

A HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS INDEED.

One Place in the Wide World Where "Folks" and "Widows" are Made from the Brickbat and the Boat-hook.

(From the Philadelphia Record.) Among all the institutions which characterize Philadelphia, as the "City of Homes," the Cat Refuge stands out alone.

FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Rosamond's was the stronger spirit then, and she compelled him to sit quietly by her and hear her while she planned the future for him.

She said she must feel perfectly at home, and free to ask for whatever she liked.

At first Josephe listened incredulously to Rosamond; it seemed so improbable that Rosamond would deliberately abandon her handsome home and give it up to her.

Nothing could have been more formal than this interview between the husband and wife, and after it was over Josephe sat down to write to Mrs. Arnold in Europe, while Everard would hold out to face the world waving so eagerly for him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MATTERS ARE ADJUSTED.

If Josephe had not known herself to be worse even than Everard had charged her with being, she might not have submitted so quietly to the line of conduct he proceeded to pursue.

Everard knew that he was an object of suspicion and gossip, but cared little or nothing for it, so absorbed was he in his own trouble, and in watching the progress of affairs at the Forrest House.

Rosamond was now, as she had been, a life of ease, and she had no other thought than to enjoy it.

Josephe, too, had been almost as nervous with regard to this interview as Rosamond herself, and had spent an hour over her toilet, which was perfect in all its details.

Rosamond was prepared for something very pretty, but not as beautiful as the woman who came half hesitatingly, half eagerly, into the room.

"A colored man, whose wife had left him, said: 'She would come back if I frowned her some sugar; but I ain't frown no sugar, do you hear?'"

It was to see one of whom she had heard so much. "Why, I used actually to be half jealous of the Rosie Everard."

When Josephe first entered the room Rosie was very pale, but at this allusion to herself and Everard, there came a flush.

"I have had much to make me happy," Mollie said to Beatrice, one day, when that faithful friend sat by her holding the tired head upon her bosom.

"I was such a funny mistake you made with regard to me, and it was wrong; but take the money, and I need it now; and we were so poor, and I needed it so much, and Everard could not get it."

"He has told me a good deal," was Rosie's straightforward answer and sitting down upon a stool in front of her Josephe assumed the attitude and manner of a child.

"Rosie could not say she didn't, for there was something in Josephe's manner which she did not like."

"But I thought you understood that it was a settled thing that I am to go away, as I have always intended doing."

"No, no, you must not say that I am not glad to see you, and I know that you are, and I am glad to see you."

"The great black eyes were full of tears, and Rosie's face twitched painfully as she compelled herself to make this effort in Everard's behalf."

And so the interview ended, and Josephe went back to her room and Agnes, to whom she said that she had found Miss Hastings rather pretty, and that she was on the whole a nice little body.

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Three weeks after this interview Rosamond left Boston for St. Louis, where she was to be governess to Mrs. Andrews' children on a salary of three hundred dollars a year.

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Hands were full of the sweet wild-flowers that had gathered and brought to their mother, who was past caring for such things now.

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Not very great. Old Axie had been a provident housekeeper, and Josephe found a provision of everything necessary for the table.

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She made no sign, and never seemed to know how much attention she was attracting. One of two ladies spoke to her, and she stopped for a while in the parlor, and so her acquaintance began.

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