SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

He spoke so quietly that Ruby did not guess what intense self-command he had to exercise to answer her at all, and she felt a little vague disappointment. Had he conquered his love for Shirley? she wondered. Was that his reason for making peace with Sir Hugh? Had he forgiven him because his anger had all died away? And yet the grave face was very true and steadfast. Guy Stuart did not look like a man who could love and cease to love at will.

Watching Shirley furtively with his grave gray eyes, Guy Stuart felt more and more as if he were in a dream. It was so strange and unreal to be near her once more and not to be on the old sweet familiar terms. Not a movement of hers, hardly a word she spoke, escaped him; his senses seemed all quickened and intensified, although after their first short greeting they did not exchange a word. He noted the languid calm of her manner, her haughty indifference, so unlike the sweet graciousness of old, and he saw too, with a thrill of pain and pleasure which he could not repress, the change—perceptible only to one who knew her as well as he did—which came over her face and manner when she answered her husband. Moreover, he saw how the pain deepened on Sir Hugh's handsome face.

Shirley herself never remembered how that evening passed; it seemed to her as if Alice's eyes were watching her every movement, exercising a ceaseless espionage over her words and looks, and as if she must bear herself even more proudly than usual under the scrutiny. She knew that she talked, and even sung when they asked her, with a very vague impression of the words she uttered and the song she sung; but she knew also that the old sense of rest and peace and happiness which she had always felt in Guy's presence was coming back to her heart, and that she strove against it in vain. Was it wrong? she wondered; she had suffered so much, she was surely justified in feeling a little happy now! And then she found herself bidding Alice good-night, and she heard her husband's voice, with an unusual tone of hesitation and entreaty, asking Major Stuart if he would go to see them. Shirley's heart beat quickly as she waited for the answer. There was a slight pause—so slight as to be almost imperceptible—and then Guy answered in the affirmative; and Shirley put her small fingers into his for a moment before they were placed upon Lord Eastwell's arm to allow him to lead her to the carriage.

"Stuart seems inclined to be friendly," Sir Hugh said, when he and Shirley were driving away in their luxurious well-appointed carriage, speaking with an indifference which was assumed in vain for his purpose. "I wonder if he will come to see us? He said he would."

"He generally keeps his word," Shirley answered, with her usual icy indifference.

"I hope not always. I remember, last time we met, he was going to——" A slight movement which Shirley made silenced him for a moment; then he went on lightly, "I suppose he thinks I did not do him such a terrible injury as he thought at the time. He need not envy me my wife!"

"No," Shirley answered, with sudden bitterness, looking steadily out at the lighted streets as they drove on.

"Or perhaps he has a wife of his own, and she has taught him to be charitable," said Sir Hugh, rather unsteadily. What would he not have given to rouse Shirley into anything like resentment, into a betrayal of feeling or passion.

"Perhaps," assented Shirley relapsing into her usual indifference.

"I wish him joy!" said her husband bitterly; and they were silent for the rest of the way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Major Stuart is in the drawing-room, my lady."

"Very well, Cobbett. Ask Major Stuart to wait for me one minute."

"Yes, my lady."

The powdered footman who had made the announcement disappeared, and Lady Glynn put aside the book she had been reading as she rose to go down to her visitor.

She was dressed, as usual, in perfect taste, and there was no sign of perturbation in her manner as she went down-stairs to receive the man who, but for an untoward fate, would have been her husband; but Guy knew her face too well not to see what intense pain and pleasure this, her first interview alone with him, gave her.

He was standing by the window of the drawing-room when she entered, and she was close beside him before he heard her; then, with a start, he turned and saw her standing, slim and graceful, in her dark velvet dress with soft old laces at throat and wrists.

She held out her hand to him in silence, and equally in silence he took it for a moment in his strong clasp; as he released it, it fell heavily at her side. Then she said very softly, but in a voice which was like music, it was so wondrously sweet and melodious—

"I am very glad to see you. It was very good of you to come."

"You thought I would come?" he said, with a kindly smile. "I am fortunate in finding you at home."

"I am generally home from three to five. One cannot be always on the treadmill you know."

"On the treadmill!" he repeated, looking at her with a quick questioning glance.

"Yes, the round of fashion," she answered nervously, linking her white fingers together with a gesture of pain. "I don't think the treadmill can be much worse."

