more closely about his companion, and said something which made them both laugh, and Miss Martha turned quickly from the window with a pain at her heart. The girl's face framed in the fleecy wool of the black hood was so very lovely! Would he mark the difference, and regret—

She took up her work and began to turn down a hem; but she could not drive away the haunting thoughts which tormented her.

"Three years!" she murmured. "It is a long engagement; and I have heard it said that men are not patient waiters. I wonder if he has ever wished to be free again?"

The ride proved of much benefit to Eva, who was brighter and gayler for days after. Seeing this, Tom took her with him frequently, never thinking that he was causing his betrothed pain by so doing. He came oftener than to the cottage, playing chess and cribbage with Eva at the center-table in the evening, while Miss Martha sat with her sewing, and wished she were Eva's age.

"Do you think I will stand any chance of getting the school at Dodd's Corner next fall, Dr. Edgecourt?" asked Eva one evening.

"You surely don't think of applying for it?" cried Tom. "Why, the children are little heathens. They throw ink bottles and spit balls at the teacher, and swear like troopers. No, no, we must not let you go there."

"I must work for myself," the girl said. "I cannot consent to remain dependent on any one."

"Wait till next fall comes before you begin to worry," Tom said. "It is only March now, and something better may turn up for us all in the next six months."

Eva, as was her custom, left the room as soon as the game of chess was over. Tom always had a few minutes alone with his betrothed before leaving the cottage.

"I am so tired of boarding," he said, when, after some unimportant conversation, he rose to go. "I wish I had a home," and he sighed.

Now was Miss Martha's chance to say something tender and cheerful; but the words refused to form themselves on her lips. She was very shy, and lately she and Tom had seemed to be drifting very far apart.

Tom looked at her a moment as if expecting her to speak; but as she did not do so, he turned almost angrily from her, a dark red flush of wounded pride

A Ballade of Toll.

For the world, but all for pain,
Lest this song of sore dismay,
Wherein is not her hogg nor gain,
No joy that growth day by day,
Nor love, for love's delight the pay;
Only a moan that toll must be,
And sorrow, come like storms that stray,
Blown far along a frothing sea.

Sweep her down a gloomy plain,
The clouds of winter, dim and gray,
Against the mountains lost in vain,
And turn, and seek that endless way
Wherein they must forever stay;
So toll, recurring, comes to me,
And life grows like the bitter spray
Blown far along a frothing sea.

How now the loss of wine we drain
With hearts that are not light nor gay;
No subtle warmth thrills soul or brain,
We hear no glad, sweet roundelay,
Amid the growing shadows play,
For toll claims from each life a fee;
Fled is the beauty of our May,
Blown far along a frothing sea.

EXVOLT.

No rest we win by noble fray,
Only long-tailing waifs are woe,
Sad wrecks, who for death's darkness pray,
Blown far along a frothing sea.

—Thomas S. Collier.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

Miss Martha Bailey—know a thorough—sat by one of the windows of her cozy sitting-room, putting the last stitches into a flannel skirt for old Mrs. Bodley, who suffered terribly with the rheumatism, which was not improved by the weekly scrubbing she gave the offices in the brick block on Main street.

Miss Martha had just sewed a stout brass button on the waist belt, and was about to fold the skirt up, smiling at the thought of the old woman's delight when she should receive the gift, when the hall door opened without the ceremony of a preceding knock, and a neighbor, Mrs. Marsh, came in.

"You ought not to sew by twilight, Miss Martha," she said, as she entered the room; "you'll ruin your eyes. But that's not what I came here to say; Mrs. Norcross died an hour ago."

The smile faded from Miss Martha's face, and her eyes grew humid.

"Poor woman!" she said, in her low, sweet voice. "So she has gone at last. She really suffered a great deal."

"Yes, and she was glad to go. But she had every attention in spite of her being a stranger here. Dr. Edgecourt visited her every day, and never charged a cent, I know; and all the neighbors sent things to eat. "Cancers are terrible things. She was a mighty patient woman! Poor soul! But now," with a sudden change of tone, "what's to be done with Eva?"

"Has she no relatives at all?"

"No one. She is too refined and pretty to do housework, even if she was strong enough, which she isn't. She can't go to the poorhouse, of course, and she hasn't a dollar—there's to be a subscription to pay the burial expenses."

Miss Martha stood smoothing the fan of a skirt with her white, thin hands, her face wearing an expression of deep thought mingled with anxiety. Once she opened her lips, as if to speak, then hesitated and closed them again. Ought she to make this sacrifice which seemed urged upon her? It would be selfish to do so. She raised her head, and said in a firm, sweet voice:

"The girl must come to me, since there is no one else to take her. I have plenty for one—I can make it enough for two by exercising economy."

"That's just like you, Miss Martha! I know you'd make the offer. The girl has got a first rate education, and she can study up enough to take a school by next fall. Of course, you won't want her round after you are married."

A deep flush came into Miss Martha's naturally pale face, she dropped her eyes, and turned away from Mrs. Marsh, with some murmured excuse about making the flannel skirt she held into a bundle to be sent away.

The neighbors agreed that Eva Norcross could not have found a better home than she had at Miss Martha's. The little cottage stood in a large garden, well-filled with fruit trees and shrubs. In the summer it was gay with flowers of very many varieties, and sweet-smelling honeysuckle wandered over and nearly concealed the fence and front piazza.

Miss Martha had lived in the cottage with old Hannah for twelve years. For three of these years she had been engaged to Dr. Tom Edgecourt, whose practice was as yet too small to enable him to marry. He was a year younger than Miss Martha, and this fact often stung her very keenly. Some times stood before her looking-glass and attentively studied her face, wishing she was twenty instead of thirty, and had the bloom of ten years before. Her hair was still glossy and abundant, her eyes still bright; but the plumpness and bloom of early girlhood had fled forever.

Occasionally she wondered if Tom would always love her, and tortured herself with imagining it a sacrifice for him to marry her. Would not a younger girl suit him better? She started like a guilty thing when Hannah's tap at the door or call from the hall below interrupted these meditations. She was provoked with herself that she thought so much of departed prettiness and the difference between her age and Tom's.