"I suppose it is wearisome and monotonous at times; but the season is not a very long one, you know."

"Not a very long one?" she questioned, with a little sigh.

"No, certainly not. And every position has its duties," he answered, with gentle gravity.

"You left yours to take care of themselves for a long time," she said suddenly, looking at him, as they stood at the window facing each other, with quick reproach and pain.

Major Stuart's face changed slightly. It had been grave and quiet before; it grew graver and quieter now, and there was an added pain about the lips under his dark moustache which Lady Glynn caught.

"Forgive me," Shirley said softly. "I ought not to have said that. Will you not sit down?"

She moved away from him as she spoke, with an uncertain restless movement very unlike her usual languid grace. His eyes, full of wistful pain, followed her, and the thought crossed him whether it had been wise to come.

"We have met several times," she said, in a low ill-assured tone, "since that first evening, but I have never had an opportunity of thanking you for your goodness then. Will you let me do so now?"

"You will not do so, unless you wish to pain me terribly," he answered hurriedly. "Even if I had not given a promise to my uncle, do you think so meanly of me as to believe that I had kept malice in my heart for four long years, Shirley?"

The color rose slowly and painfully in her face, and her eyes fell before his.

"You promised your uncle?" she said, rallying a little. "When?"

"On his death bed."

"He died—when?"

"He died three days after I left you in Scotland."

He spoke with evident effort, but with perfect calm, although under his bronze the pallor deepened to ghastliness.

"And you could forgive even then?" she said, lifting her eyes to his with a swift reproach.

"Even then," he replied gently. "It was hardly more bitter pain then, Shirley, than it is now. It was not easy for me to forgive," he added earnestly—"not easy—ah, no!"

"It is easier now?" she said quickly. "You can see the wrong is not so great as it seemed then? No—oh, no, do not go—do not leave me, and in anger! I will not vex you again."

"You do not vex me—you pain me unutterably," he said; and his voice was a little strained, for all its gentleness.

"Do I? Then I will not. Tell me of yourself. You were so long a time a wanderer that you must have brought home many a story and narrative."

"Nothing likely to interest you much," he said quietly. "I am not a good *raconteur*, you know."

"You used not to be," she answered; and there was a little embarrassed pause, during which the thoughts of both wandered back to the past, the old sweet, bitter past which lay cold and dead between them now. "Ruby tells me that you often go to them," she said presently.

"Yes, they are very good in wishing to have me, and it gives me great pleasure."

"Oswald is greatly improved?"

"Yes. He is a young man to have the responsibility of a wife and family," said Guy, smiling. "But he is very happy. In his case at least Shakspeare is proved in the wrong when he said a young man married is a young man marred."

"I suppose there are exceptions to every rule," rejoined Shirley. "They are happy enough."

"Yes; there is my beau-ideal of what a home should be," Guy said; then, very gently and gravely, bending forward a little toward her as she sat, her rich velvet dress falling around her, her little jewelled hands lying idly in her lap, he added. "Why is not yours a happy home, Shirley?"

"Mine," she exclaimed in agitated tones—"mine! How can it be?"

"Why should it not be?"

"Can you ask?" she said, with passionate reproach flashing into her lustrous eyes.

"Yes, I ask you," he answered in the same gentle manner. "I am an old friend, and you must give me a friend's privileges. Why are you not happy in your home, Shirley."

"How can I be happy? How could I be happy—trapped, betrayed as I was into a marriage in which there is neither love nor respect?" she asked passionately. "Are you forgetting what is past, Guy? Are you——"

"I am forgetting nothing," he said gently still. "Is it likely that I should? But your husband loves you, and——"

"Loves me!" she echoed wildly. "I prefer hate to such love as that!"

"Hush—oh, hush, my child!" Guy cried earnestly. "It breaks my heart to hear you speak so bitterly. Dear, is it possible that during all this time you have not forgiven your husband and the wrong he did you in the past, that you have cherished anger and hatred and malice in your heart against him?"

"I have not forgiven him," she said passionately—"I never will forgive him! He has no right to expect it. How can I forgive him?" she went on, rising and restlessly clasping and unclasping her little hands. "When I think—oh, when I think, I feel as if I must go mad with the recollection of my wrongs! Can you guess what my life has been," she asked turning to Guy, who had risen also, with a look of intense pain on his grave face, "forced me to live in outward concord with a man whom I despise and detest and abhor, forced to bear his touch, his caress, his kiss? It has been horrible beyond all words—beyond all description. Oh, Guy, let me tell you! All these years I have borne my sorrow in silence because there was no one whom I could trust, whom I could speak to, and it seemed sometimes as if my heart must burst with its load of anguish."

"Shirley," he said brokenly, his face white as death, his hands trembling at the passion and desolation of her manner, "I cannot hear you; it is not right."

"Ah, let me tell you!" she entreated, looking up at him with earnest child-like trust. "I do not often give way thus; but it will be such comfort to tell you! Sometimes it has seemed as if my brain must burst, my temples throb so, and I am obliged to smile and go into Society not to let people guess. Oh, if I were not so strong that I might die! Or, if I could kill him—if I could kill him!"

"Shirley!"

The gentle pained voice, the touch of his hand upon her hot trembling fingers, the expression of the dark gray eyes which looked at her with such sorrow and pain, brought tears, and she bowed her head upon her hands, weeping passionately and unrestrainedly; and he did not try to stop the bitter tears—they could not fail to ease the overcharged heart and throbbing brain. But how hard—how terribly hard—it was then to keep his promise to his uncle only Guy Stuart knew. He paced up and down the beautiful room, not daring to trust himself to look at the bowed drooping figure, trying to shut his ears to the broken heart-rending sobs—but in vain. His hands were clinched until the nails almost entered the flesh, and he ground his teeth together in a fury to which no words could have given vent.

He loved her so madly, he pitied her with such an intense pity, he longed with such a heartfelt longing to be able to console and comfort her! Were there no means by which he could deliver her from this bondage? Was there no road which led to peace at least, if not to happiness? And, look which way he might, he could distinguish none save through the paths of sin and crime and dishonor. And must such paths be trodden? Did he love her well enough, or did he love her too well for that?

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Did you ever see anything more lovely?" asked Lucie Grey softly, as her gray eyes—such frank kindly gray eyes they were, inspiring trust and confidence—eyes that were fitting windows to the gentle and honest soul which made the Vicar of Easton's eldest daughter so justly beloved in his parish—strayed over the lovely landscape lying before her, which the sun was flooding with a rich golden light and haze that gave it yet more wondrous beauty than Nature had already bestowed upon it.

The Vicar's three daughters had been spending a luxurious half holiday on the cliffs, and had enjoyed it to the uttermost. It was not often that their busy lives gave them leisure for dreaming away a few hours among the rocks, for Mr. Grey's living was not a very remunerative one, and his family was large, so that Lucie and Ada, and even bright little Bessie, his third daughter, although she was not yet sixteen, found plenty to do in assisting their delicate mother in her household labors; teaching the little ones, helping their father in his parish work, mothers' meetings and district visiting, coal, blanket, and clothing clubs, penny-readings and Sunday-school teaching being a few of their multifarious duties.

Perhaps it was its rarity which always made a holiday seem such a thoroughly enjoyable day to these girls. Any one coming upon them as they lingered upon the rocks would have seen a picture of perfect and innocent enjoyment.

Lucie had been sketching; but she had put aside her drawing materials now, and was letting her eyes rest with delight on the scene before her—the calm smiling sea with the golden haze upon it, the blue sky overhead, the coast—such a coast as only a Devon or Cornwall can boast—stretching far on either side in abrupt outlines and undulations, and the quaint little town of Easton itself, lying in the hollow formed, as it were, by a break in the long lines of cliff which had left a chasm. Behind them the cliffs rose rugged and bold, and far and wide the coast stretched in points and headlands and bays and crescents, with here and there a space far down on the cliff-side which had been cleared for building, or where some wealthy person had erected a charming summer residence in sight of the sea and shore.

Easton itself, with its one long, quaint, irregular street, ran in a scattered manner down to the very beach itself, the sea almost washing the bases of some of the houses. The harbor was a small but picturesque one, and it gave refuge to the fisher-boats by which the fishing population obtained their living from the deep waters. The Grey girls loved the quaint little town dearly; they had not time to feel its dulness and monotony; and the deep love of nature which they had imbibed from their father made the scenery around—some of the fairest in England—a constant delight to them.

Their pleasure in it now was as great as if their eyes had never dwelt on it before. Lucie contemplated it with a feeling of delight mixed with despair at her inability to reproduce such beauty. Ada, stretched beside her, with her head on her sister's lap, looked at it dreamily, letting its loveliness soothe her with a sense of peace and rest; and Bessie stood behind, pausing in her occupation of preparing tea, at Lucie's earnestly spoken question, to let her glance rest upon it too.

"Do you think it looks more lovely than usual, Lulu?" she asked saucily, after a minute's silent admiration.

"It always has a fresh loveliness for me," Lucie answered, smiling. "And I believe you enjoy it just as much as Ada or myself."

"Of course I think it jollier living at Easton than in a poky old town," Bessie said jauntily. "But I don't go in for artistic tastes like you and Ada. For instance, the prospect of 'bliss' is a much pleasanter one to me than that prospect," she added merrily, jerking her chin toward the golden-shadowed sea.

"'Bliss'!" said Ada, sitting eagerly and looking round Lucie's camp stool toward her younger sister's preparations for tea. "Do you mean to say that we are to have 'bliss' for tea?"

Bessie nodded emphatically.

"I do," she said.

"My eternal gratitude is yours," Ada rejoined, with a sigh of content, 'or the delicacy, composed of clotted cream and jam and cake, which Bessie in her childish days had called "bliss," because it was better than happiness, was a favorite dish of hers.

"What a blissful sight!" remarked Bessie demurely, intent upon trying to induce the little kettle upon the spirit-lamp to stand on its somewhat unsteady base.

"Bessie"—Ada sat up again, and looked at her sister with solemnly reproving eyes—"did I hear aright, or did my ears deceive me?"

"It was a very bad pun, Ada," said Lucie merrily, "so we will ignore it."

"There is one thing certain," Ada declared, settling herself comfortably once more—"if Dr. Johnson were still in existence and had chanced to pass this way, Mr. Easton 's third daughter would not be alive at this present moment."

"Thank goodness, he is *non est*," laughed Bessie. "We get enough of him in the dictionary. Hurrah! It is boiling at last! Ada, the supreme moment is approaching!"

"Something or some one else is approaching too," Ada said, laughing. "What a bore! Who can it be? Look, Lucie—you are not near sighted as I am."

Lucie turned her head and looked for a moment steadily at a solitary figure coming toward them across the beach, for the girls had encamped in the shadow of the cliff among some bowlders of rock which were a favorite resort. The sunshine did not touch the strip of shingle over which the solitary graceful woman's figure was advancing, and to Lucie's gentle eyes it seemed a very desolate and lonely one.

"I think it must be one of the grandees who have taken the 'Pack of Cards' for the summer months," said Bessie, looking also. "What a nuisance! I dislike languid fine ladies above all things."

"Having had so much experience," Ada put in slyly.

"I've read of them," said Bessie contemptously—"fainting if they cut their fingers, and going into hysterics if they see a spider! Even mother said Lady Eastwell was horrid."

"I don't think our mother said that, Bessie," opposed Lucie gently, not removing her eyes from the slowly advancing figure, which she was watching with an intent gaze.

"Well, I am sure she did not like her manner," amended Bessie carelessly, "nor Mrs. Beaudesert."

"This is neither Mrs. Beaudesert nor Lady Eastwell," said Lucie, a little tender pitying tone coming into her voice. "I think it is Lady Glynn."

"Lady Glynn!" Ada started up eagerly. "Is it, do you think? I do not think she is strong enough to walk so far. You know it was partly for her health they came down here."

"It is she neverthess," said Lucie, quietly; and, as the slim graceful figure came nearer with its slow languid step, Miss Grey went forward to meet it, forgetting entirely that Lady Glynn was one of the "great ladies" who had come to enjoy the Easton sea breezes, in her tender pity for the pallor and weariness of the lovely face which she had seen once or twice at church and once in the Vicarage drawing-room, when Shirley had come on foot in her simple cambric dress, too delicately minded to exhibit her wealth before the poor clergyman's family, to call on the vicar's wife.

Shirley's face brightened suddenly and swiftly as her eyes met Lucie's; she had liked what little she had seen of the Greys so much that it gave her unfeigned pleasure to meet the girls.

"Have you not walked a little too far, Lady Glynn?" Lucie said gently. "It was not very prudent."

"The air was so pleasant and the afternoon so lovely that they tempted me," returned Shirley, smiling. "Besides, your fresh sea-breezes have done me a world of good, Miss Grey. But I fear," she added, with a glance at Bessie's preparations, "that I am intruding upon you."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Ada said quickly, coming forward shyly. "We shall be so glad! We are going to have tea, and——"

"Tea here? What a delightful idea!" said Shirley, as she held out her hand to Bessie, who stood a little apart, shy and blushing. "This is another of your sisters, Miss Grey? What lucky girls you are! I never had a sister."

"This is Bessie," said Lucie

"I have seen her at church marshaling a demure little party of school children," Shirley remarked, smiling. "Miss Bessie, I am very tired and thirsty. Will you bestow a cup of your tea on me?"

And then she sat down on one of the bowlders watching with gentle smiling eyes Bessie's primitive arrangements and looking so lovely in her delicate gray dress that Bessie declared afterward that she could have devoured her, "hat, dress, French boots, and all."

It was a pleasant little tea-party under the shadow of the cliff, with the sea glittering in the distance, for the tide was low and the sun wrapping it in a golden haze. The tea-pot was a black one, and its lid was minus a handle, and the cups were nursery mugs with grotesque pictures and rhymes upon them, and the bowlders did not make very comfortable seats; but the tea itself was strong and fragrant, the clotted cream an excellent substitute for milk, ond Lady Glynn crowned Bessie's satisfaction by declaring that "bliss" was delicious and well merited the name she had given it. Then, when tea was over, it was quaint and pretty to see Bessie's pink fingers dipping the mugs into the little pools of sea water which the receding tide had left between the bowlders, and to hear her merry laughter echoing in the quiet solitude of the rocks and cliffs; and Shirley, sitting on one great flat bowlder, leaned her pretty head against a larger one, which served as a support, and felt the calm of the place and hour stealing over her.

The vicar's daughters were very pleasant companions; they were well read, and, although their education had been conducted on rather orthodox principles, it had been far more thorough than one obtained during a long sojourn at a fashionable boarding school. They were moreover thoroughly unaffected, and Shirley had had too few acquaintances in her brilliant fashionable career not to appreciate these new ones very highly, and to find much pleasure in their pleasant kindly chit-chat.

Before long even Bessie had entirely forgotten that Shirley was a great lady far above them in rank and position; she looked so sweet and gentle, and was so pleasant and thoughtful, and so interested in their home duties and occupations, and entered so thoroughly into Lucie's wish to travel and see lovely scenery and Ada's desire for change and variety, that they soon felt at home with her.

"You could hardly have lovelier scenery than this," she told them, gazing over the sea with a dreamy far-away look in her beautiful sad eyes. "I often think it is a pity to rush abroad when there is so much beauty at home."

"You have been a great deal abroad, Lady Glynn?"

"Yes, all my girlhood was spent abroad," see answered, in the low voice, with its pathetic little thrill, which Lucie thought so sweet. "I have a very sorrowful memory connected with the first night I spent in England. My dear mother died just at daybreak."

Lucie and Ada looked at her sympathetically and Lucie's mouth trembled a little What should they do if their mother were taken?

"Indeed almost all my happy memories are connected with sunny France," she went on, with a little wistful smile; "and it will always be the dearest country in the world to me."

"Do you know Scotland, Lady Glynn?"

"I have been there."

"The Highlands are lovely, are they not?" said Ada, not seeing the yearning pain which deepened in the sweet eyes.

"Yes."

"Do you like Scotland, Lady Glynn?"

"No."

The tone was very calm and quiet; but something indefinable, yet which all three girls felt, prevented any further questioning, and there was a little silence.

The evening was drawing on; but the season was summer in all its beauty and warmth, so that there was no chilliness in the air to cause any discomfort. Lucie however gently forced Shirley to submit to be wrapped in a soft scarlet knitted shawl which they had brought, and Lady Glynn smiled and thanked her softly; and when Lucie sat down by her side, she took the girl's hand and held it between her little fingers—such frail, slender, almost shadowy fingers they seemed as Lucy's firm hand closed over them caressingly

"We want only some music to make this perfect," Shirley said softly.

"Ada will sing us something," responded Lucie, smiling. "She is our nightingale, Lady Glynn. I should like you to hear her."

"I should like to hear her very much," Shirley said, in her pleasant kindly tones. "Please give me that pleasure, Miss Ada."

Ada flushed a little at the thought of singing before so critical an auditor as Lady Glynn would probably be; but she said, smiling, that the little she could do was not worth asking for twice, and she began to sing in a voice clear and sweet as a silver bell, and so true that its lack of cultivation was not noticeable. The rich notes rose, sounding clearly in the soft summer twilight, and reaching the ears of a tall man in a tweed travelling suit, who was coming swiftly and lightly down the cliff path, and who paused to listen, looking far away out at sea, as he stood midway between the sea and cliff brow, in a position which appeared perilous enough.

(To be continued.)

The Farmers' Inglenook.

An excellent mode of supplying supports for growing pea vines is to have two or three strands of cord running along the rows. It is cheaper than lath or pea sticks and can be more easily removed after pea harvest is ready.

The bright spring days will cause the young pigs to grow rapidly. Turn them on grass as soon as they are 10 weeks old, but gradually at first, or they may have the scours. It will cost but very little to raise a few pigs if they be given the privilege of a small grass plot and fed twice a day.

Plant beet, carrot and parsnip seed early, so as not only to get ahead of the grass, but to give plenty of time growth. The most important matter with such crops is to have a fine, rich, clean seed-bed, and to use plenty of seed. The seed is slow in germinating, and often fails to sprout at all.

If a hen be properly fed she will continue to lay without desiring to incubate. She should not be allowed to become fat. The supposition that a hen lays a certain number of eggs, or a "clutch," or "litter," as it is sometimes called, is erroneous. If properly fed a hen will continue to lay until the period shall have arrived for her to molt.

When stock is turned on the pasture, and there left all day, the water supply must be looked after. A milch cow must have plenty of water. She cannot wait until she is driven up at night. The water is a necessary constituent of the milk, and she must have it during the time the milk is being manufactured. If deprived of water during the warm days her supply of milk will fall off.

Fashion's Ways.

Young ladies now wear their short cloth jackets unbottoned in the street on fine days, and have a single fresh flower thrust through a buttonhole of the front.

Narrow colored ribbons, with picot edges, are sewn flat, in rows, upon the figured challies now so much worn. Narrow moire ribbons are used in the same manner to trim plain cashmeres

Nearly the most popular hat of the season is the turban, which is made of a big flat piece of straw that looks like pancake. It is plaited and drawn over a soft crown and encircled with a puff or roll velvet or silk. Loops are set high in front and a cluster of flowers is frequently added.

It is becoming more and more the custom for ladies to wear a very thin light-colored face veil to the theatre at night. By this means the front hair is kept in place, and the fair dame or damsel need have no anxiety about the adjustment of her "bangs" or crimps after she leaves her looking-glass.

A pretty dress for a boy of 4 is made of fine dark blue serge. The skirt is kilted, and half a dozen rows of white wool braiding card run straight around the bottom. There is a loose blouse waist of white surah and a little square-cut zouave jacket of the serge, trimmed with rows of braid to match the skirt. A big white cord, with knotted ends, is tied about the belt, and through it is thrust a long-stemmed rosebud or a bunch of daisies. A large leghorn or fine white straw "flat" is worn with this suit. It may be trimmed with a folded blue handkerchief and a twist of the big white cord.

Temperance Notes.

The largest brewery in Kansas was closed April 11th by order of the United States Marshal.

The anniversary of the W. C. T. U. of Tokio, Japan, was held recently, when two or three Japanese ladies gave excellent addresses to an audience of one thousand. An appeal was made for money with which to carry on the work, and it is stated that in a few minutes $200 was raised.

It is wonderful how the globe is being belted by the white ribbon. The World's W. C. T. U. was organized only four years ago, and already twenty-one different nations have joined this federation.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, Auckland, N.Z., founded by Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the round-the-world missionary of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, is in a flourishing condition. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mrs. Leavitt's work, which has been arduous in a very great degree, and wherever she has been the results have shown something solid to have been left behind. In every town where this good lady established a work it has prospered and grown.